

THE
WORKS

Of the famous and worthy Knight,

Sir DAVID LINDSAY

OF THE

Mount, alias, Lion, King of Arms.

Newly corrected and vindicate from the former Errors, wherewith they were corrupted: And augmented with sundry Works, &c.

JOB vii. *Militia est vita hominis supra terram.*

Vivit etiam post funera virtus.

GLASGOW:

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DAVID L. DIVAD

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THE
P R I N T E R
TO THE
R E A D E R.

It hath pleased God in all ages, to raise up
faithful and worthy men, of singular gifts
and graces (especially in the time of greatest
perfection) to bear witness of his truth, and to
rebuke the world of sin. As Noah for the
space of an hundred and twenty years, before
the deluge came upon the old world, to preach
repentance. Lot in Sodom, whose soul they
tormented with their sinful deeds. Moses, the
leader of his people, sent of God to threaten
Pharaoh, for their Oppression, resolved to suf-
fer with God's people rather than to commit
sin. And all his prophets, from time to time,
reprove and correct the enormities not on-
ly of the Jews, but also of the Gentiles for
their sins. And in the time of the Gospel, how
many notable men of all nations have given
their Bodies to be cruelly tormented for the
cause of Christ? And, in our own nation, a-
mong many other learned men, it pleased his
Majesty, even in the time of palpable dark-
ness, to stir up this author Sir DAVID LINDSAY,

albeit a courteour, and exercised about matters of state; yet a man of such sincerity and faithfulness, that he spared not, as in his satyricall phrases and plays as in all other works, to inveigh most sharply both against the enormities of the court, and great corruption of the clergy, that it is wonder how he escaped their bloody hands, they having such power at that time, as they practised in shedding the blood of God's servants, Mr Patrick Hamilton, Robert Forster, Gentlemen, George Wishart, and Walter Miln, with divers others, who gave their lives for the testimony of God's truths: yet this Author ended his days in peace, with all their cruel menacing. This lets us see the wonderful power and providence of Almighty, that albeit he suffers the wicked to execute their cruelty upon some of his faithful, yet he preserveth others, that their enemies have no power to touch one hair of their heads, but as it pleaseth his Majesty to permit the further commendation of the Author, his own work shall testify his probity. I will detain thee, good reader, any longer from perusing of the same.

R O L O G U E

the miserable Estate of the World, between
EXPERIENCE and the Court look.

USING and marring on the misery,
From day to day in earth which doth encrease,
Of each state the mutability,
Proceeding of the restless business,
Whereon the most part do their mind address
Ord'nately on hungry covetise,
In-glore, deceit, and other lespial vice,
But tumbling in my bed I might not ly,
Therefore I went forth in a May morning,
To comfort to get of my melancholy,
Somewhat before sun. *Phœbus* arising,
There I might here the birds most sweetly sing:
To a park I pass for my pleasure,
Secured well by craft of Dame Nature.
How I received comfort natural,
Or to describe at length, it were too long,
Selling the wholsome Herbs medicinal,
Whereon the dulce and balmy dew down dapp,
Like orient pearls upon the twigs that hang,
How that the aromack odours,
Proceeded from the tender fragrant flow'rs,
Or how *Phœbus*, that king ethereal,
Sweetly sprang up into the orient,
Ascending in his throne imperial,
Whose bright and boreal beams resplendent,
Shine all unto the occident,
Comforting ev'ry corporal creature,
Which formed were on earth by Dame Nature.

Whole donk impurpur'd vestment nocturnal,
 With his imbrowd red mantle matutine,
 He left unto his region auroral,
 Which on him waited when he did decline,
 Tow'rd his occident palace vespertine;
 And rose in habit gay and glorious,
 Brighter than gold or stones most precious.

But horned *Cynthia* the Night's fair queen,
 She lost her light, and led a lower sail,
 When once her sov'reign lord that she had seen,
 And in his presence waxed black and pale,
 And o'er her visage cast a milky vail:
 So *Venus* did, the goddess amorous!
 With *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Mercurius*.

Right so the old intoxicate *Saturn*
 Perceiving *Phæbus* pour his beams so bright
 Above the earth, then made he no sojourn,
 But suddenly did lose his borrow'd light,
 Which he did never show but in the night.
 So Pole Arctick, *Urses*, and stars all,
 Which situate are in the septentrional.

(To erring ships that are without all guide,
 Convoying them upon the stormy night)
 Within their frosty circle did them hide,
 Howbeit that stars have none other light,
 But the reflex of *Phæbus* beams so bright.
 That day durst none into the heav'ns appear,
 Till he had circuit all our hemisphere.

Methought it was a sight celestial
 To see *Phæbus* so angel-like ascend
 Into his fiery chariot triumphal,
 Whose beauty bright I could not comprehend;
 All care of worldly things did from me wend,
 When fresh *Flora* spread forth her tapestry,
 Wrought by Dame Nature quent and curiously.

Painted with many hundred heav'nly hews,
 Glad of the rising of that royal roy,
 With blossoms breaking on the tender bows,

Which

which doth provoke my heart to nat'ral joy:
 that day and *Eolus* held them coy,
 that men of far might hear the birds sound,
 whose noise did to the starry heav'ns redound.
 The pleasant pawn punzeing his fethrem fair,
 the mirthful mayis made great melody;
 the lusty lark ascended thro' the air,
 emb'ring her natural notes craftily.
 the gay goldfinch, the merl right merrily,
 the noise of the noble nightingales,
 sounded thro' the mountains, meads and vales:
 Contemplating this mirthful harmony,
 how ev'ry bird dress them for to advance,
 to salute Nature with their melody,
 that I stood gazing almost in a trance,
 to hear them make their nat'ral observance
 royally, that all the rocks rang,
 thro' repercussion of their sug'red sang.
 I lose my time, alas, for to rehearse
 such unfruitful and vain description;
 I write into my rural ragged verse,
 matter without edification:
 considering how that mine intention,
 been to deplore the mortal miseries,
 with continual careful calamities.
 Consulting in this wretched vale of sorrow:
 that sad sentence should have a sad indite:
 no terms bright I like not for to borrow:
 if mourning matter men have no delight,
 with roussty terms therefore I will not write,
 With sorrowful sighs ascending from the spleen;
 and bitter tears distilling from mine Een.
 Without any vain invocation,
 to *Minerva*, or to *Melpomene*:
 for yet will I make supplication,
 for help to *Clio*, or to *Calliope*,
 each marr'd mules may make me no supply,
 therefore I refuse and *Appollo*,

And right so *Euterpe*, *Jupiter* and *Juno*.

Which been to pleasant poets comforting;
Wherefore because I am not one of tho,
I do desire of them no supporting:
For I did never sleep in *Parnasso*,
As did the poets of long time ago:
And specially the ornate *Ennius*,
Nor drank I ever with *Hesiodus*.

Of *Greece* the perfect poet soveraign,
Of *Helicon* the source of eloquence,
Of that mellifluous, famous, fresh fountain:
Wherefore to them I thought no reverence:

- I purpose not to make obedience
To mischant mules, or mahometrie,
Before time used into poetrie.

Hoping *Rhamnusia*, goddess of despite,
Might be to me a muse right convenable:
If I desir'd such help for to indite,
This mourning matter, mad and miserable,
I must seek a muse more comfortable,
And such vain superstition to refuse,
Beseeching the great GOD to be my muse.

By his wisdom all manner of things were wrong
The high heavens with all their ornaments,
And without matter made all things of nought:
Hell in mid center of the elements,
That heavenly muse to seek my whole intent's
The which gave sapience to king *Solomon*,
To *David* grace, and strength to strong *Samson*.

And of poor *Peter* made a prudent preacher,
And by the power of his Deitie,
Of cruel *Paul* he made a cunning teacher;
I must beseech right lowly on my knee,
His high super-excellent Majestie
That with his heavenly Spirit he me inspire,
To write nothing contrary his desire,

Beseeching eke his sov'raign Son *Jesus*,
Who was conceived by the holy Spirit,

incarnate of the purify'd virgin-trad;
 and into whom the propheth was compleat;
 that Prince of peace, most humble and most sweet,
 which under *Pilate* suffered passion
 on the cross for our salvation.

And by that cruel death intollerable,
 loos'd we were from the bonds of Belial;
 and moreover it was so profitable,
 that to this hour came never man nor shall
 the triumphant joy imperial
 of life, tho' they were never so good,
 at the virtue of his precious Blood.

Wherefore instead of the mount *Parnasso*,
 swiftly I shall go seek my Sovereign;

to mount *Calvary* the straight way shall I go,
 to get a taste of that most fresh Fountain:

that source to seek, mine heart may not refrain,
Helicon, which was both deep and wide;

that *Longinus* did grave into his side;
 From this fresh fountain sprang a famous flood,

which redolent river thro' the world runs;
 as crystal clear, and mixed is with blood;

whose sound above the highest heavens dinns,
 all faithful people purging from their sins

therefore I shall beseech his Excellence,
 to grant me grace, wisdom and eloquence.

And bath me with the dulce and balmy strands
 which on the cross did speedily out spring

from his most tender feet and heavenly hands;
 and grant me grace to write or dice nothing

but to his high honour and love loving;
 without his help there may no good be wrought

to his pleasure, good works, word, or thought;
 Therefore, O Lord, I pray thy Majestie

that thou didst show thy high power divine,
 to turne plain water into wine,

where thou convertest water into wine,
 to save my matter to a fructuous fine

And save my sayings both from shame and sin,
Take heed, for now my purpose I begin.

From the old world I have taken

nothing but the best and the best

nothing but the best and the best

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DIALOGUE

Of the miserable Estate of the World, between
EXPERIENCE and the COUNTERVA.

INTO that park I saw appear
An aged man that drew me near,
Whose beard was near three quarters lang:
His hair did o'er his shoulders hang,
The which as any snow was white,
Whom to behold I thought delight:
His habit angel-like of hue
Of colour like the sapphire blew;
Under an holly he reposed,
Of whose presence I was rejoyced,
I did him salute reverently,
So did he me right courteously,
To sit down he requested me
Under the shadow of the tree,
To save me from the sun's heat,
Amongst the flowers soft and sweet,
For I was wearied with walking,
Then he began to fall in talking:
I ask'd his name with reverence,
E. I am, said he, Experience.
C. Then sir, said I, you cannot fail
To give a desolate man counsel;

you do appear a man of fame,
and sith *Experience* is your name:
pray you, father venerable,
give me some counsell comfortable.

E. What been, said he, thy vocation,
making such a supplication?

C. I have, said I, been to this hour,
since I could ride, a courteous;
but now, father, I think it best,
With your counsell to live in rest;
And from henceforth to take mine ease,
and quietly my God to please,
and renounce curiosity,
leaving the court, and learn to die.
Ofte have I sailed over the strands,
and travelled thro' divers lands,
both south and north, east and west,
yet can I never find where rest
doth make her habitation.

Without your supportation.

When I believe to be best eas'd,
Most suddenly I am displeas'd:
From trouble when I fastest flee,
Then find I most adversity;
show me, I pray you, heartfully
How I may live most pleasantly,
To serve my God of kings King,
since I am tyr'd of travelling,
and learn me for to be content,
Of quiet life and sober rent:

That I may thank the King of glore,

As if I had a million more:

With every court been variant,

Full of envy, and inconstant:

Might I without grief live in rest,

Now in old age I think it best.

E. Thou art a great fool, son, said he,
That to desire which may not be,

Long-

Longing to have prerogative
 Above all creatures that live:
 Since father *Adam* create been
 Into the great camp *Damascene*,
 Might no man say unto this hour,
 That e'er he found perfect pleasure,
 Nor never shall, till that he see
 God in his divine Majestic;
 Wherefore prepare thee for to travel,
 Sith man's life been but battel.
 All men begin for to die,
 The day of their nativity;
 And journeyally they do proceed,
 Till *Atropus* cut off their fatal threed,
 And in the short time that they have
 Between their birth and the grave,
 Thou seest what mutabilities,
 What miserable calamities,
 What trouble, travel, and debate,
 Seest thou in every mortal state.
 Begin at poor low creatures,
 Ascending then to senatours,
 To great princes and potentates,
 Thou shalt not find in no estates,
 Since the beginning general,
 Nor in our time now special,
 But tedious, restless business,
 Withoutten any sickerness.
 C. Prudent Father, said I, alace,
 You tell to me a careful case:
 You say, that no man to this hour,
 Hath found on earth perfect pleasure,
 Withoutten infortunate variance
 Since we been thrall on such mischance.
 Why do we set our whole intents
 On riches, dignity, and renis,
 Sith in the earth been no man sure,
 One day without trouble t'endure,

And

nd worst of all when we least ween,
 he cruel death we must sustain;
 I your father-hood durst demand,
 he cause I would fain understand.
 And eke, father, I you implore,
 how me from trouble gone before,
 that hearing others indigence,
 may the more have patience.
 fellows in tribulation,
 een wretches consolation.

E. Said he: After my small cunning;
 o thee I shall make answering;
 at orderly for to begin,
 his misery proceeds of sin:
 at it were long to be defined:
 how all men are to sin inclined,
 When sin abundantly doth reign,
 fully God maketh punishing.
 Wherefore great God into his hands,
 o daunt the world with diverse wands,
 fter our evil condition,
 e makes on us punishment:
 ith hunger, dearth, and indigence,
 sometimes great plagues and penitence,
 nd sometimes with his bloody wand,
 thro' civil wars by sea and land.
 oncluding all our misery
 oceeds of sin allanerly.

C. Father, said I, declare to me
 he cause of this fragility,
 hat we be all to sin inclin'd,
 work, and word, and in our mind.
 would the verity were shewn,
 ho hath this seed among us sown,
 nd why we were condemn'd to death,
 nd how that we may get remission.
 E. Said he, the scripture hath declared,
 from felicity are denuded,

By *Adam* our Progenitour,
Sometime of paradise possessor;
By whose most wilful arrogance,
Was mankind brought to this mischance,
When he was disobedient,
In breaking God's commandment,
By sollicitation of his wife,
He lost that heav'nly pleasant life,
Eating of the forbidden tree:
There began all our misery;
So *Adam* was cause radical,
That we are fragile sinners all.
Adam brought in this nation,
Sin, death, and eke damnation,
Who will say, that he is no sinner,
Christ saith, he is a great liar,
All mankind sprang from *Adam's* loins,
And took of him flesh, blood, and bones;
And so after his quality,
Are all inclin'd sinners to be.
But yet, my son, despair thou nought,
For God, that all the world hath wrought,
Hath made a sovraign remead,
To save us both from sin and dead,
And from eternal damnation;
Therefore take consolation:
For God, as scriptures doth record,
Having on man misericord,
Sent down his only Son Jesu,
Which lighted on a virgin true,
And clad his high divinity,
With our poor vile humanity:
Then from our sins, to conclude,
He wassht us with his precious blood,
Howbeit thro' *Adam* we must die,
Thro' that Lord we shall raised be,
And every man he shall relieve,
Which in his blood doth firm believe,

and bring us all into his glorie,
 the which thro' *Adam* been forlore,
 without that we thro' lack of faith,
 of his God head incur the wraths;
 but who in Christ firmly believes,
 shall be reliev'd from all mischieves.

C. What faith is it that you call firm?
 E. make me understand that term.

E. Faith without hope and charitie,
 availeth not, my son, said he.

C. What charity is, that would I know,

E. Said he, my son, that shall I show.

First, love thy God above all things,

and thy neighbour without faiming.

So none injure nor villanie,

as thou wouldst were done to thee.

Quick faith without charitable works

can never be, as write best clarks,

more than the fire, until his might

can lack the heat, or sun lack light.

Of charity into thee sails,

thy faith nor hope nothing avails.

The devil hath faith, and trembles for dread,

but he lacks hope and love indeed.

So all the good that may be wrought,

without charity, avails nought;

Wherefore pray to the Trinity,

or to support thy charity.

Now have I shown thee as I can,

how father *Adam* the first man,

brought in the world sin and dead,

and how Christ *Jesus* made remead:

Which in the great day of judgment,

shall us deliver from torment,

and bring us to his lasting glorie,

which shall endure for evermore.

But in this world thou getst no rest,

make it to thee manifest:

Therefore, my son, be diligent,
And learn for to be patient,
And into God set all thy trust,
All things shall then come for the best.

C. Father, I thank you heartily,
Of your comfort and company,
And heav'nly consolation,
Making you supplication,
If I durst put you to such pine,
That ye would please for to define,
And make me clearly understand,
How *Adam* brake the Lord's command:
And how thro' his transgression,
Was punish't his succession.

E. My son, said he, wouldst thou take cure,
To look upon divine scripture,
Into the book of *Genesis*,
That history thou shalt not miss:
And also sundry cunning clarks
Have done rehearse into their works,
Of *Adam's* fall ornatly,
A thousand times better than I
Can write of that unhappy man,
But I shall do the best I can,
Shortly to show that careful case,
With the support of God's grace.

*An Exclamation to the Reader, touching
writing in vulgar and maternal Language.*

Gentle reader, have me at no despite,
Thinking that I presumptuously pretend
In vulgar tongue so high matter to write,
But where I miss, I pray thee to amend,
To the unlearn'd I would the case were kend,
Of our most miserable travel and torment,
And how on earth no place is permanent.

How

Howbeit that divers devout cunning clarks,
 Latin tongue have written sundry books;
 Or unlearned knows little of their warks;
 More than they do the raving of the rooks;
 Therefore to callists, carriers, and to cooks,
 Jack and Tom my rhyme shall be directed,
 With cunning men howbeit that it be lack.
 Tho' every common man be not a clark,
 Or hath no leed, except their tongue maternal;
 Why should of God the marvellous heavenly waile
 Be hid from them? I think it not fraternal,
 The Father of heav'n which was and is eternal,
 Who Moses gave the law on mount Sinai,
 Not into Greek nor Latin, as they say.
 He wrote the law on tables hard of stone,
 In their own vulgar language of Hebrew,
 That the children of Israel every one
 Might know the law, and to the same cause
 Had he done write in Latin or in Grewe,
 Had to them been a favourless gift.
 We may well know God wrought all for the best.
 Aristotle nor Plato, I heard late,
 Wrote not their philosophy natural,
 Dutch, nor Dence, nor tongue Italian,
 But in their most proper tongue maternal,
 Whose fame and name doth reign perpetual,
 Immortal Virgil, that prince of poetry,
 Or Cicero, the Flow'r of Oratory,
 Wrote not in Chaldey language, nor in Grewe,
 Nor yet in the language Saracen,
 Nor yet in the natural language of Hebrew,
 But in the Roman tongue, as may be seen,
 Which was their proper language, as I ween.
 When Romans reign'd dominators indeed,
 The ornate Latin was their proper leed.
 In the mean time when that these bold Romans
 Over all the world had the dominion,
 Made Latin schools their glory for to advance,
 That

That, their language might be ever all common,
To that intent, by mine opinion,
Trusting that their empire should ay endure;
But of fortune always they were not sure.

Of languages the first diversity,
Was made by God's malediction,
When *Babylon* was builded in *Chaldy*;
Those builders got none other affliction,
Before the time of that punishment,
Was but one tongue, which *Adam* spake himself
Where now of tongues there be threescore & twelve

Notwithstanding, I think it great pleasure,
Where cunning men have languages anew;
That in their youth by diligent labour,
Have learned Latin, Greek and Hebrew:
That I am not of that sort fore I rue;
Wherefore I would all books necessar
For our faith, were into our tongues vulgar.

Christ after his glorious ascension,
To his disciples sent his holy Spirit
In cloven tongues of fire, to that intencion,
That being of all languages repleat
Thro' all the world, with words fair and sweet,
To every man the faith they would forth shaw,
In their own leed, delivering them their law.

Therefore I think a great derision,
To hear the Nuns and Sisters night and day,
Singing and laying psalms and orisons
Not understanding what they sing or lay:
But like a Stirling, or a Papingay,
Which learned are to speak by long usage,
Them I compare to birds in a cage.

Right so childrea and ladies of honours
Pray in Latin, to them an uncouth leed:
Mumbling their matins, even songs & their hours
Their Pater-noster, Ave and their Creed.
It were as pleasant to their sp'rit indeed,
God have mercy on me, for to say thus,

for to say, *Miserere mei Deus*,
Saint *Jerome* in his proper tongue Roman,
the law of God truly he did translate
out of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin in plain,
which hath been hid from us long time, God wit,
till this time. But after my conceit,
and Saint *Jerome* been born into *Argyle*,
Irish tongue his books had done compile.
Prudent Saint *Paul* doth make narration,
touching the divers leeds of every land,
saying, There have been more edification
in five words that folk do understand,
than to pronounce of words ten thousand
in strange language, & knows not what it means,
think such prattlings is not worth two pence.
Unlearned people on the holy day,
stupidly they hear th' evangel sung,
not knowing what the priest doth sing or say,
as a bell when that they hear it rung;
it would the priests in their mother tongue,
as to the pulpit, and that doctrine declare
to laick people, it were more necessary.
I would that prelates and doctours of the law
with laick people were not discontent,
if we in our vulgar tongue did know
Christ' *Jesus* the law and testament,
and how that we should keep commandment:
in our language let us pray and read
our Pater-noster, Ave, and our Creed.
I would some prince of great discretion,
in vulgar language plainly caus'd translate,
the needful laws of this region,
when would there not be half so great debate,
amongst us people of the low estate,
if every man the verity did know,
he needed not to treat these men of law,
To do our neighbour wrong we would beware,
if we did fear the law's punishment:

There

There would not be such brawling at the bar;
Nor men of law climb to such royal rent.
To keep the law if all men were content,
And each man do as he would be done to,
The judges would get little thing a-do.

The prophet *David* king of *Israel*,
Compil'd the pleasant psalms of the *Psalter*,
In his own proper tongue, as I heard tell;
And *Solomon* which was his son and heir,
Did make his book into his tongue vulgar.
Why should not their sayings be to us shown
In our language? I would the cause were known.

Let doctors write their curious questions,
And arguments town full of sophistry;
Their logic, and their high opinions,
Their dark judgments of altronomy,
Their medicine, and their philosophy.
Let poets show their glorious engine,
As e'er they please, in Greek or in Latin.

But let us have the books necessar
To common-wealth, and our salvation.
Justly translated in our tongue vulgar;
And eke I make you supplication,
O gentle reader, have none indignation,
Thinking to meddle with so high matter,
Now to my purpose forward will I fare.

The Creation of Adam and Eve.

WHEN God had made the heav'ns bright,
The sun and moon for to give light;
The starry heav'ns and cryllalline,
And by his sapience divine,
The planets in their circles round,
Whirling about with merry sound:
Of whom *Plinius* was principal,
Just in his line eclipsical;

and gave by divine sapience,
 To every star their influence,
 With motion continual,
 Which doth endure perpetual,
 And farthest from the heaven's empire,
 The earth, the water, air, and fire,
 He clad the earth with herbs and trees,
 All kind of fishes in the seas,
 All kind of beasts he did prepare,
 With fowls flying in the air,
 Thus by his word all things were wrought
 Without a material, made of nought:
 By his wisdom infinite,
 All was made pleasant and perfite,
 When heav'n and earth, and their contents
 Were ended with their ornaments;
 When last of all the Lord began,
 Of most vile earth to make the man:
 Not of the lily, nor of the rose,
 Nor cyper tree, as I suppose,
 Neither of gold nor precious stones,
 Of earth he made flesh, blood and bones:
 To that intent, God made him thus,
 That man should not be glorious;
 Nor in himself should nothing see,
 But matter of humilitie:
 When man was made, as I have told,
 God in his face did him behold,
 Breathing in him a lively spirit.
 When all these works were compleat,
 He made man to his similitude,
 Recelling into pulchritude:
 Doted with gifts of nature,
 Above all earthly creature:
 Then pleasantly did him convey
 To a region compleat with joy,
 Of all pleasure which bare the price,
 And called earthly paradise;
 And brought by divine providence,

All beasts and birds to his presence: yd even ba
Adam did craftily impone
 A special name to ev'ry one,
 And to all things material
 A name he gave in special:
 How he them nam'd, that been kend,
 And shall be to the world's end.
 Into that garden of pleasure
 Two trees grew most to advance,
 Above all other which bare the price,
 In midst of that paradise;
 The one was call'd, the tree of life,
 The other tree began our strife;
 The tree to know both good and evil,
 Which by persuation of the devil,
 Began our misery and wo:
 But let us to our purpose go,
 How God gave *Adam* strait command,
 That tree not to touch with his hand;
 All other fruits of paradise
 He bade him eat at his device,
 Saying, If thou eat of this tree,
 With double death then shalt thou die:
 Therefore I thee command beware
 That from the tree thou stand afar.
 Yet father *Adam* was alone,
 Without company of any one.
 Then thought the Lord it necessary
 To create to him an helper.
 God put in *Adam* such sopour,
 That for to sleep he took pleasure,
 And laid him down upon the ground;
 Then when *Adam* wss sleeping sound,
 He took a rib forth of his side,
 Then filled it with flesh and hide;
 Then made a woman of that bone,
 Fairer of form was never none:
 Then to *Adam* incontinent,

That fair lady he did present,
 Which shortly said, for to conclude,
 Thou art my flesh, my bone and blood,
 And *Virago* he call'd her name,
 Which is interpret, Made of man,
 Which *Eva* afterward was nam'd,
 Then for her fault she was defam'd.
 When did the Lord them sanctify,
 Saying, Increase and multiply;
 And this men should leave all their kin,
 And with their wives make dwelling,
 And for their sake leave father and mother,
 And love them best above all other;
 For God hath ordained them truly,
 To be two souls in one body.
 My wit is weak for to indite,
 Their heav'nly pleasure infinite.
 There was never earthly creature,
 Since that time hath perfect pleasure,
 They had puissance imperial,
 Above all things material,
 As cunning clarks do conclude.
 Adam precell'd in pulchritude,
 Most natural, and the fairest man,
 That e'er was since the world began,
 Except Christ Jesus God's own Son,
 To whom was no comparison:
 And *Eve* the fairest creature
 That ever was formed by nature.
 Who' they were naked as they were made,
 No shame either of other had.
 What pleasure might a man have more,
 Than have his lady him before,
 So lully, pleasant, and perfite,
 Ready to serve his appetite?
 They had none other care, I wils,
 But past their time in joy and blis,
 Wild beasts did to them repair,

So did the fowls of the air,
 With noise most angelical,
 Making to them mirth musical,
 The fishes swimming in the strands,
 Were wholly all at their commands,
 All creatures with one accord,
 Obey'd him as their sovereign lord.
 They suffered neither heat nor cold,
 With every pleasure that they would;
 And to death they were not thrall,
 And so should we have been all:
 For he and his successors
 Should have possessed these pleasures,
 Then from that joy material,
 Gone to the glorie imperial.
 They had, if I can well denote,
 Great joy in all their senses five,
 In hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling,
 Induring that delight some dwelling:
 Hearing birds harmonies,
 Tasting the fruits of divers trees,
 Smelling the dulce balmy odours,
 Which did proceed from fragrant flowers,
 Seeing so many heavenly beews,
 Of blooms breaking on the beews,
 Of touching eke they had delights,
 Of others bodies soft and white:
 Doubtless enduring that pleasure,
 They lov'd each other paramour;
 No marvel tho' that so should be,
 Considering this their great beantie.
 And God gave the command expresse,
 To multiply, and to increase,
 That their seed and succession,
 Might plenish every nation.
 I list not tarry for to declare;
 All properties of that place perclaire;
 How herbs and trees grew ever green,

of the temp'rate air serene:
 fruits indelicious, and
 alike ripe and redolent:
 of the fountains nor of the floods,
 of the flowers pulchritudes:
 matter clerks do declare,
 before of them I speak no more.
 Scripture makes no mention
 long they reign'd in that region,
 believe the time was short,
 vers doctors do report.

The miserable Transgression of ADAM.

Other, how happ'ned that mischance,
 said I, show me that circumstance,
 are to me that careful case,
 Adam lost that pleasant place,
 him and his succession,
 did proceed transgression?
 Said he: After my rude engine,
 I rehearse thee that ruine,
 in God the Creator of all,
 the heav'n imperial,
 creat all the angels bright,
 made an angel most of might,
 whom he gave preeminence,
 he them all in sapience,
 he all others he did prefer,
 he was bright *Lucifer*.
 as so pleasant and so fair,
 thought himself without compar,
 grew so gay and glorious,
 to be presumptuous;
 thought that he would set his seat
 the north, and make debate
 are the Majesty divine,

B

Which

Which was the cause of his ruin,
For he incurred God's ire,
And banisht from the heav'n's empire
With angels many a legion,
Which were of his opinion.
Innumerable with him there fell,
Some lighted in the lowest hell:
Some in the sea did make repair;
Some in the earth, some in the air,
That most unhappy company,
At father *Adam* had envy,
Perceiving *Adam* and his seed,
Into their places to succeed.
The serpent was the subtlest
Above all beasts, and craftiest:
Then satan with a false intent,
Did enter into the serpent,
Imagining some crafty wile,
How he might *Adam* best beguile,
And cause him break commandment:
But to the woman first he went,
Trusting the better to prevail,
Full subtilly did her assail:
With sacund words false and fair,
He grew with her familiar,
That he his purpose might advance,
Believing in her inconstance.
What been the cause, Madam, said he,
That you forbear yon pleasant tree,
Which been peerless and precious,
Whose fruit been most delicious?
I will, said she, thereto accord,
We are forbidden of the Lord,
The which hath giv'n us liberty
To eat of ev'ry fruit and tree,
Which grows into this paradise;
Break we command, we are not wise,
He gave to us a strait command,

at tree not to touch with our hand :

we of it, without remead,
said, doubtless we shall be dead.

eve not that, said the serpent,
you of it, incontinent

eat you shall be with science,

and have perfect intelligence,

God himself, of evil and good.

en hastily, for to conclude,

ring of this prerogative,

pulled down the fruit believe,

ro' counsel of this false serpent :

ate of this incontinent.

put her husband in believe,

at pleasant fruit if he would prive,

at he would be as sapient

the great God Omnipotent.

ink you not *that* a pleasant thing,

at we like God should ever reign :

hearing this narration,

by her solistation,

ved by prideful ambition,

ate on that condition,

the principal points of this offence,

is pride and inobedience :

ring for to be equal

God the Creator of all.

ce! *Adam*, why didst thou so?

y caused thou this mortal wo?

lt thou been constant, firm and stable

y glore had been incomparable.

ere was thy consideration,

o hadst the domination

at every living creature,

at God hath formed by nature,

use them at thine own devise?

lt thou not prince of paradise?

never man since thou on live,

B. 2

That

That God gave such prerogative.
 He gave thee strength above *Samson*,
 And sapience more than *Solomon*.
 Young *Absalom* in his time most fair,
 To thy beauty was no compar.

Aristotle thou didst preech,
 Into philosophy natural.

Virgil into his poetry,

Nor *Cicero* in his oratry,

Were never half so eloquent.

Why brake thou God's commandement?

Where was thy wit, that wouldst not flee

Far from the presence of that tree,

Gave not thy matter thee free-will,

To take the good, and leave the ill?

How might thy forfait be excus'd,

That God's commandement refus'd,

Through thy wife's persuation,

Which hath been the occasion?

Since that time many noble men,

By the evil counsel of women,

Have altogether destroyed been,

As in the history may be seen,

Which now we need not to declare:

But to our purpose let us fare.

When they had eaten of the fruit,

Of joy then were they destitute?

Then 'gan they both for to think shame,

And to be naked through defame,

And made them breeks of leaves green,

That their secrets should not be seen.

But in the state of innocence,

They had no such experience:

But when to sin they were subjected,

To shame and sin they were coacted,

And in a bush they did them close,

Ashamed of the Lord his voice;

Which called *Adam* by his name.

Said he: My Lord, I think great shame

ed to come in thy presenee,
 ou hadst no such experience,
 God, When thou wast innocent,
 y brake thou my commandement?
 ce! (said *Adam* to the Lord)
 e verity I shall record:
 s woman that thou gave to me,
 s'd me eat of yon pleasant tree,
 ht so the woman her excus'd,
 said, The serpent me abus'd.
 en to the serpent God said thus:
 ou deceiver venomous,
 ause the woman thou beguil'd,
 m henceforth shall thou be exil'd:
 sed and waried shalt thou be,
 hall thy seed be after thee.
 d earth shall be thy food also,
 d creeping on thy breast shalt go:
 I shall put enimity
 ween the woman ever and thee;
 ween thy seed and woman seed,
 ll be continual mortal feed:
 wbeit thou hast wrought their mischief,
 hall not be as thou believes;
 n seed shall be in woman sown,
 at thy Power shall be down thrown,
 eading thine head that thou mayst feel,
 d thou shalt tread him on the heel.
 s was promise and meaning,
 at the immaculate virgin
 ould bear the Prince Omnipotent,
 ich should tread down the false serpent,
 n and all his company,
 d them confound all utterly.
 . Said I: If *satan* prince of hell,
 ke in the serpent, as ye tell,
 d beasts can no way sin at all,
 y was the serpent made so thral?
 ar men say, before that hour,

The serpent had a fair figure,
And went up straight upon his feet,
And had his members all compleat,
As other beasts upon the bent.

E. Said he : For he was instrument
To satan in his misery.

Punisht he was, as you may see,
As by experience thou mayst know,
Express into the common law :

A man convict of Buggerie,
The beast is burnt as well as he,
Howbeit the beast is innocent ;
And so besel of this serpent.

It was the fiend full of despite,
Of *Adam's* fall which had the wite,
As he hath of many mo :

But to our purpose let us go.

Then to the woman, for her offence,
God did pronounce this sore sentence :

All pleasure that thou hadst besorrow
Shall changed be in lasting sorrow.

Where thou should be with mirth and joy,
Have born thy birth without annoy ;

Now all thy children thou shalt bear
With dollour and continual care.

And thou shalt be, for ought thou can,
Ever subject unto the man.

By this sentence God did conclude,
Woman from liberty denude :

When by experience you may see
How queens of most high degree,

Are under most subjection,

And suffer most correction.

For they like birds into a cage,

Are kepted ay under thirlage ;

So all women in their degree,

Should to their men subjected be :

Howbeit some will strive for state,

And for the mastery make debate,

which if they lack, both even and morrow,
their men shall suffer meikle sorrow:
Ere they take that quality,
desire sovereignty,
and then to *Adam* said the Lord:
cause that thou hast done accord
thy will, and heark'ned to thy wife,
now shalt thou lose this pleasant life;
thou wast to her obedient,
but thou brake my commandments:
cursed and barren the earth shall be,
where'er thou goest till that thou die:
the thistle, nettle, brier and thorn,
without labour shall bear no corn:
for food thou get'st none other bield,
but eat the herbs upon the field;
and labouring till thy brows sweat:
from henceforth shalt thou win thy meat,
made thee of the earth certain,
and thou to earth shalt turn again.
Then made he them abullement,
skins and ragged raiment,
to preserve them from heat and cold:
then grew their dolor manifold.
Now *Adam*, ye are like to us,
with your gay garment glorious.
To them these words said the Lord,
then cry'd they both; Misericord,
then from that earth with hearts sore
mischance they were for evermore,
to this wretched vale of sorrow,
with daily labour even and morrow,
after whole dolorous departing,
the Lord gave Paradise in keeping,
unto the angel Cherubin,
that none should have entry therein:
at the which entry he did stand,
with flaming fiery sword in hand,
to keep that *Adam* and his wife

Should not taste of the tree of life :
 For if they of the tree had preev'd,
 Perpetually they might have liv'd.
 So *Adam*, and his succession,
 Of paradise lost possession,
 And by his sin original,
 Were men of misery made thral,
 My son, now mayst thou clearly see,
 This world began with miserie :
 With misery it doth proceed,
 Whose end shall dolor be and dread.

C. Father, said I, what kind of life,
 Led *Adam* with his lusty wife;
 After his banisful banishing ?

E. Said he continual lamenting.
 Mine heart hath yet compassion,
 How they went wandring up and down,
 Weeping with many loud, alicce,
 That they had lost that pleasant place,
 In wilderness to be exil'd,
 Where they found nought but beasts wild,
 Menacing them for to devore,
 Which all obedient were before.

C. Father, said I, in what countrie
 Did *Adam* live after that he
 Was banished from that delite ?

E. The clerks, said he, have put in write,
 How *Adam* dwelt with meikle bail,
 In *Mamre*, in that lusty vale,
 Which after was the *Jewish* land,
 Where yet his sepulchre doth stand.
 I list not tarry to describe
 The wo of *Adam* and his wife.
 Nor how that they had sons two,
Cain and *Abel*, and no mo :
 Nor how curst *Cain* for envy,
 Did slay his brother cruelly :
 Nor of their mourning, nor of their moan,
 When they sonless were left alone.

lay slain upon the ground;
 Cain esteem'd a vagabond;
 how God of his special grace,
 them the third son fair of face,
 like *Adam* of flesh and blood;
 was his name, gracious and good,
 how blind *Lamech* recklessly,
 slay *Cain* unhappily.
 as clerks do describe,
 with *Eve* his woful wife,
 men children, thirty and two,
 of daughters alike also:
 this thou mayst well understand,
 that *Adam* saw many a thousand,
 of his body did descend
 he out of the world did wend,
 lived in earth but wear,
 npleat nine hundred and thirty year:
 all his days were but sorrow,
 mbering both even and morrow,
 paradise the prosperity,
 then of his great misery;
 heart might never be rejoic'd,
 mbering how the heav'ns were clos'd
 m him and his succession,
 that by his transgression.
 After his death, as I heard tell,
 soul descended to the hell,
 there remained prisoner
 that dungeon three thousand year
 more; so did both evil and good,
 Christ for them had shed his blood,
 n by that most precious ransom,
 y were delivered out of prison.
 ve declared now as I can,
 misery of the first man.

his was an erroneous opinion holden at that time.

*How God destroyed all living Creatures
Earth for Sin, and drowned them by a
rible Flood, in the Time of Noe.*

PRudent Father, *Experience*,
Declare to me ere you go hence,
What was the cause God did destroy
All creatures in the time of Noe?

E. Said he, I tremble for to tell
That infortune how it befel:
The cause been so abominable,
And the matter so miserable,
But for to show the circumstance
Manifestly of that mischance:
First, I must make thee understand,
How *Adam* gave expresse command
To these who were of *Seth's* blood,
Because they were gracious and good,
Should not contract with *Cain's* kin,
Which were inclined all to sin.
To observe that commandement,
Cain past to the Orient,
With his wife called *Gatmana*,
Which was his own sister allwa:
Where his offspring did long remain,
Hard by the mountain of *Tarbant*,
And *Seth* did long time lead his life
With *Delbora* his prudent wife,
Which was his sister good and fair,
In *Damascen* made their repair,
In that country of *Seth's* clan,
Descended many a holy man.
So long as *Adam* was livand,
The people did observe command:
When he was dead and laid in ground,
The people greatly did abound;

and *Cain* slain, as I have shown,
and *Seth's* days all over-blown,
the sons then of *Seth's* blood,
sing the pleasant pulchritude
the ladies of *Cain's* kin,
wherebeit they knew well it was sin,
prested with sensual lusts rage,
and take them into marriage:
and so corrupted was that blood;
the good with evil, and evil with good,
even as the people did increase,
they did abound in wickedness,
holy Scripture doth rehearse,
which I abhor to put in verse,
to tell with tongue, I am not able,
the sooth been so abominable,
how men and women shamefully
abus'd themselves unnaturally:
whose foul abomination,
and filthy fornication,
think great shame to put in write,
even as *Paul Orose* doth indite.
And if I would at length declare,
were enough to file the air;
great clerks of antiquities,
have written many true stories,
which are worthy to be commended,
wherebeit they be not comprehended
at length in the divine scripture;
that I shall do my busy cure,
to take the best, as I suppose,
that most pertains to my purpose:
and with support of Christ our King,
purpose to confirm nothing
of the old historie,
contrarious to his Excellence:
wherebeit that mens traditions
contrary Christ's institutions.

Of them though something I declare,
Now let us proceed further mair :
And with a language lamentable,
Declare this matter miserable.

C. Father, the causes would I know,
Why they of nature brake the law?

E. I trust, said he, that wickedness
Ent'rd through slothful idleness,
The devil with all the craft he can,
When he perceives an idle man,
Or woman, given to idleness,
He getteth easily entress :

And so by this occasion,

And the fiend's persuasion,
The whole world universally,
Corrupted was all utterly.

C. What was the cause they idle were,
That cause, said I, to me declare?

E. Said he, By mine imagination,
For lack of virtuous occupation :

For of crafts they had small usage,

Of merchandise, or labontage :

The earth was then so plenteous

Of fruit and spice delicious :

The herbs were so comfortable,

Delightfome and medicinal ;

The fountains fresh and redolent,

To labouring they took little tent.

All manner of beast for their pleasure,

Did multiply without labour.

The time between Adam and Noy,

To see the earth it was great joy,

Planted with precious trees of price :

Four famous floods of paradise,

Ran through the earth in sundry parts,

Spreading their branches in all airts,

The water was so strong and fine,

They would not labour to find wine.

The fruit and herbs were so good,
 They made no care for other food:
 So the people took no cure,
 But past the time at their pleasure.
 Finding new inventions,
 To fulfil their intentions,
 To the Lord Omnipotent,
 That he made man did him repent:
 And shew unto his servant Noe,
 That he would all the world destroy,
 Except himself and his menzie.
 He said Noe, when shall that be?
 Then said the Lord: Sith that thou speake,
 Shall prolong six score of years,
 Tarrying upon their repentance,
 I fulfil my just sentence:
 In the mean time, fall thou to work
 On this continent, and build an ark:
 Which Noe began obediently,
 And wrought on it continually,
 And to the people daily preached,
 To cry for grace he to them taught:
 And to them plainly did declare,
 That God his rod would no way spare,
 On them he would work vengeance.
 Noe yet gave they no credence,
 And so they were incounsellable,
 In their lust abominable:
 And took his preaching in despite,
 Following their foul delight,
 More and more to that doleful day,
 Which all the world put in affray:
 O Father, you make me understand,
 When Adam brake the Lord's command,
 To augment his affliction,
 And gave his malediction
 To the earth which was so fair,
 That it should barren be and bare,
 And

And without labour bear no corn,
Nor fruit, but thistle, brier and thorn :
Now say you in the time of *Noy*,
To see the earth it was great joy,
Planted with fruits good and fair,
The sooth of this to me declare.
These sayings too make me consider,
How you make them agree together?

E. God made his promise sickerly,
Howbeit it came not instantly,
Said he, as clerks do conclude;
But after when the furious flood
Destroy'd the earth all utterly,
Then came that promise sickerly,
Even as God did give command,
Adam should not touch with his hand,
Nor eat of the forbidden tree;
If he did so, that he should die,
Howbeit he died not but weer,
After that day nine hundredth year.
Right so the prophet *Esaia*,
Speaking of Christ the great *Messias*,
Saying, the child is to be born,
To save mankind that is forlorn;
As he had been born instantly,
Yet was he not born verily,
After that saying many a year,
As in the scripture thou mayst hear.
A thousand year, who reckons right,
Is as an hour into God's sight.
Examples many I might tell,
Were it not tedious for to dwell.

To our purpose let us proceed,
Showing the height, the length and breed,
And quantity of *Noah's* ark,
Which was a right excellent wark,
Of Pine-tree, bound well about,
Laid over with pitch within and out

joined full cloſe with nails ſtrong,
 and was three hundred cubits long,
 fifty in breed, thirty in height;
 three chambers joined well and wight,
 and every loſt above another,
 Without an unker, oar or ruther,
 right cubit, as I heard tell,
 of meafure now might be an ell,
 in the mid ſide a doore there was
 for beaſts a full eaſy entreeſs.
 This ark which was both long and large,
 made in the bottom like a barge,
 covered with boords well above,
 ſoſt like a houſe ſet on a roove,
 whole rigging was a cubit broad,
 wherein there was a window made:
 ſome ſays well cloſ'd with cryſtal clear,
 where through the day-light might appear;
 this wark the more was to be praiſ'd,
 becauſe by God it was devis'd.
 The making of this ark but wear,
 endured well an hundred year,
 When Noe had ended this wark,
 God did him cloſe within the ark,
 With his wife and ſons three,
 With their wives and no more menſie,
 of all fowls of the air,
 of every kind entred a pair:
 ſight ſo two beaſts of every kind,
 or why? it was the Lord's mind,
 that generation ſhould not fail:
 Wherefore of female and of male,
 of every kind were kept two,
 but to rehearſe mine heart is wo,
 the dolent lamentation,
 that time of every nation,
 ſaying, Alas! a thouſand yeſe,
 when wind and rain began to riſe,
 T

The

The rocks which ried began to rive,
 The ugly clouds did over-drive,
 And darkned too the heav'ns bright,
 The sun and moon might show no light
 The terrible trembling of earthquake
 Made buildings bow, and cities shake,
 The thunder rent the clouds stable,
 With fearful noise inevitable.
 The fire-flaughts flew o'er through the fells,
 Then was there nought but shouts and yels,
 When they perceiv'd without remead,
 All creatures for to suffer dead;
 All fountains from the earth up-isting,
 And from the heaven the rain down dang,
 Fourty days and fourty nights:
 Then ran the people to the heights:
 Some climb on hills, some climb on trees,
 Some to the highest mountains flee,
 With more terror than I can tell;
 But all for nought, the floods down fell,
 And wind did rout with such a reard,
 That every wight waried his weard,
 Crying, Alace! that they were born,
 Into the flood to be forlorn.
 Men might not make moan to their wives
 Nor yet support the childrens lives.
 The floods raise up with such great might,
 That they o'ercovers'd all the height;
 They might no more their lives lengthen,
 But swimm'd so long as they had strength,
 And so with cries lamentable
 Ended their lives miserable.
 Above mountains that were most hie,
 Fifty cubits did rise the sea,
 Men may imagine in their mind,
 All creatures in their kind;
 Both beasts and fowls of the air,
 In their manner made meik!e case.

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e fishes thought themselves beguil'd,
 hen they swim'd through the woods wild,
 e whales tumbling among the trees,
 ld beasts swimming in the seas:
 ds with many a piteous pew,
 aidly in the air they flew,
 ong as they had strength to flee,
 en swatter'd down into the sea,
 hing on earth was left in life,
 lts nor fowls, man nor wife:
 wholly God did them destroy,
 cept them in the ark with Noe,
 e which lay floating in the flood,
 ltering among the streams wood,
 h many terrible affrays,
 ain'd an hundred and fifty days,
 great languor and heaviness,
 wind or rain began to cease,
 etimes effectuously praying,
 etimes the beasts vowing:
 by the Lord's commandment,
 made provision sufficient.
 Noe dwelt in the ark, no doubt,
 ear compleat ere he came out,
 w at more length in holy write,
 s doleful story been indite,
 d how that Noe 'gan to rejoice,
 en conduits of the heav'ns did close,
 hat the rain no more descended,
 yet the flood no more ascended,
 en he perceiv'd the heav'ns clear,
 sent a raven forth messenger,
 o the air for to espy,
 e saw any mountains dry:
 e says the raven did forth remain,
 came not to the ark again.
 h flew the dove at Noe's command;
 when she did perceive dry land,
 an olive she brake a branch,

That

That *Noe* might know the flood did stanch :
 And there no more she did sojourn,
 But with the branch she did return,
 That *Noe* might clearly understand,
 That fellow flood was decreasand.
 And so it did, till at the last,
 The ark upon the ground slack fast,
 On the top of a mountain hie,
 Into the Land of *Armenie*.

And when *Noe* had done espy
 How that the earth began to dry,
 Then threw he down the doors all,
 And loosed them the which were thral,
 The fowls flew forth into the air,
 And all the beasts by pair and pair,
 Past forth to seek their pasturages,
 There were none but eight personages,
Noe, his three sons, and their wives,
 On earth that was left with their lives,
 Whom God did blest and sanctify,
 Saying, increase and multiply.
 God wot if *Noe* was blyth and glad,
 When of that prison he was freed.

When *Noe* had made his sacrifice,
 Thanking God of his benefice,
 He standing on mount *Armenie*,
 Where he the country might espy :
 Ye may believe his heart was sore,
 Seeing the earth, which was before
 The flood, so pleasant and perfite,
 Which to behold was great delite,
 That now was barren made and bare,
 Before which fructuous was and fair :
 The pleasant trees bearing fruits,
 Were lying pull'd up by the roots ;
 The wholesome herbs, and fragrant flow'rs,
 That lost both virtue and colours.
 The fields green and flowrist meads,

re spoiled of their pleasant weeds.
 The earth which first was so fair formed,
 As by the furious floods deformed.
 Here sometime were the pleasant plants,
 Here steepy coves and high mountains:
 From sounding rocks great and gay,
 The earth washen clean away.
 But Noe had greatest displeasures,
 Holding the dead creatures,
 Which was a sight lamentable;
 Men, women, beasts innumerable,
 Lying them lying upon the lands,
 And some were fleeing upon the strands:
 Whales and monsters of the seas,
 Killed and stab'd among the trees,
 And where the flood was decreas'd,
 They were left weltering on the land.
 Before the flood during that space,
 The sea was all into one place:
 Right so the earth as been decided,
 In sundry parts was not divided,
 Between *Europe* and *Asia*,
 Divided ay from *Africa*.
 You see now divers famous isles,
 Standing from land right many miles.
 These great isles, I understand,
 Were then equal with the firm land,
 There was no *Sea Mediterranean*,
 But only the great ocean,
 Which did not spread such hurling strands,
 As it doth now o'er through the lands,
 Then by the raging of that flood,
 The earth from virtue was denude;
 The which before was to be prais'd,
 Whose beauty then was disguis'd.
 Then was the malediction known,
 Which was by God to *Adam* shown,
 And now clerks do conclude,

Induring that most furious flood,
 With which the earth was sore oppress'd,
 The wind blew forth of the South west,
 As may be seen by experience,
 How through the waters violence,
 The high mountains on every side,
 Are bare forenent the South west part,
 As the mountains of *Pirenees*,
 The *Alps*, and rocks in the seat;
 Right so the rocks great and gay
 Which standeth into *Norway*:
 The highest hills in every air,
 And in *Scotland*, for the most part,
 Through watering of that furious flood,
 The hills of earth were made denude,
 Travelling men may consider best,
 The mountains bare next the South west.

C. Declare, said I, ere you conclude,
 How long liv'd *Noe* after the flood:

E. Said he: In *Genesis* thou mayst hear,
 How that *Noe* was six hundred year,
 The time of this great punishment,
 And ay to God obedient:
 And was the best of *Seth's* blood;
 And more he liv'd after the flood,
 Three hundred and fifty years,
 As holy scripture witness bears:
 And was, ere he rendred his spirit,
 Nine hundred and fifty years compleat,
 To show this story miserable,
 At length, my wits are not able,
 And more, my son, as I suppose,
 It belongs not to our purpose,
 To show how *Noe's* sons three
 'Gan to encrease and multiplie.
 Nor how *Noe* planted the vine
 And drank till he was drunken fine
 And slept with his members bare,

how *Cham* made for him no care,
 laught to see his father so,
 albeit his brethren were right wo:
 how *Noe* but restriction,
 e unto *Cham* his malediction,
 put him under servitude,
Shem and *Japhet* that were good,
 how God made a covenant
 with *Noe*, to make no punishment,
 by the flood no people drown:
 sign of that condition,
 rain-bow set into the air,
 divers heav'nly colours fair,
 to be a perpetual sign,
 flood to send no punishing,
 his history if thou list to know,
 length the bible shall thee show,

The Second B O O K.

Containing the building of *BABYLON* by *Nimrod*: and how King *Ninus* began the first Monarchy of their Idolatry: and how *Semiramis* governed the Empire after her Husband *Ninus*.

Father, I pray you to me tell,
 The first infortune that befel,
 immediately after the flood:
 and who did first shed guiltless blood,
 and how idolatry began?
 Said he; I shall do as I can:
 for the flood I find no story
 worthy to be put in memory,

Till *Nimrod* did begin to reign,
Above the people as a king,
Which was the principal man of one,
That builder was of *Babylon*.

C. That story, master, would I know,
That thou to me the sooth would show,
Why, and for what occasion
They builded such a strong dungeon?

E. Then said to me *Experience*,
I shall declare with diligence,
These questions at thy command:
But first, son, thou must understand
Of *Nimrod* the genealogy,
His strength, courage, and quantity;
Howbeit *Moses* in his first book,
That story lightly doth o'er-look;
Of him no more he doth declare,
Except he was a strong hunter.

But other clerks curious,
As *Orose*, and doth *Josephus*,
Describes *Nimrod* at more length,
Both of his stature and his strength.
This *Nimrod* was the fourth person,
From *Noe* by line descending down,
Noe begat *Cham*, and *Cham* begat *Chus*,
And *Chus* *Nimrod*, the sooth been thus,

Thus *Nimrod* a man of might,
That time on earth was none so wight:
He was a giant stout and strong,
Perforce wild beasts he down throng,
The people of that region,
Came under his dominion.

No man there was in all the land,
His stalwardness that durst gainstand;
No marvel was though he was wight,
Ten cubits large he was of height,
Proportionate of length and breed,
Conform unto his height we read,

grew so great and glorious,
proud and presumptuous,
that he came inobedient,
to the great God Omnipotent.
This Nimrod was the principal man
at first idolatry began,
then caus'd he all the people call
his presence both great and small,
in that great convention,
propone his intention:
his friends, said he, I make it known,
the great vengeance that God hath shown
time of our fore-father Noy,
when he did all the world destroy,
and drowned them in furious flood:
therefore I think we should conclude,
that we should make a strong defence
against the waters violence,
to resist his furious ire,
contrary both to flood and fire:
let us go spy some pleasant field,
where a strong building we may build:
a city with a strong dungeon,
that none engine may beat it down;
high, so thick, so large, so long,
that God to us shall do no wrong.
We shall surmount the planets seven,
that we from God may win the heav'n,
these people with a firm intent,
to his counsel did consent,
and did espy a pleasant place,
ward on the flood of *Euphrates*,
the people then did there repair,
to the plain field *Shinare*,
which now of *Chaldie* bears the name,
which did so long time flourish fame.
That great fortrels then did they found,
and searcht it till they found sure ground,

And

And fell to work, both man and child.
 Some found out clay, some burnt the tyld,
 Nimrod that curious champion,
 Deviser was of that dungeon:
 Nothing they spared their labours,
 Like busy bees upon the flow'rs,
 Or emmets travelling into June.
 Some under wrought, and some aboon,
 With strong and ingenious masonry,
 Upward that work did fortify.
 With burnt tyle-stones, large and wight,
 That tow'r they raised to such height,
 Above the air's region,
 And joined of strong fashion,
 With cement made of pick and tar,
 They used no other mortar,
 Though fire and water assail'd,
 Contrary that dungeon nought avail'd.
 The land about was fair and plain,
 And it rose like an high mountain.
 These foolish people did intend,
 That to the heav'ns it should ascend.
 So great a strength was never seen
 Into the world with men's een.
 And the walls of that work they made
 Two and fifty fathom bread;
 One of them, as some men say,
 Might be two fathoms in our day.
 One man was then of more stature,
 Than two are now, of that be sure.
Josephus holds opinion,
 Saying, The height of that dungeon,
 Of large paces of measure been
 Five thousand eightscore and fourteen,
 By this reckoning it is full right,
 Five miles and an half of height,
 A thousand pace take for a mile,
 And thou shalt find it near that stile.

tow'r in compass round about,
 miles ten withouten doubt.
 At the city of Iudaea
 hundred and fourscore I wis,
 by this number of compass,
 three score of miles it was.
 As *Orosius* reports,
 it was fivescore of brazen ports.
 The Translator of *Orosius*
 his chronicle writes thus,
 when the sun is at the height,
 on when it doth shine most bright,
 shadow of that shadow length,
 miles and more it was of length,
 may you judge into your thought,
 Babel be high or no thought.

God made the Diversity of Languages,
 and made Impediment to the Building of
 Babel.

When the great God Omnipotent,
 To whom all things been present,
 was, and is, and ever shall be,
 present to his Majesty,
 every secrets of man's heart
 his presence may not depart:
 King the ambition,
 the prideful presumption,
 these proud people did pretend,
 though the heavens to ascend,
 was great folly to devise
 presumptuous enterprise,
 when they were most diligent,
 made them such impediment,
 were constrained with heart fore,
 hence to go and build no more.

Such languages on them he laid,
 That none knew what another said,
 Where was but one language before,
 God sent them languages threescore.
 At that time all did speak Hebrew,
 Then some began for to speak Grew:
 Some did speak Dutch some Sarsin,
 And some began to speak Latin:
 The master-men were almost wild,
 Crying for trees, they brought them tyld;
 Some laid, bring mortar here at once,
 Then brought they to them stocks and stone.
 Then *Nimrod* their great champion,
 Ran raging like a wild lion,
 Menacing them with words most rude,
 But ne'er a word they understood.
 Before they found him good and kind,
 But then they thought him by his mind:
 When he so furiously did flyte,
 Then turn'd his pride into despite.
 Full dark eclipsed was his glore,
 When they would work for him no more.

Behold how God was gracious,
 To them that was outrageous:
 He neither brake their legs nor arms,
 Nor did to them no other harms,
 Except of tongues division;
 And for a final conclusion,
 Constrained they were to depart,
 Each company in sundry airt.
 Some past into the orient,
 And some into the occident,
 Some south, some north, as they thought best,
 And so their policy left waste,
 But how that city was repaired,
 Hereafter it shall be declared.

the first Invention of Idolatry: How Nimrod
compelled the people to adore the fire
Chaldea.

Now, Sir, said I, show me the man,

Which first idolatry began.

That shall I do with all mine heart,

on, said he, ere we depart.

When Nimrod saw his purpose failed,

his great labour nought availed,

in manner of contempt,

departed forth of that region:

As Orelus doth rehearse,

first into the land of Persia,

many a year did there remain,

then to Babylon came again,

found huge people of Chaldy,

dwelling in that great city,

was glad of his returning,

did obey him as their king.

And his name for to advance,

that they made new ordinance,

Oh, I think you are not wise,

to no God make sacrifice,

to fulfil his false desire,

that they'd be made a flaming fire,

made it of such breadth and height,

that they'd it burn both day and night:

And all the people of that land,

did the fire at his command,

prostrate on knees and on faces,

praising their new God of Graces,

to give them more occasion,

to make them great persuasion;

God, said he, is of great might,

casting his beams on the night:

When sun and moon are both obscure,
 His heavenly brightness doth endure,
 When mens members suffer cold,
 Fire warmeth them even as they would.
 Then cry'd the people at his desire,
 There is no God, except the fire.

Ere there was any imagery,
 Began this first idolatry;
 At that time there was no use,
 To carve, or for to paint image;
 Then made he proclamation,
 Who made not adoration
 To that new God, without remead,
 Into that fire should suffer dead.
 I find no man into that land,
 His tyranny that durst withstand,
 But *Abram* and *Aram* his brother
 That disobey'd, I find none other,
 Which dwelling was in that countrie,
 With their father, called *Thare*.
 These brethren *Nimrod* did reprove,
 Saying to him: Lord, by your leave,
 This fire is but an element,
 Pray you to God Omnipotent,
 Which made the heaven by his might,
 Sun, moon and stars for to give light;
 He made the fishes in the seas,
 The earth, with bealls, herbs and trees;
 And last of all, for to conclude,
 He made man to his similitude.
 To that great God give praise and glore,
 Whose reign endures for evermore.

When *Nimrod* in his furious ire,
 These brethren both cast in the fire;
Abram by God he was preserv'd,
 But *Aram* in the fire was starv'd.
 When *Thary* heard his son was dead,
 He did depart out of that stead,

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h Abram, Nachor, and their wives, as the
 ne scripture at length describes,
 left the land of Chaldea,
 past to Mesopotamia,
 dwelt in Charan all his days,
 died there, as the story says,
 life of Abram, as I suppose,
 ing belongs to our purpose.
 the bible thou mayst read
 virtuous life, word and deed.
 have I shown thee the man
 first idolatry began.

*the great Misery and Slaughter that cometh of War,
 and how King Nimus began the first War, and
 made the first Battle.*

ther, I pray you with mine hearty
 Declare to me ere we depart,
 first began these mortal wars,
 with every faithful heart forsakes,
 every policy down throws,
 against the Lord's laws,
 Christ our King Omnipotent,
 peace into his testament,
 both proceed this cruelty,
 All justice and equity
 and wherever war hath been,
 misery there may be seen.
 things on earth that God hath wrought,
 do destroy and bring to nought,
 with many strong dungeon,
 rent, and to the earth thrown down,
 sons and matrons are despoiled,
 les that richly were decorated,
 rent, and all their riches spoiled,
 orphans under feet are soiled:
 old man made childreless,

And many children fatherless.
 Of famous schools the doctrine,
 Both natural science and divine,
 And every virtue trodden down,
 No reverence done to religion:
 Strengths destroy'd all utterly,
 Fair ladies forced shamefully:
 Young widows spoiled of their spouses,
 Poor labourers driven from their houses.
 There dare no merchant take in hand
 To travel either by sea or land,
 For butchers that do them confound,
 Some murder'd been, and some are drown'd:
 And craftsmen of good engine,
 Are altogether brought to ruin:
 The bestial rest, the commons slain,
 The land without labouring doth remain.
 Of policy the perfect works,
 Buildings, gardens, pleasant parks,
 Have altogether destroyed been,
 Great granges burnt there may be seen:
 Riches is turn'd to poverty,
 And plenty into penury,
 Death, hunger, dearth, it is well kend
 Of war this is the fatal end.
 Justice turn'd into tyranny,
 All pleasure in adversity.
 The war all utterly down throws,
 Both the civil and common laws.
 War genders murder and mischief,
 Sore lamenting without relief.
 Wars do destroy realms and kings,
 Great princes war to prison brings.
 War doth shed meikle guileless blood.
 Since I can say of wars no good,
 Declare to me, sir, if ye can,
 Who first this misery began.

Short Description of the four Monarchies: And
how King Ninus began his Monarchy.

Wars, said he, the great outrage,
Began into the second age,
Cruel, prideful, covetous kings:
Others but right of others reigns;
Wherebeit Cain before the flood,
The first shedder of guiltless blood,
Ninus was first and principal man,
Whose finistrous conquest began:
He was the man withouten fail,
The first which strake the first battel,
The first invented imagery,
Where through came great idolatry.
We must know ere we farther wend,
Whom king Ninus did descend.
Ninus, if I can right define,
Was from Noe the fifth by line,
Who begat Cham, Cham begat Chus,
Chus Nimrod, and Nimrod Belus,
Belus Ninus, but leeling,
Syrria the second King.
The builder of that great city,
Which is called Ninivey;
He was the first and principal man,
Whence the first monarchy began.
Father, said I, declare to me,
What signifies a monarchie?
The sooth, said he, son, if thou knew,
A monarchy is a term of Grew,
When a province principal,
Holds whole power imperial,
Over their dominations,
Over all kings and nations.
The monarchy that men do call,
Whom I find four principal,

Which hath reigned since the world began.

C. Then said I, Father, if you can,
Which four are they? show me, I pray you.

E. My son, said he, that shall I show you.

First reign'd the king of Assyrians;

Secondly reign'd the king of Persians:

The Greeks thirdly, with sword and fire,

Perforce obtain'd the third empire;

The fourth monarchy, as I hear,

The Romans kepted many a year.

Let us speak of Ninus king,

How he began his conquering.

The old Greek historian

Diodorus, he writes plain,

At right great length of *Ninus* king,

Of his empire and conquering,

And of *Semiramis* his wife.

That time the lustiest on life,

It were too long to put in write,

Which *Diodore* doth indite:

But I shall show, as I suppose,

Which most belongs to our purpose.

When *Nimrod* prince of *Babylon*,

Out of this wretched world was gone,

And his son *Belus* dead alwa,

The first king of *Assyria*:

This *Ninus*, which was second king,

Triumphantly began to reign,

And was not pleased nor content

Of his own region nor rent:

Thinking his glory for to advance

By his great people and puissance,

Through pride, covetice and vain-glore,

Did him prepare to conquest more,

And gathered forth a great army,

Contrare *Babylon* and *Chaldy*,

Wherefore he had ardent desire

To join that land to his empire,

albeit he had thereto no right,
 by his tyranny and might.
 withouten fear of God or man,
 conquessing he thus began.
 His People being in array,
 Chaldea took his ready way.
 When that the Babylonians,
 together with the Chaldeans,
 heard tell king Ninus was come and,
 he proclamation through the land,
 that each man after his degree,
 should come and save his own countrey:
 though that they had no life of war,
 without all fear they pass forward,
 and put themselves in good order,
 to meet king Ninus on the border,
 that time ye may understand
 there was no harness in the land,
 to defend, or yet invade,
 whereby more slaughter there was made,
 they fought through strength of bodies,
 with goads of iron, with stones and trees,
 with sound of horn and hideous cry,
 they rush'd together right rudely,
 with hardy heart and strength of hands,
 thousands lay dead on the lanes,
 where men in battle naked been,
 that slaughter soon there may be seen,
 they fought so long and cruelly,
 with uncertain victory:
 man might judge that stood on far,
 who got the better or the war,
 when it it did approach the night,
 the Chaldeans they took the flight:
 on the king and his company
 were right glad of the victory,
 cause he wan the first battle,
 that stricken was on earth but fall.

And peaceable of that region,
 Did take the whole dominion:
 Then was the king of *Chaldea*,
 As well as of *Affria*,
 As for the king of *Araby*,
 In his conquest made him supply:
 Of this yet was he not content,
 But to the realm of *Mede* he went,
 Where *Fernus* king of that country
 Did meet him with a great army;
 But king *Ninus* the battle wan,
 Where slain was many a noble-man:
 And to the king would give no grace,
 But plainly in a publick place,
 With his seven sons and his lady,
 Cruelly did them crucify.
 Of that triumph he did rejoyce,
 Then forward to the field he goes;
 Then conquest he Armenia,
 Perse, Egypt, and Pamphilia;
 Cappadoce, Lyde, and Maritane,
 Calpis, Phrygia and Hircane;
 All Africa, and Asia,
 Except great Ind and Bactria,
 Which he did conquest afterward,
 As you shall hear ere we depart.
 Now would I, ere we farther wend,
 That his idolatry were kend;
 Then after that without sojourn,
 To our purpose we shall return.

*How King Ninus invented the first Idolatry:
 and Shipping of Images.*

Ninus a image he caus'd make,
 For king *Belus* his father's sake,
 Most like his father of figure,
 Of quantity and portraiture:

fine gold was that figure made,
crafty crown upon his head,
with precious stones, in tokening
father *Belus* was a king.
Babylon he a temple made
crafty work, both high and broad,
wherein that image gloriously
was throned up triumphantly,
when *Ninus* gave a strict command
to all the people of that land,
well into *Affyria*,
in *Shinar* and *Chaldea*,
under his domination,
they should make adoration,
on their knees to that figure,
under the pain of forfeiture.
There was no lord in all that land,
summoning that durst gainstand:
the young and old, both great and small,
to that image they prayed all;
and chang'd his name, as I heard tell,
from *Belus* to the great god *Bell*.
That temple he did devise
that priests should make their sacrifice;
that consent then came a law,
no other god that they would know:
so he gave to that image,
in sanctuary the privilege;
whatsoever transgressor,
murderer, or oppressor,
before the image in the face,
his guilt got the king's grace.
Declare to me, sweet sir, said I,
is there no more idolatry,
nor that this false idol *Bell*
was throned up, as you me tell?
My son, said he, incontinent
these novels thro' the world went,
How

How king *Ninus*, as I have said,
 A curious image he had made,
 To the which all his nation
 Made devout adoration.
 Then every country took conceit,
 They would king *Ninus* counterfeit,
 When any famous man was dead,
 Set up an image in his stead.
 Which they did he honour from the spleen,
 As it immortal God had been:
 Images some made for the nones,
 Of fine gold, of stocks and stones,
 Of silver some and ivory bone,
 With divers names to every one:
 For some they called *Saturnus*,
 Some *Jupiter*, some *Neptunus*,
 And some they called *Cupido*,
 Their God of love, and some *Pluto*:
 They called some *Mercurius*,
 And some the windy *Eolus*.
 Some *Mars* made like a man of war,
 Enarmed well with sword and spear:
 Some *Bacchus*, and some *Apollo*,
 Of names they had an hundred mo.

When any lady of great fame
 Was dead, for to exalt her name,
 An image for a portraitour
 Was set up for an oratoor:
 The which they called their goddesses,
 As *Venus*, *Juno* and *Pallas*:
 Some *Ceres*, *Vesta*, and *Diana*,
 Some *Clio*, some *Proserpina*:
 And some the great goddess *Minerva*,
 With curious colours they would carve,
 Among the poets you may see,
 Of false gods the genealogie.

So that these abominations
 Did spread throughout all nations:

cept good Abram as we read,
 who honoured God in word and deed:
 Abram had his beginning
 to the time of Nimrod King,
 who began with tyranny,
 and Abram with humility;
 he began the first empire,
 and he of war had no desire,
 he began idolatry,
 and Abram in sp'rit and verity,
 he prayed to the Lord alone,
 the imagery he would have none:
 him descended I heard tell,
 the twelve tribes of Israel.
 These people made adoration,
 with humble supplication,
 to him who was of kings KING,
 and heav'n and earth made of nothing:
 and images they held at nought,
 which were with mens hands wrought,
 the Almighty God on hye.
 Son, now have I done decisive
 these questions at thy command,
 which thou didst at me demand.
 What was the cause, Sir, make me sure,
 why did so long endure
 through the world so generally,
 with the Gentiles specially?
 Said he, some causes principal,
 and in my memorial:
 it was through princes commandment,
 which did idolatry invent:
 in singular profits of the priests,
 silvers, goldsmiths, masons, wrights.
 These men of craft most curiously,
 the images so pleasantly,
 sold them for a sumptuous price;
 by their crafty merchandise,

They

They were made rich above measure.
As for the priests, I thee assure,
They got profit into all lands,
Through sacrifice and offerands;
And by their feigned sanctitude,
Abused many men of good.
He in the time of *Daniel*
The priests of that idol *Bell*,
When *Nebuchadonozor* king,
In *Babylon* highly did reign,
The priest the king made understand
That image made with mens hand,
He was a glorious God of life,
And also had prerogative;
That by his great power divine,
Would eat beef, mutton, bread and wine;
And so the king caus'd every day,
Before *Bell* on his altar lay,
Forty fat wedders fresh and fine,
And six great rubors of wight wine,
Twelve great loaves of bousted flour,
Which was all eaten in one hour;
Not by that image deaf and dumb,
But by the priests all and some,
As by the Bible thou mayst ken,
Whose number was threescore and ten,
They and their wives every day,
Ate all that on the altar lay.
Then *Daniel* in conclusion,
Shew'd the king their abusion;
And of their craft he made him sure,
How underneath the temple floor,
Through a passage they came by night,
And ate that meat by candle light.
The king when he the matter knew,
The priests with all their wives he slew:
Thus subtilly the king was filed,
And all the people were beguiled.

son, said he, now may thou ken,
 how by the priests and crafty men,
 led by their craftiness and cure,
 idolatry did long endure.
 Hold how *John Bocansions*
 with written works, wonderful,
 Gentile superstition,
 and of their great abusion.
 And in this great book thou mayst see,
 the false gods genealogie,
Demogorgon in special.
 A grand-fire to the gods all,
 honour'd among *Areadians*.
 And of the false *Philistians*,
 with their great devilish god *Dagon*;
 with their idols many one.
 I abhor the truth to tell,
 the princes of *Israel*,
 chosen by God Omnipotent,
 how they brake his commandment,
 King *Solomon* as the Scripture lays,
 spotted in his latter days,
 wanton wives for to please,
 cared not God for to displease.
 He did commit idolatry,
 worshipping carved imagery,
Molech god of *Ammonites*,
Chemosh god of *Moabites*,
Baal god of *Sidonians*:
 for his innobedience,
 a foul abomination,
 he punished his succession.
 Son *Rehoboam*, I heard tell,
 the ten tribes of *Israel*,
 his father's idolatry,
 in the Scripture thou mayst see.

Of Images used among Christian Men.

FAther, yet one thing would I speer,
 Behold in every church and queene wood
 Through christendome, in burgh and land,
 Images made with mens hand,
 To whom are given divers names,
 Some *Peter* and *Paul*, some *John* and *James*,
 Saint *Peter* carved with his keys,
 Saint *Michael* with his wings and weys,
 Saint *Katherin* with her sword and wheel,
 An hynd set up hard by saint *Geel*.
 It were o'er long for to describe
 Saint *Francis* with his wounds five,
 Saint *Trodwel* eke there may be seen,
 Who on a prick hath both her een,
 Saint *Paul* well painted with a sword,
 As he would fight at the first word.
 Saint *Appolline* on altar stands,
 With all her teeth into her hands.
 Saint *Roch* well sealed, men may see,
 A boil new broken on his thie.
 Saint *Eloy* he doth stately stand
 A new horse-shoe into his hand.
 Saint *Ninian* of a rotten block,
 Saint *Dutho* boded out of a block.
 Saint *Andrew* with cross in his hand,
 Saint *George* upon a horse stand.
 Saint *Antony* set upon a sow,
 Saint *Bryde* well carved with a bow,
 With coltly colours fine and fair,
 A thousand more I might declare.
 As saint *Cosm* and saint *Damain*,
 The souter of saint *Crispinian*.
 All these on altars stately stand,
 Priests crying for their offerands;
 To whom we commons on our knees

worship all these imageries,
 church or quere, or in the cloyster,
 ing to them our *Platen offer*.
 pilgrimage from town to town,
 offering and adoration,
 them ay babling on our beads,
 they may help us in our needs:
 it differs this, declare to me,
 in the Gentiles idolatrie?
 If that be true that thou reports,
 es right near the self same sorts:
 we by counsell of clergy,
 licence to make imageries,
 ch of unlearned been the books,
 when the laiks on them looks,
 ings them in remembrance,
 ints lives the circumstance:
 the faith for to fortify,
 y suffered pain right patiently:
 g the image on the roode,
 should remember on the blood
 ch Christ into his passion
 shed for our salvation,
 hen thou seest the portraiture
 essed *Mary* virgin pure,
 easant Babe upon her knee,
 in thy mind remember thee,
 word which the prophet said,
 she should be both mother and maide:
 who that sitteth on their knees,
 ing to many imageries,
 oration and offerands,
 ling with cup into their hands:
 difference been I say to thee,
 the Gentiles idolatrie,
 t so of divers nations,
 d th' abominations,
 Greeks made their devotion hail

To *Mars* to save them in battel,
 To *Jupiter* some took their voyage,
 To save them from the stormy rage:
 Some pray'd to *Venus* from the spleen,
 That they their lovers might obtain:
 And some to *Juno* for riches,
 Their pilgrimage they would address:
 So doth our common popular,
 Which were too long for to declare,
 Their superstitious pilgrimages,
 To many diverse images.
 Some to saint *Roch* with diligence,
 To save them from the pestilence;
 For their teeth to saint *Appolline*:
 To saint *Trodwel* to mend their een.
 Some make offerings to saint *Eloy*,
 That he their horse might well convoy.
 They run when they have jewels tint,
 To saint *Syeth* ere'er they stint:
 And to saint *German* to get remead,
 For maladies into their head.
 They bring mad men on feet and horse,
 And binds them to saint *Mungo's* cross,
 To saint *Barbara* they ery full fast,
 To save them from the thunder blast.
 For good novels, as I heard tell,
 Some take their way to *Gabrich*:
 Some wives saint *Margaret* doth exhort
 Into their birth them to support.
 To saint *Antony* to save the low,
 To saint *Bride* for calf and Kow.
 To saint *Sebastian* they run and ride,
 That from the shot he save their side,
 And some in hope to get their heal,
 Runs to the old rood of *Ratall*:
 Howbeit the people rude
 Think their ventions to be good,
 Wo be to praets, I say, for me,

ch should show them the verity,
 es which have of them the cure,
 ke answer the fore, before,
 e great day of judgment,
 ere no time is for to repent,
 ere manifest idolatry
 e punisht be perpetually.

An Exclamation against Idolatry.

prudent people, ignorant and blind,
 y what reason, law, or authority;
 what authentick scripture can ye find
 ful for to commit idolatry?
 ich is to bow your body, or your knee,
 h devote humble adoration,
 any image made of stock or tree,
 ing to them offering or oblation.
 Why do ye give the honour, land, or glore
 aining to God who made all things of nought,
 o was, and is, and shall be evermore,
 images by mens hands wrought?
 polish folk! why have ye succour sought:
 hem that cannot help you in distress?
 e reasonably revolve into your thought,
 stock or stone can be no holiness.
 n the desert the people of *Israel*,
 es remaining on the mount *Sinay*,
 ey made a molten calf of fine metal,
 ich they did honour as their God alway,
 when *Moses* descended, I heard say,
 d did consider their idolatry,
 hat people three thousand caus'd he slay,
 the scripture at length doth tell us,
 ecause the holy prophet *Daniel*,
Babylon Idolatry reprov'd,
 d would not worlup their false idol *Bell*,
 e whole people at him were sore griev'd,

To

To that effect, that he should be mischief'd,
 Delivered him to ramping lions seven,
 But of that dangerous den he was reliev'd,
 Through miracle of the great God of heav'n.

Behold how *Nebuchadonoxor* King,
 Into the vail of *Duran* did repair
 An image of fine gold, a marvellous thing,
 Threescore of cubits high, and six of square,
 As more clearly the scripture doth declare;
 To whom all people by proclamation,
 With bodies bow'd, and on their knees bare,
 Right humbly made their adoration.
 A great wonder that day was seen also,
 How *Nebuchadonoxor* in his ire,
 Took *Sidrach*, *Mefech*, and *Abednego*,
 Which would not bow their knee at his desire
 To th' idol, caus'd call them in the fire
 For to be burnt, ere he stirr'd off the lead.
 When he believ'd they were burnt bones and
 Was not consum'd a small hair of their head.

The angel of the Lord was with them seen,
 In that hot furnace, passing up and down,
 Into a rosy earth as they had been:
 No spot of fire distaining coat or gown:
 Of victory they did obtain the crown,
 And were to them that made adoration
 To that idol, or bow'd their body down,
 A witnessing of their damnation.
 What was the cause, at me thou mayst demand
 That *Solomon* us'd no imagery
 In his triumphant temple for to stand,
 Of *Abram*, *Isaac*, *Jacob*, nor *Jesse*,
 Nor to *Moses*, their safeguard thro' the sea,
 Nor *Joshua* their valiant champion?
 Because God did command the contrary,
 They should not use such superstition.

Behold how the great God Omnipotent,
 To preserve *Israel* from idolatry,

Red them a strict commandment,
 they should make no graven imagerie,
 of gold, silver, stone nor tree,
 give worship to any similitude
 in heaven, in earth, or in the sea,
 openly in his sovereign cellitude.
 The prophet *David* plainly did reprieve
 try to their confusion,
 graven stock or stone that did believe,
 saying to them their great abusion,
 king in manner of derision,
 dead idols by mens hands wrought,
 from they honour'd with humble adoration,
 in the market daily sold and bought.
 The devils seeing the ill condition
 the Gentiles, and their unfaithfulness,
 to augment their superstition,
 these idols they made their entress,
 in them spake, as stories do express,
 men believ'd of them to get relief,
 in their help in all their business,
 finally they turn'd to their mischief.
 Trust well, in them is no divinitie,
 men with the rout their fair colour doth fade,
 though they have feet, on foot they cannot stee,
 albeit their temple burn about their head.
 them is neither friendship nor remead.
 Each figures what favour can ye find,
 with mouth, and ears and eyes tho' they be made,
 men may see they are dumb, deaf, and blind.
 Albeit they fall down flatly on the floor,
 they have no strength themselves to raise again:
 though rats run over them, they take no care:
 albeit they break their necks they feel no pain,
 why should men praise to them king or queen,
 the growing trees that yearly beareth fruit
 more to praise, I make it to thee plain,
 an cutted stocks, wanting both crop and root.

Of *Edinburgh* the great idolatry,
 And manifest abomination,
 On their feast days all creatures may see:
 They bear an old stock image through the towne
 With tabern, trumpet, shalm and clarion,
 Which have been used many a year bygone,
 With priests and friers into procession,
 Like unto *Bell* carried through *Babylon*.

Think ye not shame ye secular priests & friers
 To so great superstition to consent?
 Idolaters ye have been many years,
 Express against the Lord's commandement.
 Wherefore brethren, I counsel you repent;
 Give no honour to carved stocks or stone,
 But honour give to God Omnipotent,
 And praise him ay, as wisely writeth *John*.

Fy on you friers that uses for to preach,
 And do advance forward idolatry:
 Why do ye not the ignorant people teach,
 How a dead image carved on a tree,
 As it were holy, should not honour'd be,
 Nor born on burges's backs up and down:
 But ye show plainly your hypocrisie,
 When ye pass foremost in procession.

Fy on you sotterers of idolatry,
 That to the dead stocks do reverence,
 In presence of the people publickly.
 Fear ye not God to commit such offence?
 I counsel you to do your diligence,
 To cause oppress so great abusion:
 Do ye not so, I dread your repentance
 Shall be nought else but clean confusion.

Had saint *Francis* been born out thro' the towne
 Or saint *Dominick*, though ye had refused
 With them to have past in procession,
 In that case some would you have excused.
 Now men may see how that ye have abused
 That noble town through your hypocrisie:

people think that they may right well use it,
in ye pass with them into company.
Some of you have been quiet counsellors,
looking princes to shed guiltless blood,
which never did your prudent predecessors;
ye like furious Pharisees denud
charity, which rent Christ on the rood,
Christ's flock, without malice or ire,
perverted fragile faultors, I conclude
God's own word, withoutten sword or fire.
And ye not how Christ hath given command
ye brother do ought thee to offend,
secretly correct him hand for hand
friendly manner, ere thou further wend,
he will not hear thee, then make it kend
one or two by true narration:
for them will not his mills amend,
te him to the congregation.
And yet if he remain still obstinate,
to the holy church incounsellable,
in like a *Turk* hold him excommunicate,
with all faithful folk abominable,
telling him that he be no more able
well among the faithful company:
when he repents be not unmerciful,
him receive again right tenderly.
But our dumb doctors of divinity,
ye of the last found religion,
poor transgressors ye have no pity,
cries to put them ay to confusion,
cry'd the *Jews* for the effusion
Christ's blood into their burning ire,
silly: so ye with an union
cry, Cause cast the faultor in the fire,
merciful members of the Antichrist,
polling your human tradition,
strare the institution of Christ.
ye not for divine punition,
Though

Though some of you be of good constitution,
Ready to receive new recter wine,
I speak to you all bottles of perdition,
Return in time, ere ye run in ruin.

As ran the perverie prophets of *Baal*,
Which did consent to the idolatry
Of wicked *Ahab* king of *Israel*,
Whose number were four hundred and fifty,
Which honoured that idol openly,
But when *Elias* did prove their abusion,
He caus'd the people slay them cruelly:
So in one houre came their confusion.

I pray you print in your remembrance,
How the red friers for their idolatry,
In *Scotland*, *England*, *Spain*, *Italy* and *France*,
Upon one day were punished pitteously.
Behold how your own brethren now lately,
In *Dutchland*, *England*, *Denmark*, and *Norway*,
Are trodden down with their hypocrisy,
And as the snow are vanishe quite away.

I marvel that our bishops think no shame,
To give your friers such preeminence,
To use their office to their great defame,
Preaching for them in open audience.
But might a bishop augment his own expense,
For each sermon ten ducats in his hand:
He would ere he did lack that recompence,
Go preach himself both into Burgh and land.

I trust to see good reformation,
When that we get a faithful prudent king
Which knows the truth, and his vocation:
All publicans, I trust, he will down thring.
And will not suffer in his realm to reign
Corrupted Seribes, nor false Pharisience,
Against the truth which plainly do malign.
Till that king come we must take patience.

Now farewell friends, because I cannot stay,
Howbeit I could, ye must have me excus'd,

I against idolatry indite,
 em despite that will not yet refuse it,
 y to God that it be no more used
 ng the rulers of this region,
 common people be no more abused,
 ive him glorie that bare the thorny crown.
 ho teacheth us by his divine scripture,
 ight prayer the perfect ready way,
 riteth *Matthew* in his sixth chapter,
 at manner, and to whom we should pray,
 rt compendious oration each day,
 profitable both for body and soul:
 which is not directed, I heard say,
John, or *James*, to *Peter* or to *Paul*,
 r to none other of the Apostles twelve,
 o no faint, nor angel in the heaven;
 nly to our Father God himself,
 h oration is contained full even,
 profitable for us petitions seven,
 h we laick folk the *Pater-noster* call,
 we say psalms nine, ten or eleven,
 our prayers this is the principal.
 reason of the Maker that it made,
 was the Son of God our Saviour:
 y reason to whom it should be said,
 e Father of heaven our Creator,
 dwelleth not in temple nor in tow'r;
 early sees our thought, will, and intent:
 needeth us at other seek succour,
 in all place his Power is present?
 rinces of the priests, ye that should preach,
 suffer ye so great abusion?
 do ye not the simple people teach,
 and to whom to dress their oration?
 whole ye them to go from town to town,
 grimage to any imageries,
 g to get some satisfaction,
 g to them devoutly on their knees?

This was the practice of some pilgrimage,
 When fillocks into *Fife* began the ton;
 With *Jack* and *Tom* then they took their voy
 In *Angus* to the field chappel of *Dron*,
 Then *Kittock* there as keadzy as a con,
 Without regard either to sin or shame,
 Gave *Lawry* leave at leasure to loup on:
 Far better been to have tarried at hame.

I have seen pals a marvellous multitude,
 Young men and women singing on their feet,
 Under the form of fained sanctitude,
 For to adore an image in *Lawriet*;
 Many came with their fellows for to meet,
 Committing their foul fornication,
 Some kist the clagg'd tail of the hermite:
 Why thole ye this abomination?

Of fornication and adultery,
 Appearantly ye take but little cure,
 Seeing the marvellous infelicity,
 Which hath so long done in this land endure
 Of your default; which have the charge and
 This is of truth, my lords, with your leave.
 Such pilgrimage have made many a whore,
 Which, if I pleased, plainly I might proye.

Why make ye not the scriptures manifest
 To poor people touching idolatry?
 In your preaching why have ye not exprest
 How many kings of *Israel* cruelly
 Werè punisht by God so rigorously?
 As *Jeroboam*, and many mo, no doubt,
 For worshipping of carved imagery,
 Werè from their realms rudely rooted out.

Why thole ye under your dominion,
 A crafty priest, or fained false hermite,
 Abusing the people of this region,
 Only for their particular profit?
 And specially that hermite *Lawriet*,
 He put the common people in believe,

blind got sight, and crooked got their feet, A
 which the paillard by no means can prieve. T
 married men that have trim wanton wives, T
 lusty daughters of young and tender age, T
 se honesty ye should love as your lives, T
 it them not to pass in pilgrimage, T
 seek support of any flock image, T
 I have known good women pass from home, T
 ch have been trapped with such lusts rage, T
 returned both with great sin and shame. A
 wake, for thine own glory sake, O Lord, T
 make an hasty reformation A
 hem that do tramp down thy gracious word, T
 have a deadly indignation W
 em which make a true narration T
 y gospel, showing the verity T
 ord, I make thee supplication, T
 ort our faith, our hope, and charity. T

*King Ninus built the great City of Niheve, and
 he vanquished Zoroastes King of Bactria.*

His Ninus of Assyria king,
 When he had made his conquessing,
 build a city he him drest,
 ling a place where he thought best,
 re he had first dominion,
 yria his own region:
 gh *Ashur*, as the scripture says,
 came before king *Ninus*' days,
 ounded that famous city,
 which was called *Ninivy*;
 rehearseth *Diodore*,
 that city did decore,
 rvellous triumphantly,
 shall hear immediately.
 the flood of *Euphrates*,
 to behold great wonder was,

An hundred and fifty stages,
 That city was of length I wis:
 The walls an hundred foot of hight,
 No wonder was though it was wight.
 Such breadth about the walls there was,
 Three carts might fide long on them pass:
 Four hundred stages, fourscore and four,
 In circuit, but nine or more
 Of tow'rs about the walls Iween,
 A thousand and five hundred been.
 Of hight two hundred foot and more,
 As writeth famous *Diodore*.
 The scripture maketh mention,
 When God sent *Jonas* to that town,
 To show them of his punishment,
 Throughout the city when he went,
 Three days journey to him it was,
 The bible says it was no less.
 My son, now have I shown to thee,
 Of the building of *Ninivy*:
 For the augmenting of his fame,
Ninus call'd it after his name.
 When he that great city had ended,
 To conquests more yet he intended,
 And did depart from *Ninivy*,
 And raised up a great army
 Of the stalwart men and stout,
 Of all the regions round about,
 In great order took their journey
 Towards the realm of *Bactria*,
 Of wight foot-men I understand,
 He hath seventeen hundred thousand,
 Without horse-men and warlike carts,
 Whom he ordered in sundry parts,
 Which to describe I am not able,
 Whose number is incredible.
Zoroastes that noble king,
 Then *Bactria* had in governing:

prudent prince as I heard tell,
 in altronomy precel;
 found the art magia,
 a natural science many ma,
 g king *Ninus* in the field,
 ward he came with spear and shield,
 hundred thousand men he was,
 s army there was no less,
 met king *Ninus* on the border,
 et valiantly and in good order:
 he vanguard of his army,
 hem he rushed right rudely,
 of them slew, as I heard say,
 undred thousand men that day:
 rest that scaped were unslain,
Ninus great host fled again.
 at king *Ninus* was so noy'd,
 elted ne'er till he destroy'd,
 hole that region up and down,
 from the king did reave the crown,
 made the realm of *Bactria*
 et unto *Affyria*:
 in the self-same land I wis,
 ot his wife *Seniramis*,
 ch as mine author doth describe,
 then the lustiest on live:
 being done without sojourn,
 inive he did return
 a great triumph of victory,
 he author doth specify:
 occident and orient
 all to him obedient.
 ould abhor thee to hear red,
 guileless blood that he did shed.
 n he had reign'd, as you may hear,
 space of three and forty year:
 in his excellent glore,
 olent death did him devour,

In what sort I am not certain.
 Some author says that he was slain,
 And left into his heritage,
 A little child of tender age.
 Young *Ninus* was the child's name,
 Which after flourish'd in great fame:
 Some says, that by his wife's treason,
 King *Ninus* died in prison,
 As I shall show ere I hence fare,
 As *Diodore* hath done declare.

Of the wonderful Deeds of Queen Semiramis

N*inus* loved so ardently
Semiramis his fair lady:
 There was nothing she would have done,
 But all obeyed was full soon.
 She seeing him so amorous,
 She grew proud and presumptuous,
 And at the king she did desire,
 Five days to govern his empire:
 And he of his benevolence
 Did grant her that preeminence,
 With scepter, crown and robe royal,
 And whole power imperial.
 Till five days were come and gone,
 That she as king might reign alone.
 Then all the princes of the land,
 During that time made her a band,
 With banquet royal merrily,
 She treated them triumphantly,
 So the first day the people all
 Came to her service, bound and thrall:
 But ere the second day was gone,
 She took such glory to reign alone,
 By a deceit made them among,
 The king she put in prison strong,
 I read well of his prisoning,

not of his delivering:
ever it was, into his flows,
lid of death suffer the shows,
might not length his life one hour,
ugh he was the first conquerour:
ole conquessing, for to conclude,
s not without shedding of blood.
ow have you heard of *Ninus* king,
y he began, and his ending,
ough mine author *Diodore*
him hath written meikle more.
aces for wrongous conquessing,
make oft-times an evil ending,
ough he had long prosperity,
ended with great misery.

Of King Ninus Sepulcher.

He queen a sepulcher had made,
Where she king *Ninus* body laid,
curious crafty work and wight,
e which had stades nine of hight,
d ten stades of breadth it was,
adore says, it was no less:
r eight stades a mile thou take;
d thereafter thy measure make:
by this count it was full right,
mile and eke a stade of hight:
cept the tow'r of *Babylon*,
high a work, I read of none.
Semiramis his lusty queen,
onsidering what danger been,
o have a king of tender age,
hich might not use his vassalage,
e took a curious conceit,
hinking that she should make debate,
any made rebellion
ntrate her son and region,

Whom she did foster tenderly,
 And kepted him full quietly.
 She laid apart her own cloathing,
 And took the raiment of a king,
 When she was into armour dight,
 Might no man know her by a knight?
 She valiantly went to the wear,
 And to give battle took no fear,
 Daunting all realms round about,
 That all the world of her had doubt;
 More fortunate in her conquering
 Than was her husband *Ninus* king.

Babylon she did fortify,

Temples and tow'rs triumphantly,
 So pleasantly did them prepare,
 Which in the earth had no compare;
 Howbeit *Nimrod* of whom I spake,
 The hideous dungeon he caus'd make,
 And of the city the fundament.
 To whom God made impediment,
 Where *Nimrod* left, there she began,
 And put to work many a man;
 Of all realms round about,
 Of most engine she sought them out,
 She had working with tree and stones,
 Twelve hundred thousand men at once.
 Go read the book of *Diodore*,
 And thou shalt find the number more,
 On every side of *Euphrates*,
 That noble city builded was,
 And so that river of renown,
 Ran thro' the mid-part of that town,
 O'er-thwart the flood the bridges made,
 Of marvellous strength both long and brade.
 They were five stages large of length,
 On every bridge she made a strength,
 The circuit, as I said before,
 Four hundred stages and fourscore.

walls hight who would describe,
 ce hundred foot, three score and five:
 parts might pass right easily,
 ve the walls of that city.
 longs without impediment,
 sider then by your judgment,
 ese walls were high or nought,
 also curiously were wrought,
 Diodore hath done define,
 ich doth transcend my rude engine.
 Babylon the magnificence,
 whom ye would give no credence,
 at length would put in write,
 ich Diodore hath done indite.
 pare with cities find I none,
 Ninive and Babylon,
 n Nineve of Assyria,
 Babylon in Chaldea:
 bridges pleasant ye may pass,
 n the flood of Euphrates,
 ong the floods of paradise,
 s Euphrates may bear the prise:
 works which the queen began;
 nsceded the engine of man,
 proud queen *Penthsilia*,
 princess of *Amazona*,
 h her ladies triumphantly,
 roy which fought valiantly;
 yet the fair maiden of *France*,
 ghter of English ordinance:
 Semiramis in her days
 re no compare, as books say:
 ept triumphant *Julius*,
 ng *Hannibal* and *Pompeius*,
 alexander the conqueror,
 d no greater warrior,
 ld I rehearse, as write clerks,
 wonderful and valiantly works

It were to me a great labour,
 And tedious to the auditor,
 What she did in *Ethiopia*,
 And in the land of *Media*,
 Building cities, castles and tow'rs,
 Parks and gardens of pleasures:
 For the exalting of her name,
 And immortal to make her fame,
 Of *Jarcus* the high mountain,
 She caus'd run down, and made them plain,
 Great *Orantes*, the mountain wight,
 Twenty and five stages of height,
 To her palace to draw a loch
 By force of men she cut it through.
 Had she kepted her chastity,
 She might have been an *Aper se*.
 When she had ordered her empire,
 Of *Venus* work she took desire:
 A secret mansion she caus'd make,
 Wherein she pleasantly might take,
 Young gentlemen for her pleasure,
 The which she used above measure,
 One man alone might not be able
 To stanch her lust insatiable.
 When she was satisfied of one,
 She caus'd another come anon,
 The lustiest in all that land,
 Came quietly at her command,
 When they at length had lien her by,
 She slew all them right cruelly.
 When her son came to age perfit,
 Of him she took so great delight,
 She caus'd him with her for to ly,
 Among the rest right quietly.
 Some say, with sensual lusts rage,
 She bound him into marriage,
 And held him under tutory,
 To uphold her authority.

Queen Semiramis with a great Army past to
 Indus, and fought with the King Staurobates.
 And of her miserable End.

When she had long time liv'd in rest

To conquests more she her addrest:
 Cause of divers she heard tell,

That the *Indus* oriental

Tell'd in great commodities,

Beastial, corns, and fruitful trees:

Kind of spices delicious,

Gold, silver, and stones precious:

And how that plenteous land did bear

Wheat, fruit, and wine twice in the year,

With elephants innumerable,

And battle wondrous terrible:

On hearing this, and meikle more,

Desiring to augment her gloire,

She'd make strait proclamations,

To all and sundry nations,

Showing how it was her desire,

To bring princes under her empire,

Egypt, and Arabia,

Perse, and Mede, and Chaldea,

Greece, in Caspia, and Hircane,

Cappadoce, Lyde, and Mauritanie,

Armenie, and Phrygia,

Pamphilia, and Assyria,

That each land after their degree,

Should bring to her a great armie,

With all the goodly halfe they may,

To meet her into Bactria.

Declaring them that her intent

Was to pass to the orient,

And make war with the king of Ind,

From time they knew what was her mind,

When by themselves each region

Came forward with their garrison,

Triumphantly in good array:
 To Bactria took the ready way,
 And made their musters to the queen:
 But such a sight was never seen,
 In battle-ray so many a man
 At once, since God the world began:
 But Spanzie, France, Scotland, England,
 Dutchland, Denmark, nor yet Ireland,
 Were not inhabit in those days,
 Nor long after, my author says.

Ctesias he doth specify

The number of this great army:
 Saying, there came at her command,
 Foot-men thirty hundred thousand:
 Of horse-men mounted galliardly,
 Five hundred thousand verily,
 An hundred thousand camels wight,
 On every camel rode a knight.
 Prepar'd to pass into all parts.
 There was an hundred thousand carts,
 Two thousand boats with her she carries
 On horse, camel or dromedaries,
 Bridges to make she did conclude,
 O'er-thwart Indus that furious flood,
 Which been of Ind the utmost border,
 On the which flood with right good order,
 Of her barges she bridges made,
 Whereon her great host safely rode.

C. Father, I would men understood,
 How such a mighty numerous croud
 Might be at once brought to the field,
 Ready to fight with spear and shield,
 Some men will judge this been a fable,
 The matter been so untruable.

E. It may well be, my son, said he,
 As by example we may see,
 How *David* king of *Israel*,
 His people caused number all,
 By *Joab* his chief captain,

Holy scripture showed plain
 Fighting men into that land,
 Found thirteen hundred thousand,
 David in that small country,
 Not have raised such an army,
 In this lady it was no wonder,
 Which had greater realms her under,
 In David's little region,
 She had many a legion
 Men, more than I told before,
 Before my son, marvel no more.
 When Staurobates king of Ind,
 Greatly perturbed in his mind:
 Hearing of such a multitude
 To make defence he did conclude,
 Sent a message to the queen,
 To sing her majesty seven,
 That she would of her special grace,
 Give him licence to live in peace:
 Hearing of that, though he should die,
 That he should make her fight or flee:
 To his God a vow he made,
 That peace might of her be had,
 If he won the victory,
 That he the queen would crucify.
 His boasting the queen made bounds,
 Saying, It shall be no words
 To make me pass from my purpose,
 Without great strokes: As I suppose,
 My messenger shew'd to the king,
 Her presumptuous answering.
 Upon Staurobates wife and wight,
 She forward like a noble knight,
 With many a thousand spear and shield,
 Armed royal on the field,
 Thinking he would his life defend,
 In the battle make an end.
 The queen upon the other side,

Full of presumption and pride,
Her banners pleasantly display'd,
With hardy heart and unafraid,
Upon *Indus* that famous flood
They met, where shed was meikle blood.
In boats, balingers and barges,
The two armies on other charges:
Semiramis the battle wan,
Where drown'd and slain were many a man,
So that the water of the flood
Ran red mixed with mens blood,
The king of *Ind* with all his might,
From *Indus* flood he took the flight,
To his chief city he retir'd,
Where in his presence there appear'd,
In battle-ray a new army
Of right invincible chevalry,
With elephants an hideous number,
Which afterward made meikle cumber.

Semiramis and her company,
In the mean time right cruelly,
Destroy'd the borders of that land,
Took prisoners mo than ten thousand.
She took a couragious conceit,
Great elephants to counterfeit:
She had ten thousand oxen hides,
Well sew'd together, back and sides,
With mouth and nose, teeth, ears and een,
Quick elephants as they had been,
Right well stuffed with straw and hay,
Whereof the *Indians* took a fray:
Upon camels and drumedaries,
These false figures with her she carries.
The *Indians* when they saw that sight,
Afraidly they took the flight:
For such a sight was never seen,
If natural beasts they had been.
The king himself was right afeared,

the verity had speared,
 new by his exploratours,
 were but feigned false figures.
 manfully like men of wear,
 and they came withouten fear,
 so Semiramis the queen,
 for one man was ay fifteen.
 two armies full cruelly,
 rush't together so rudely,
 hideous cry, and trumpets sound,
 thousands lay dead on the ground.
 amis had such a number,
 order them it was great cumber.
 the great elephants of Inde,
 strong and hardy of their kind,
 and they came and would not cease,
 through the midst of the press,
 at great host they rudely rush'd,
 men and horse to earth they dush'd,
 feigned beasts withouten sp'rit,
 fruit and foild under feet.
 king of Inde with courage keen,
 with Semiramis the queen
 ding on an elephant:
 he with him fought hand for hand,
 gave the king so great essay,
 he was ne'er in such a fray.
 strike at him she took no fear,
 all she used was in wear.
 strokes she had but little counted,
 e't not the king was so well mounted,
 at other strake so fast
 they were tired at the last.
 king he thought himself ashamed,
 a woman to be defamed,
 was determin'd not to fly,
 gh in that battle he should dy,
 ne which had despaired been.

He

He rudely ran upon the queen,
 And through the arm gave her a wound,
 Which to her heart gave such a wound,
 That she constrained was to fly:
 Then all the rest of her army,
 When they perceiv'd that she was gone,
 To *Indus* flood they fled each one.
 The queen o'erthwart the flood she made,
 On bridges which were of boats made,
 With her a lober company,
 Which with her fled afayedly,
 The *Indians* followed on the chase,
 Then to the bridges came such press
 Of fleeing folks, which was great wonder,
 So that the bridges brake in lunder.
 Some sunk, some down the river ran,
 Then drown'd was many noble man,
 Which was great pity to deplore,
 As writeth famous *Diodore*.
 And finally, for to conclude,
 Was never shed so meikle blood,
 At one time since the world began,
 Nor slain so many gentle's man,
 And all through the occasion,
 And the prideful persuasion
 Of this ambitious wicked queen,
 Such one was never heard nor seen.
Staurobates the king of *Inde*,
 Greatly rejoiced in his mind,
 Of this triumph and victory:
Semiramis with heart full sorry,
 Seeing so many tane and slain,
 Lamenting fortunes variance,
 Which brought her to so great mischance,
 Before which was so fortunate,
 And then of comfort desolate.
 Her son a man of perfection,
 Considering his subjection,

perty he did desire,
 he might govern his empire;
 his mother vicious,
 with that so ambitious;
 the author doth specify,
 how his mother cruelly;
 other cause or intention
 no special mention,
 says, to be at liberty;
 says, for her adultery:
 other cause I can define,
 at punishment divine,
 as fair lady courageous,
 and the ending dolorous;
 was but twenty years of age,
 she began her vassalage:
 reign'd triumphantly but wear,
 space of forty and two year.
 she was slain, she was threescore,
 years two, she was no more,
 odore writes in his book,
 chronicles who lists to look,
 this lady I make an end:
 finding no way I can commend
 her to be man-like,
 men for to be woman-like.
 why? 'tis been the Lord's mind,
 creatures to use in their kind.
 for to have preeminence,
 women under obedience:
 though all women inclined be
 to have the sovereignty,
 this lady, who would not rest
 till her husband had suppress:
 that intent that she might reign
 to have the governing,
 as no ways I can commend,
 sumptuously which do pretend

To use the office of a king,
 Or realms take in governing,
 Howbeit they valiant be and wight,
 Going in battle like a knight,
 As did proud *Penthesilia*,
 The princess of *Amazona*,
 In mens habit against reason,
 Likewise I think derision,
 A prince to be effeminate,
 Of knightly courage desolate,
 Neglecting his authority,
 Through beastly sensuality,
 Accompanied both days and nights,
 With women more than valiant knights.
 Such kings I discommend at all,
 Example of *Sardanapal*.

-G. Father, said I, show me how lang
 The succession of *Ninus* rang?

E. That shall I do with diligence,
 My son, said he, ere we go hence:
 Since I have shown at thy desire,
 What man began the first empire,
 Now would I it, were to thee kend,
 Of that empire the fatal end.

*How King Sardanapalus for his vicious Life,
 miserable End.*

Between the conqueror *Ninus*
 And sensual *Sardanapalus*,
 I can find no special glory,
 Worthy to put in memory.
 Except which I have done describe,
 Of *Semiramis* king *Ninus* wife,
 But I can find no good at all
 To write of king *Sardanapal*,
 Which was the six and thirty king
 By line from *Ninus* descending;

ngth his life for to declare,
 k it is not necessary,
 fe that many cunning clerks,
 done describ it in their works,
 he was last of *Affrians*,
 ch had the whole preeminence,
 time of the first monarchie,
 ronicles as thou mayst see:
 last and the most vicious king
 ch in that monarchy did reign,
 prince was so effeminate
 a sensual lust intoxicate;
 did abhor the company
 is most noble chivalry,
 he might have the more delight
 se his beastly appetite:
 vers'd with women night and day
 clothed him in their array:
 at no man that had him seen,
 d judge a man that he had been:
 e in whoredom and harlotry
 keep himself so quietly,
 princes of *Affrians*
 im they could get no presence;
 s lived he continually,
 inst nature so inordinately
 en to the *Perse* and to the *Medes*,
 ored was such vicious deeds,
 n the rulers of *Babylon*,
 y did conclude all into one,
 y would not suffer for to reign
 ve them such a vicious king.
Arbaces a duke of *Mede*,
 ously took in hand that deed,
 first he came to *Ninivy*
 ee the king his majesty;
 to one of the king's guard,
 ave a secret rich reward,

To put him in a quiet place,
 Where he might see the king his grace,
 And be unseen of any wight,
 But he saw neither king nor knight
 Into his majesty's company,
 Except women allanerly,
 And as a woman he was clad;
 With women counselled and led:
 And shamefully he was sitting
 With spindle and with rock spinning.
 When *Arbaees* that fight had seen,
 His courage rose up from the spleen,
 And thought it small difficulty,
 For to deprive his majesty.
 Then raised he the *Persians*,
 With *Medes* and *Babylonians*,
 Enarmed well with spear and shield,
 Triumphantly they took the field.

The king raised the *Assyrians*,
 Togther with the *Chaldeans*,
 And they resisted as they might;
 But finally he took the flight,
 To save himself in *Ninoye*.
 Then sieged they that great city,
 Continually twelve years and more,
 As writeth famous *Diodore*,
 Till that the flood of *Euphrates*
 Arose with such a furiousness,
 Where through the most part of that town,
 By violence was beaten down.
 Then when the king found no remead,
 But to be taken, or to be dead,
 As men despaired full of ire,
 Caus'd make a furious flaming fire,
 And took his gold and jewels all;
 With scepter, crown, and robe royal,
 With all his tender servitors,
 That of his corps had greatest cures,

her with his luffy queens,
 his wanton concubines,
 that fire he did them cast,
 lap himself in at the last,
 all were burnt in powder small,
 ended king *Sardanapal*,
 but any repentance,
 by be seen by this sentence
 following, which he did endite
 his death in great despite:
 is a right ungodly thing,
 may see by his diting.

Epitaphium Sardanapali.

um te mortalem noris, presentibus exple
 eliciis animum, post mortem nulla voluptas,
 venere, & coenis, & plumis *Sardanapali*.

have I shown with diligence,
 monarchy of the *Assyrians*,
 which at king *Ninus* began,
 ended at this wicked man;
 did endure withouten wear,
 usand two hundred and forty year,
 th endite *Eusebius*:
 him, and thou shalt find it thus;

The Third BOOK.

Of the miserable Destruction of the cities, called *Sodom, Gomorrah, Seboim, gor, and Adama*, with their whole sons.

Father, I pray you to me tell,
What noble thing that befel,
During the reign of *Assyrians*,
Which had so long preeminence,
I mean of other nations,
Under their dominations?

E. That must be done in terms short,
Said he, as stories do report,
Enduring the first monarchy,
Became that woful misery
Of *Sodom, Gomorrah*, and their region,
As scripture doth make mention.
Whose people were so sensual
In filthy sin unnatural,
The which into this vulgar verse,
My pen abhorreth to rehearse:
Like brutal beasts out of their minds,
Unnaturally abus'd their kinds,
By filthy stinking lechery,
And most abominable sodomy,
As holy scriptures do describe.
In that country were cities five,
Which were *Sodoma and Gomorrha*,
Seboim, Segor and Adama:
Among them all found there was none
Undeified, but *Lot* alone.

Abraham dwelt near-hand by,
 He prayed for Lot effectually:
 God made him advertisement,
 He would make such punishment;
 Two angels God did send,
 From that fury to defend.
 The people of that region
 The angels come to the town,
 Transformed into fair young men,
 Purposed them for to ken,
 Abuse them unnaturally,
 Their soul stinking Sodomy.
 At thing Lot was wonder wo,
 Offered them his daughters two,
 At their pleasure for to use;
 They his daughters did refuse.
 Then the angels with their might,
 The men deprived of their sight,
 So perforce left them alone.
 Lot's Lodging when they were gone,
 Him commanded hastily,
 To depart from that city:
 His foul unnatural lechery,
 Regeance from the heaven did cry,
 Which did move God to such ire,
 From the heaven brimstone and fire,
 A awful thundring rained down,
 Did consume that whole region.
 All that land escap'd no mo,
 But Lot and his daughters two.
 His wife was turned into a stone,
 Useless was he left alone,
 He was disobedient,
 Kept not the commandement,
 When the angels gave them command,
 To depart out of that land,
 They charged them under great pain,
 Not to look backward again.

When

When Lot's wife heard the thundering
 Of flaming fire and lightening,
 The woful cries lamentable
 Of people most epouantable:
 For none of them had force to flee
 She yearn'd that sorrowful sight to see;
 And as she turned her anon,
 She was transformed in a stone,
 Where she remaineth to this day:
 Of her I have no more to say.
 To show at length I am not able,
 That piteous process lamentable,
 How cities, castles, towns and tow'rs,
 Villages, bastallies and bow'rs,
 They were all into powder driven:
 Forrests by the roots up riven:
 Their king, their queen, their people all:
 Young and old burnt in powder small.
 No creature was left alive.
 Fowls, beasts, man nor wife.
 The earth, the corn, herbs, fruits and trees,
 The children on the nurses knees.
 Right suddenly in an instant
 Unwarily came that Judgement,
 As it was in the time of Noe
 When God did all the world destroy,
 And for the self sin of sodomy,
 And most abominable bougery,
 That vice at length for to declare,
 I think it now not necessary.
 When all was burnt, flesh, blood and bones,
 The hills, valleys, stocks and stones,
 The country sank, for to conclude,
 Where now there stands an ugly flood,
 The which is called, the dead sea,
 Next to the country of *Indie*:
 Whose stinking strands black as tar,
 The sewer of it men feel on far.

trans thou mayest read
 the country the length and breed,
 fiftie miles and two,
 fourteen miles of breadth also.
 His wife was so agast,
 to a mountain wild he past,
 company he had no mo,
 at his lusty daughters two :
 by their provocation,
Esau makes narration,
 into that mountain wild,
 daughters two he got with child,
 they believed in their thought,
 all the world was gone to nought,
 became that nation ;
 King that generation
 did fail, except they craftily
 led their father with them to ly ;
 so they found a crafty wile,
 they their father might beguile,
 caused him to drink wight wine,
 which men to lechery doth incline ;
 he was full and fallen on sleep,
 daughters quietly did creep
 his bed full secretly,
 taking him with them to ly :
 knew not how he was beguil'd,
 both his daughters were with child,
 bare two sons in certain,
 being in that wild mountain,
 from two nations did proceed,
 the scripture thou mayst read :
 the scripture thou mayst see
 of this woful miserie.
 misery became but wear,
 Noe flood three hundred year,
 after with fourscore and eleven,
 anteth *Carion* full even.

And after *Noah's* death I gueſs,
One and forty years there was:
When *Abraham* was of age I ween
Fourſcore of years and nineteen,
Then this foul ſin of ſodomy
Was puniſhed ſo rigorouſly.
Great God preſerve us in our time,
That we commit not ſuch a crime,
Tedious it were for me to tell
This monarchy during what beſel.
And wonders that on earth were wrought,
Which to my purpoſe longeth nought:
As how the people of *Iſrael*,
Did long time into *Egypt* dwell,
And of their great punition,
Through *Pharaoh's* perſecution:
And how *Moses* did them convoy
Through the Red-ſea with meikle joy:
Where king *Pharaoh* moſt miſerably
Was drowned with his huge army:
And how that people wandring was,
Forty years in the wilderneſs.
Moses that time, as I heard ſay,
Received the law on mount *Sinay*.
That time *Jeſhua* through *Jordan*
Led the people to *Canaan*,
Where *Saul*, *David* and *Solomon*,
With Hebrew kings many a one,
Did richly reign in that country,
Enduring this firſt monarchy.
The ſiege of *Thebes* miſerable,
Where blood was ſhed incomparable,
Of noble-men into thoſe days,
With other terrible affrays.
As how the *Greeks* wrought vengeance
Upon the noble *Troyans*,
Be cauſe that *Paris* did convoy,
Perforce fair *Helena* to *Troy*,

ch was king *Menelaus* wife,
ere many a thousand lost their life.
time the valiant *Hercules*,
oughout the world did him address,
ere he did many a doughty deed,
his story thou mayst read:
how through *Deianira* his wife,
champion did lose his life,
aming fire full furiously,
death he suffered cruelly.
time *Remus* and *Romulus*
found that city most famous
ome, standing in *Italy*,
their story thou mayst see,
ld thou read *Titus Livius*,
u wouldst find works wonderous,
se worthy deeds are well kend,
shall be to the world's end:
ugh they began with cruelty,
ended with great misery,
een the matter, to conclude,
l shedders of guiltless blood,
reece the ornat poetry,
icine, mulick, alstronomy,
ng the first monarchy began,
Homerus that famous man;
ether with *Hesiodus*,
vers authors sheweth us.
ere too long to put in rhyme,
books that they wrote in that time.
e were the acts principal,
monarchy during which besel.
r good *Abraham* and his seed,
the bible thou mayst read,
in his time, as I hear tell,
a the kingdom spiritual;
ave shewn to thee before,
efore of them I speak no more.

*A short Description of the second, third and
Monarchies.*

FAther, I said I, which was the man,
That the next monarchy began?

E. *Cyrus*, said he, the king of *Perse*,
As chronicles hath done rehearse;

Prudent and full of policy

Began the second monarchy:

For he was the most godly king,

That e'er in *Perse* or *Mede* did reign:

For he of his benignity,

Delivered from captivity

The whole people of *Israel*,

Into the time of *Daniel*.

The which had been prisoners

In *Babylon* full seventy years.

Therefore God of his grace benign,

Gave him a divine knowledging,

During his time, as I hear tell,

He used counsel of *Daniel*.

Carion at length doth specify

Of his marvellous nativity,

And of his virtuous upbringing,

And how he vanquisht *Cresus* king,

With many other valiant deed,

As into *Carion* thou mayst read.

Whole succession did endure

To the tenth king therefore be sure.

But after his great conquessing,

Right miserable was his ending,

As *Herodotus* doth describe:

In *Scythia* he lost his life,

Where the undaunted *Scythians*

Vanquisht the noble *Persians*,

And after that *Cyrus* was dead,

Queen *Tomyre* hacked off his head,

Which was the queen of *Scythians*,

spite of the *Persians*.
Laid his head, for to conclude,
A vessel full of blood,
Laid these words right cruelly,
Thou thy fill, if thou be dry,
Thou didst ay blood shedding thirst,
Drink at leasure, if thou list.
That *Cyrus* succession
The world had possession,
Under with sword and fire,
Wou'd perforce the third empire,
Which was the king of *Macedon*,
A valiant *Greeks* many a one;
But sell and furious,
Sought the mighty *Darius*.
Which was the tenth and the last king,
Which did after king *Cyrus* reign:
For this potent emperor,
Under the conqueror,
Thou at length would read his reign,
Of his cruel conquessing,
In English tongue, in his great book,
In length his life there thou mayst look,
Alexander that potent king,
Twelve years in his conquessing;
How for all his great conquest,
Lived but one year in rest,
Then by his servant secretly,
Poison'd was full piteously.
And *Alexander* compare
Thunder or fire-slaughter in the air:
A cruel planet, a mortal wicd,
In thringing people with his sword,
Runs that most famous flood,
Mixed with the *Indians* blood,
Euphrates with the blood of *Perse*:
Of cruelty for to rehearse,
Guiltless blood which he did shed,

Were right abominable to be read,
After his short prosperity,
He died with great misery.
It were too long to be decided,
How all their realms were divided,
All while that *Cesar Julius*,
When he had vanquish'd *Pompeius*,
Was chosen emperor and king,
Above the Romans for to reign.
That potent prince was the first man,
Which the fourth monarchy began,
And had the whole dominion
Of every land and region:
Whose successors did reign but weer,
Over the world many hundred year;
But gentle *Julius*, alace!
Reign'd emperor but little space,
Which I think pity to deplore,
In five moneths, and little more:
By false exorbitant treason,
That prudent prince was troden down,
And murdered in the council-house,
By cruel *Brutus* and *Cassius*.
After that *Julius* was slain,
Did reign the great *Octavian*,
Of emperors one of the best;
During his time was peace and rest,
Over all the world in each region,
As stories do make mention:
And eke I make it to thee plain,
During the time of *Octavian*,
The Son of God our Lord *Jesu*,
Took mankind of the virgin true,
And was that time in *Bethlem* born,
To save mankind that was forlorn,
As scripture makes narration,
Of his blest incarnation.
Now have I told thee, as I can,

the fourth monarchy began :
in thy mind thou mayst consider,
worldly powers have been but flidder :
all their great empires are gone :
thou seest there is no prince alone,
which hath the whole dominion,
time of every region.
Father what reason had these kings,
to be of others reigns,
any right and just quarrel,
were through that they might make battel,
common people to down thring ?
this, said I, make answering.
My son, said he, that shall be done.
best can, and that right soon ;
these monarchies, I understand,
ordinate were by command
God the Salvator of all,
to downthring, and to make thral
haunted people vicious,
make for to be gracious,
them which virtuous were and good,
Daniel hath done conclude
length into his prophecies,
where there shall be four monarchies ;
second chapter thou mayst see,
after the first monarchie,
when *Nebuchadonozor* king,
image saw in his sleeping,
with austere look both high and bread,
of pure fine gold was his head,
breast and arms of silver bright,
womb of copper hard and wight,
loins and limbs of iron right strong,
feet of clay, Iron mixt among.
From the mountain there came alone,
without mens hands, a full great stone,
which on that figure's feet did fall,

And dang all down in powder small,
Of whose interpretation,
Doctors do make narration;
The head of gold doth signify,
First, the *Assyrian* monarchy.
The silver brealt they do apply,
To *Persians* which rang secondly:
The womb of copper, or of brass,
Thirdly, to *Greeks* prepared was.
His loins and limbs of iron and steel,
Clerks have them compared well,
The *Romans* through their diligence,
To have the fourth preeminence
Above each other nation,
By this interpretation,
The mixed feet with iron and clay,
Did signify the latter day,
When that the world shall be divided,
As afterwards shall be decided.
So Christ is signifi'd the stone,
Whose monarchy shall ne'er be gone:
For under his dominion,
All princes shall be trodden down.
When that great God omnipotent,
Comes to his general judgment,
His monarchy shall then be known,
And afer shall be to thee shown.
And as the scriptures shall thee tell,
How in the eight of *Daniel*,
He saw into his vision,
By a plain exposition,
How that the *Greeks* should work vengeance
Upon the *Medes* and *Persians*,
Comparing the *Greeks* unto a Goat,
With an horn fierce, furious and hot,
Which killed the rams with horns two,
Compar'd the *Perse* and *Mede* also,
And so by *Daniel's* prophecies,

their great mighty monarchies,
 which all other realms surprized,
 the great God they were devised:
 he of *Titus* the *Roman*,
 and heir to *Vespasian*,
 he him a furious instrument
 out the *Jews* to great torment;
 which I suppose, ere I hence fare,
 partly that process to declare.

the most miserable and terrible Destruction of
 JERUSALEM.

After, said I, declare to me,
 Enduring the fourth monarchie,
 the most infortune that befall?
 My son, said he, that shall I tell,
 the most and manifest misery
 came upon that great city
Jerusalem, when it was suppress,
 stories do make manifest:
 as the scripture doth devise,
Jerusalem was destroyed twice:
 first, for their great idolatry,
 which they committed in *Jewry*;
 the honour ought to God alone,
 they gave to figures of stock or stone:
 before Christ's incarnation
 came this first desolation,
 the hundred years fourscore and ten,
 chronicles as thou mayst ken,
 of *Nebuchadonozor* king,
 that famous city did down thring:
 their king with people many one
 brought them all bound to *Babylon*,
 where they remained prisoners,
 the space of threescore and ten years,
 that first desolation

Was called, the transmigration.
Was no man left into their lands,
But poor folk labouring with their hands,
Till mighty *Cyrus* king of *Perse*,
As *Daniel* hath done rehearse,
Was moved by God for to restore
The *Jews* where they dwelled before.

If I neglect I were to blame,
The last siege of *Jerusalem*,
Whose ruin was most miserable,
And for to tell right terrible;
Was never in earth, city, nor town,
Got such extreme destruction.
The towns of *Tyre*, *Thebe* nor *Troy*
They never suffer'd half such noy.
The emperor *Vespasian*,
He did devise that siege certain,
There was the prophesy compleat,
Which Christ spake on mount *Olivet*,
When he *Jerusalem* beheld,
The tears from his eyes distill'd,
Seeing by divine prescience,
The great destruction and vengeance
Which was to come on that city,
His heart was pierced with pity,
Saying, *Jerusalem*, if thou knew
The great ruin, sore thou wouldst rew;
For ought that I can to thee show:
The verity thou wilt not know;
Nor hast in consideration
Thine holy visitation;
Thy people will no way consider,
Whom gathered I would have together
As wandering sheep are without herds,
Or as the hen gathereth her birds
Under her wings right tenderly,
Which they refused despitefully:
Wherefore shall come that dreadful day,

no remedy make you may,
dungeons shall be dung asunder,
the world shall at thee wonder,
temple now most triumphant,
be trod down under the sand,
as he said, so it befel,
ereafter I shall thee tell.

Shew me, said I, with circumstance,
special cause of that mischance?

Said he, As scripture doth conclude,
shedding of the guiltless blood

prophets, which God to them sent ;

ke because that they miskent

the Son of God soveraign,

en he among them did remain :

all the miracles that he shew,

sciously they him misknew :

ugh by his great power divine,

water clear he turn'd to wine ;

by the self same power and might,

he blind-born he gave the sight ;

gave the crooked men their feet,

made the lepers whole compleat,

sealed all, and rais'd the dead,

held they him at mortal feed,

ule he show'd the verity,

y did conclude that he should die,

bishops princes of the priests,

y grew so bolden in their breasts,

scribes and doctors of the law,

God nor man they stood no aw

Christ Jesus to work vengeance,

nt so the false *Phariseans*,

ct of feigned religion,

ised his confusion,

sent their servants at the last,

with strong cords they bound him fast :

scourged him both back and side,

That

That none for blood might see his hide :
There was not left a penny broad,
Unwounded from his feet to head,
In manner of derision,
They plate to him a cruel crown
Of pricking thorns sharp and long,
Which on his heav'nly head they throng
Then caus'd him, for the greater lack,
Bear his own gallows on his back,
To the vile place of *Calvary*,
Where many a thousand men might see ;
That innocent they took perforce,
And plat him backward to the cross ;
Through feet and hands great nails they throng
Till blood abundantly out burst ;
Without grudging, clamor or cry,
That pain he suffered patiently :
And for augmenting of his grieves,
They hanged him between two thieves ;
Where men might see the bloody strands,
Which sprang forth from his feet and hands :
From thorns thrust on his head,
Ran down bullering streams red :
In the presence of many a man,
That blood-royal on rocks ran.
Shortly to say, that heavenly King
In extreme dolor there did thing,
Till he said, *Consummatum est*,
With a loud cry he gave the ghaist.
When he was dead, they took a dart,
And pierced that King through the heart,
From whom there came water and blood :
The earth then trembled, to conclude,
Phæbus did hide his beams bright,
That through the world there was no light,
The great vail of the temple rave,
The dead men rose out of their grave,
And in the city did appear,

the scripture thou may'st hear:
Joseph of Arimathie,
 bury him right honestly,
 yet he rose full gloriously,
 the third day triumphantly:
 his disciples in certain,
 many days he did remain,
 to heaven he ascended.
 Jews nothing their life amended,
 gave no credit to his laws,
 more length the story shaws:
 cruelly they did oppress
 when that Christ's name did profess,
 persecuted many one:
 y prison'd both *Peter* and *John*,
Steven they stoned to the dead,
James the less they struck the head:
 was the cause, in conclusion,
 their cruel confusion:
 the prudent Jew *Josephus* says,
 that he was present in those days:
 in his book makes mention,
 after Christ's ascension,
 space of two and forty years,
 in these cruel mortal wears,
 second year of *Vespasian*,
 when many taken were and slain.
Josephus plainly doth conclude,
 never seen such a multitude
 were that time into the town,
 which came for their confusion,
 were great infortune to beset,
 all the princes of *Israel*.
 been'd against the time of *Pasch*,
 to return they had no grace,
 bold *Romans* with their chieftan,
 the son of *Vespasian*,
 his army over *Judea* spread:

Then

Then all men to the city fled,
Believing there to get relief;
But all that turn'd to their mischief:
The Romans leaped them about
That by no way they might win out,
Six months did that siege endure,
Where lost were many creature,
Which there in misery did remain,
Till they were all taken and slain.
During the time of this assail,
Their meat and drink, and all did fail:
For there was such a multitude,
That thousands died for want of food.
Necessity caus'd them eat perforce,
Dog, cat, and ratton, ass, and horse;
Rich men behov'd to eat their gold,
Then died for hunger manifold.
Such hunger was without remead,
The quick behov'd to eat the dead,
The filth of privies many eat,
To length their lives, they though it sweet,
The famous ladies of the town,
For fault of food they fell in swoon,
When they might get no other meat,
They kill'd their proper bairns to eat:
But all for nought, despitefully
Their own soldiers full greedily,
Rest them that flesh most miserable,
And they with mourning lamentable
For extreme hunger yield the sp'rit.
There was the prophesy compleat,
As Christ before wade narration,
The day of his grim passion,
When that the ladies for him mourned,
Full piteously to them he turned,
And laid, Daughters, mourn not for me,
Mourn for your own posterity:
Within short time shall come that day,

men of this city shall say,
they are trapped in the snare:
the womb that never bare.
barren paps then shall they bless,
doleful day thou shalt not miss.
prophecy it came to pass,
they cry many loud, alace!
morrowful lamentation
never heard in that nation:
the lully ladies sweet,
for hunger in the street:
husbands, nor their children,
give to them no comforting,
et relieve them of their harms;
ther dying in others arms,
this woful indigence,
g them rose such pestilence,
ein there died many a hunder,
n to declare it were great wonder.
or final conclusion,
warlike walls they did ding down.
Titus with his chivalry,
trumpets sounding triumphantly,
tered in that great city,
deplore I think pity,
ainful clamour horrible,
unded folk most miserable.
was nought else but take and slay,
ere might no man win away:
rands of blood ran through the street,
d folk trodden under feet,
adows in the preſs were ſmor'd;
g virgins ſhamefully deſlor'd,
reat temple of *Solomon*,
many a curious carved ſtone,
perfect pinacles on hight,
were both beautiful and wight,
in rich jewels did abound,

They

They rushed rudely to the ground;
And set into their furious ire,
Sanctum Sanctorum into fire:
And with extreme confusion,
All their great dungeons they dang down,
There bruised were the golden breasts
Of bishops princes of the priests.
There taken was the great vengeance
Of the false scribes and pharisiace:
All their painted hypocrisy,
That time might make them no supply.
That day they dolefully repented
That to the death of Christ consented:
Though it was our salvation,
It was to their damnation.
The vengeance for the blood guiltless,
From *Abel* to *Zacharias*,
That day upon *Jerusalem* fell.
But tedious it were to tell,
The great extreme confusion,
And of blood such effusion,
Was never slain so many a man,
At one time since the world began:
The *Jews* that day got their desire,
Which they did ask into their ire,
And in the scripture is specified,
That day when Christ was crucified:
When *Ponce Pilate* the president,
Said to them, I am innocent.
Of the just blood of Christ Jesus,
They cry'd: His blood light upon us,
And on our generation;
They got their supplication:
That day with many a careful cry,
Their blood was shed abundantly.
Iosephus writeth in his book,
His chronicles who list to look,
During that cruel siege certain,

eleven hundred thousand slain;
 Moners were told and seen,
 core thousand and seventeen :
 of the land they did expel
 the people of *Israel* :
 for their great ingratitude,
 to live yet under servitude,
 is no *Jew* in no country,
 who hath one foot of property,
 never had withoutten wear,
 this day sixteen hundred year :
 never shall, I to thee shaw,
 that they turn to Christ's law.
 I say, that Jews manifold,
 thirty for a penny sold,
 as sold the King of Glore,
 thirty pennies and no more.
 that many were mischiev'd,
 in novels past how long they liv'd
 their gold, withoutten doubt,
 to slit their bellies to search it out :
 to *Egypt* they did send,
 men to their lives end.
 took into his company,
 a number of the most worthy ;
 to him to *Rome* they led them bound,
 cruelly did them confound,
 victory for to decore
 for augmenting of his glore,
 'd put them into publick places,
 ere each man might behold their faces,
 with wild Lyons cruelly,
 wou'd devore them dolefully.
 high triumphant mighty town,
 which was put to confusion.
 use that in the time of Pasch,
 crucified the King of Grace.
 have this matter done indite,

More

More ornately than I can write,
Wherefore of it I speak no more,
Only to God be laud and glore.

*Of the miserable End of certain tyrannous Princes
and especially the beginners of the four Monarchies*

NOW have I done declare at thy desires,
As thou demandest into terms short,
And who began the principal empires,
As chronicles and stories do report:
Wherefoe, my son, I heartily thee exhort,
Perfectly print into thy remembrance,
Of this inconstant world the variance.
The princes of these four great monarchies,
In their most highest pomp imperial,
Trusting most sure to be set on their seas,
The fraudulent world gave to them mortal fall
For their reward, and dark memorials,
Though o'er the world they had preeminence
Of it they got no other recompence.

For such like as the snow doth melt in May
Through the reflex of Phæbus beams bright,
These great empires right so are went away
Gone is their glore, their power, and their might
Because they were robbers withoutten right,
And blood shedders full cruel: for to conclude
Right cruelly therefore was shed their blood.

Behold how God ay since the world began
Hath oftentimes made kings instruments
To scourge people, and to kill many a man,
Which to his law were innobedients:
When they had done, persurnisht his intent
In daunting wrongous people shamefully,
He suffers them be scourged cruelly.

Even as the school-master doth make a whip
To daunt and ding the scholars of rude cast
The which will not study at his command;

urges them, and only to that fine,
 they should to his good counsel incline :
 they obey, appeased is his ire,
 es the wand, and casts it in the fire.
 of king *Pharaoh* made an instrument,
 was the great king of *Egyptians*,
 n peculiar people to torment :
 eing done he wrought on him vengeance,
 him fall through inobedience ;
 ally he with his great army,
 Red-sea was drowned dolefully.
 of *Nebuchadonozor* king,
 ade of him a furious instrument,
 em and the *Jews* to down thring.
 they to God were disobedient :
 rest from him his riches and his rent,
 m transformed in a beast brutal,
 years and more, as writeth *Daniel*.
 ander through prideful tyranny,
 rs twelve did make his great conquest,
 edding sakeless blood full cruelly,
 e was king of kings he took no rest ;
 the world when he was full possest,
 ylon throned triumphantly,
 gh poison strong deceased dolefully.
 e *Hannibal*, the strong *Carthagiane*,
 aunter of the *Roman* pomp and glory :
 power were many thousands slain,
 y be read at length into his story,
 ues where he wan the victory,
 mans hands that dead lay on the ground,
 heaped bushels were of rings found.
 that mortal battle, I heard lane,
 Romans most worthy warriors,
 r captains, were forty thousand slain :
 om there was thirty wise senators,
 twenty lords which had been pretors,
 died each in defence of their country.

And

And for to hold their land at liberty.

What reward got the cruel champion,
When he had slain so great a multitude?
And when the glass of his vain-glore was
A shameful death: and shortly to conclude,
This is reward of all shedders of blood:
For he got such extreme confusion,
He kill'd himself in drinking strong poison.

Behold the two most famous champions,
That is to say, *Julius* and *Pompey*.
Which did conquests all earthly regions,
As well many lands, as isles into the sea,
And the town of *Rome* caus'd them obey;
For *Pompeius* subdued the orient,
And *Julius Caesar* all the occident.

But finally these two did strive for state,
Whereby three hundred thousand men were
But *Pompeius* after that great debate.
He murdered was, the story telleth plain:
Then *Julius* was prince and sovereign,
Above the whole world emperor and king;
But into rest short time endur'd his reign.

For within five moneths, and little more,
Amidst the lords into the council-house,
He murdered was, what needs process more
As I have said, by *Brute* and *Cassius*.
If thou wouldst know their deeds dolorous,
Thou mayst at length go read the *Roman* story
Which hath this matter put in memory.

Gone is the golden world of *Assyrians*,
Of whom king *Ninus* was first and principal,
Gone is the silver world of *Persians*,
The copper world of *Greeks* now thrall,
The world of *Iron*, which was the last of all
Compared to the *Romans* in their glorie,
Are gone right so, I hear of them no more.

Now in the world of iron mixt with clay,
As *Daniel* at length hath done indite,

Great empires are molten clean away:
 The world of dolor and despite,
 Bought else but trouble infinite:
 Before, my son, I make it to thee kend,
 World, I wot, is drawing to an end.
 Tens of death, hunger and pestilence,
 Cruel wars both by sea and land:
 Against realm with mortal violence,
 Signifies the last day even at hand:
 Before, my son, be in thy faith constant,
 Give thy heart to God to cry for grace,
 Spend thy life whilst thou hast time and space.

Of the first Spiritual and Papal Monarchy.

Father, is there no prince reignand,
 Which hath the world now at command,
 The king of *Affyrians*,
Greeks, or the *Romans*,
 Hath now dominion
 Every land and region?
 There is no prince, my son, said he,
 Hath the principal monarchie
 The world universal,
 Whole power imperial,
 Alexander, or *Darius*,
 Had *Caesar Julius*,
 Orient and occident,
 All to them obedient.
 Withstanding, I find one king,
 Whom into *Europe* now doth reign,
 Is the potent prince of *Rome*,
 King o'er all christendom,
 Whom no prince may be compare,
 Whom non law can declare.
 Princes of the occident,
 To his grace obedient.
 He hath whole power compleat,
 Of the body and the sp'rit,

Which

Which never had no prince before,
Except the mighty King of Glore.
To Christ he is the great lieutenant,
In holy *Peter's* seat sittand :
So he is of all kings king,
Which into Europe now doth reign.
And as the *Roman* emperours,
Having the world under their cures,
Had princes, knights, and champions,
Rulers into all regions,
Upholding their authority,
Using justice and policy :
Right so this potent Pope of *Rome*,
The sovereign king of christendom,
Hath into every countrey,
His princes of great gravity :
In some countrey his cardinals,
In their most precious apparels,
Arch-bishops, bishops thou mayst see,
Defending his authority :
With other potent patriarchs,
Colleges full of cunning clerks :
Abbots and priors, as ye ken,
Misrulers of religious men.
Officials with their procurators,
Whose longsome laws spoils the poors,
Arch-deans, and deans of dignity,
Great doctors of divinity,
Their chanters and their sacrificians,
Their thesaurers and their subdeans,
Legions of priests seculars ;
Parsons, vicars, monks and friers,
Of divers orders many one,
Which longsome were for to expone ;
In sundry habits as ye ken,
Differing from other christian men,
Fair ladies of religion,
Professed in every region.

ermite fashion'd like the friers :
parish-clerks and pardoners,
grynters and their chamberlains,
their temporal courtifans :
All the world by land and sea,
in multitude they do obey :
By his spiritual kingdom,
the great emperor of Rome,
kings of every region,
say when they receive the crown,
make oath of fidelity,
and his authority.
Ever, with humble reverence,
make to him obedience,
themselves, or ambassadors,
or ornate orators :
He gainstand his majesty,
or yet his liberty,
or any opinion
of his great dominion,
by way of deeds or words,
or to death by fire and swords,
Peter stiled was *Sanctus*,
he is called *Sanctissimus*,
Ile at length if thou wouldst know,
must go look the canon law,
in the sixth of *Clementine*,
where stately style there may be seen,
what thou shalt find, read if thou can,
for he is neither God nor man.
What is he then, by your judgment ?
said he : Methinks him different,
from our soveraign Lord Jesus,
in his kind contrarious ;
For he was natural God and man.
If he be neither, what is he then ?
The canon law, my son, said he,
the question will declare to thee,

It doth transcend my rude engine,
 His sanctitude for to define;
 Or to show the authority,
 Pertaining to his majesty,
 So great a prince where shalt thou find,
 That spiritually may loose or bind;
 Nor by whom sins are forgiven,
 Be they with his disciples shaven?
 Whomever he binds with his might,
 They bounden are in God's sight:
 Whomever he looses on earth here down
 Are loosed by God in his region.
 As he is prince of purgatory,
 Delivering souls from pain to glory:
 Of that dark dungeon, withouten doubt,
 Whome'er he please he takes out.
 Our secret sins every year,
 We must show to some priest or frier,
 And take their absolution,
 Or else get no remission:
 So by this did they clearly ken,
 The secrets of all secular men.
 Their secrets we know not at all,
 Thus we are to them bonnd and thral:
 Whate'er their ministers commands
 Must be obey'd without demands.
 Wherefore, my son, I say to thee,
 This is a marvellous monarchy,
 Which hath power imperial,
 Both of the body and the soul.

C. Father, said I, declare to me
 Who did begin this monarchie?

E. Said he, Christ Jesus, God and man,
 That empire graciously began,
 Not by fire, nor by the sword,
 But by the virtue of his word,
 And left into his testament
 Many a devote document,

his successors to be used,
 many of them be now abused;
 Peter and Paul, with all the rest
 their brethren, made manifest
 law of God with true intent,
 living the Old and New Testament.
 led their lives in poverty,
 in true humility.
 their Master Christ Jesus,
 were not half so glorious,
 were successors now in Rome,
 ruling o'er all christendom.
 the death of Peter and Paul,
 of Christ's true disciples all,
 successors within few years,
 more length the story bears,
 cruelly came to the hight,
 spiritual life to temporal right.
 Father, ere we pass further more,
 did begin their temporal glore?
 My son, said he, thou'lt understand,
 ere a Pope got any land,
 and thirty great Popes of Rome,
 w'd the crown of martyrdom;
 not the threefold diadem.
 wear three crowns they thought great shame,
 Sylvester the confessor,
 Constantine the emperor,
 w'd the realm of Italy,
 so of Rome the great city,
 was the root of their riches,
 sprang the well of wealthiness,
 that the Pope was made a king,
 since bow'd at his bidding.
 act was done withouten wear,
 Christ's death three hundred year.
 lady Sensuality,
 lodging in that great city,

F

Where

Where she sinfyne hath done remain,
 As their own lady soveraign.
 There kings into all nations,
 Made prielts great foundations:
 They thought great merit and honor,
 To counterfeit the emperor;
 As did *David* of Scotland king,
 The which did found during his reigh,
 Fifteen abbeyes with temporal lands,
 Withoutten tithes and offerands:
 By whose holy simplicity,
 He left the crown in poverty.
 Now have I shown thee, as I can,
 How this temporal empire began,
 Ascending up ay gree by gree
 Above the emperor's majesty:
 So when they got among their hands,
 Of *Italy* all the emperor's lands,
 After that into each country
 Sprang up their temporality,
 With such great riches and such rent,
 That they gan to be negligent,
 In making ministracion
 To Christ's true congregation,
 And took no more pain in their preaching,
 And far less travel in their teaching:
 Changing their spirituality
 In temporal sensuality.

C. Father, think ye that they are sure,
 That their empire shall long endure?

E. Appearantly it may be kend,
 Said he, their glore shall have an end:
 I mean their temporal monarchy,
 Shall turn into hamility:
 Through God's word, without debate,
 They shall turn to their fall estate,
 As in *Daniel's* prophecy appears,
 Thereto shall not be many years,

at Christ's faith shall never fail,
more and more it shall prevail,
ough Christ's true congregation
rs great tribulation,
Father, said I, by what reason,
ak ye their empire should come down,
idering their preeminence?
Said he, For disobedience,
ing the commandment
ch Christ left in his testament,
g their own tradition,
rsoir Christ's institution :
Christ in his last convention,
day of his ascension,
his disciples gave command,
they should pass to every land,
each and preach with true intent,
aw and his commandment,
ther office he to them gave ;
id not bid them seek or crave,
es, presents, nor offerands,
yet lordships, nor temporal lands :
ow it may be heard and seen,
with thine ears, and eke thine een,
prelates now in every land,
e little cure of Christ's command ;
ner into their deeds nor laws ;
ecting their own canon laws ;
g themselves contrarious,
he most part to Christ Jesus.
t thought no shame to be a preacher,
to all people of truth a teacher :
e, a bishop, a cardinal,
each and preach will not be thral.
lend forth friers to teach for them,
ch makes the people mock them for shame,
t would not be a temporal king,
y into no realm to reign,

But fled temporal authority,
As in the Scripture thou mayst see,
All men may know how Popes reigns
In dignity above all kings,
As well of temporality,
As into spirituality.
Thou mayst see by experience,
The Pope's princely preeminence,
In chronicles if thou list to look,
How *Carion* writes in his book,
A notable narration,
The year of our salvation,
Eleven hundred and six and fifty,
Pope *Alexander* presumptuously,
Which was the third Pope of that name,
Frederick the emperor he did defame,
In *Venice* that triumphant town,
That noble emperor he caus'd lay down
Upon his womb with shame and lack,
Then trod his feet upon his neck,
In token of obedience:
There he shews his preeminence,
And caus'd his clergy for to sing
These words hereafter following:
Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis,
Et conculcabis leonem et draconem. Th
Thou shalt walk upon the adder and cocatrice,
And thou shalt tread down the lion and drag
Then said the humble emperor,
I do to *Peter* this honor.
The Pope answered with words wroth,
Thou shalt me honor and *Peter* both.
Christ for to show his humble sp'rit,
Did wash his poor disciples feet:
The Pope's holiness, I wis,
Will suffer kings their feet to kiss.
Birds had their nests, and tods their den,
But Christ Jesus Saver of men,

earth had not a penny-bread,
ereon he might repose his head:
at the Pope's excellence
in castles of magnificence:
ots, bishops, cardinals,
e pleasant palaces royals,
e paradise all these pleasant places,
oting no pleasure of their faces,
n, *Andrew, James, Peter* nor *Paul*,
few houses among them all:
n time they knew the verity,
y did condemn all prosperity:
were right heartily content
eat and drink and abuliment.
ave mankind that was forlorn,
lt bare a cruel crown of thorn.
Pope three crowns for the nons,
Gold, powder'd with precious stones:
old and silver, I am sure,
lt Jesus took but little cure,
lett not when he yield the sp'rit
uy himself a winding-sheet:
his successor good Pope John,
en he deceased in *Avignon*,
est behind him a treasure,
old and silver great measure,
just computation,
five and twenty million,
oth endite *Palmerus*:
him, and thou shalt find it thus.
ritt's disciples were well known,
ough virtue which was to them shown;
pecially fervent charity,
t patience and humility.
Pope's flocks in all regions,
elt known by their clipped crowns.
lt he did honor matrimony
Cana of Galilee.

Where he by his power divine,
Did turn the water into wine:
And eke he chus'd some married men
To be his servants, as ye ken.
And *Peter* during all his life,
He thought no sin to have a wife.
Ye shall not find in no passage,
Where Christ forbiddeth marriage,
But lawful for each man to marry
Which lacks the gift of chastity.
The Pope hath made the contrair laws
In his kingdom, as all men knows:
None of his priests dare marry wives,
Under the pain even of their lives:
Though they had concubins fifteen,
Into that case they are o'erseen.
What chastity they keep in *Rome*,
Is well known o'er all christendom.

Christ did show his obedience,
Unto the emperor's excellence,
And caused *Peter* for to pay
Tribute to *Cesar* for them tway.
Paul bids us be obedient
To kings as the most excellent:
The contrair did Pope *Celestin*,
When that his sanctitude screen
Did crown *Henry* the emperor,
I think he did him small honor,
For with his hand he did him crown,
Then with his feet the crown cast down,
Saying, I have authority
Men to exalt to dignity,
And to make emperors and kings,
And then deprive them of their reigns.
Peter by mine opinion,
Did never use such dominion:
Appearantly by my judgment,
This Pope read ne'er the New Testament:

had learned at that lore,
did refused such vain-glore;
Barnabas, Peter and Paul,
right so Chrill's disciples all.
good captain *Cornelius,*
when saint *Peter* came to his house,
worship him fell at his feet;
saint *Peter* with humble sp'rit,
raise him up with diligence,
did refuse such reverence.
so saint *John* the evangelist,
angel's feet he would have kilt,
he refused such honor,
saying, I am but servitor,
make thy fellow and thy brother:
glory to God, and to none other.
likewise *Barnabas* and *Paul,*
honour did refuse at all,
in *Syria* where they wrought great works:
priests of *Jupiter* and his clerks,
all the people with their advice,
would have made to them sacrifice;
which they were so discontent,
that they their cloathing rave and rent,
and *Paul* among them rudely ran,
saying, I am a mortal man;
glory to God of kings King,
made heaven, earth, and every thing.
saint *Peter* and *John* vain-glore refus'd?
in *Popes* why should vain-glore be us'd?
saint *Andrew, John, James* and *Paul,*
Chrill's true disciples all,
God's word their faith defended;
burn and scald they ne'er pretended.
The *Pope* defends his traditions,
blazing fire without remissions:
let men break the law divine,
they are not put to so great p'ine,

For whoredom, nor idolatry,
For incest, nor adultery;
Or when young virgins are deflor'd,
For such things men are not abhor'd :
But who that eats flesh into lent,
Are terribly put to torment ;
And if a priest happen to marry,
They do him banish, curse and wary,
Though it be not against the law
Of God, as men may clearly know.
Between these two what difference been,
By faithful folk it may be seen.
Such antitheses many mo,
I might declare, which I let go :
But give me leave for to compile,
Of each order the stately stile ;
The silly nuns will think great shame,
Except they called be, madam ;
The poor priest thinks he gets no right,
Be he not stiled like a knight,
And called, Sir, before his name,
As *Sir Thomas*, and *Sir William*.
All monks, as ye may hear and see,
Are called deans for dignity ;
Albeit his mother milk the cow,
He must be called dean *Andrew*,
Dean *Peter*, dean *Paul*, dean *Robert* :
With Christ they take a painful part,
With double cloathing from the cold,
Eating and drinking when they would
With curious countring in the queer :
God knows if they buy heav'n full dear,
My lord abbet right venerable,
Ay marshall'd upmost at the table ;
My lord bishop right reverent,
Sits above earls in parliament.
And cardinals during their reigns,
Fellows to princes and to kings ;

Pope exalted in honor,
The potent emperor.
Proud parson I think truly,
Lads his life right lustily ;
Why he hath no other pine,
Take the tythes and spend them syne ;
He as obliſht by reaſon
Preach unto his pariſhon ;
Though they lack preaching ſeventeen year,
Will not lack a peck of bear :
Parſon hath at his command
Wanton wenches of the land :
They have great prerogatives,
They may part ay with their wives,
Without divorce or ſummoning,
Take another without wedding.
Would think it a luſty life.
When he liſts to change a wife,
Take another of more beauty ;
Seculars lack that liberty,
Which are bound in marriage.
They like rams into their rage,
Cled, run among the ewes :
As nature in them grows :
Like the vicar, as I trow,
Will not fail to take a cow,
Upmoſt cloth, though babes them ban,
A poor ſilly husband-man,
That he lieth for to die,
Of ſmall children two or three :
Hath three kine withoutten ma,
Vicar muſt have one of tha,
The grey cloke that haps the bed,
That he be poorly cled :
If his wife die on the morn,
Though all the babes ſhould be forlorn,
Another cow he cleeks away,
The poor coat of raploch gray ;

And if within two years or three,
 The eldest child happen to die,
 Of the third cow he will be sure.
 When he them hath all under cure,
 And father and mother both are dead,
 Beg must the babes without remead:
 They hold the corps at the kirk stile,
 And there it must remain a while,
 Till they get sufficient soverty,
 For their church-right and duty.
 Then comes the land-lord perforce;
 And cleeks to him an hired horse.
 Poor labourers would these laws were down,
 Which never founded was by reason.
 I heard them say under confession,
 That law was brother to oppression.
 My son, I have shown as I can,
 How the fifth monarchy began,
 Whose great empire for to report
 At length the time been all too short.

A short Description of the Court of Rome.

Father, said I, what rule keep they in Rome,
 Which hath spiritual dominion,
 And monarchy above all christendom?
 Show me, I make you supplication.

E. My son, would I make true narration,
 Said he, to *Peter* and *Paul* though they succeed
 I think they prove not that into their deed.

For *Peter*, *Andrew* and *John*, were fishers for
 Of men and women to the christian faith:
 But they have spread their net with hook and line
 On rents, riches, gold and other graith:
 Such fishing to neglect they will be saith.
 For why they have fished owerthwart strands,
 A great part truly of all temporal lands,

With the tenth part of all goods moveable,
 For the upholding of their dignities:

then their fishing very profitable,
the dry land as well as on the seas :
for berry water they spread o'er all countries,
with their hole-net daily drawn to *Rome*,
most fine gold that is in christendom.
are well say, within this fifty year,
they hath receiv'd forth of this region,
bulls and benefices which they buy full dear,
might full well have payed a king's ransom,
were I worthy for to wear a crown,
it should no more our substance to consume,
sling yearly so great riches to *Rome*.
to their trammel-net they fang'd a fish
greater than a whale, worthy of memory,
whom they had many a dainty dish,
which they are exalted to great glory,
a marvellous monster called Purgatory :
it to us it be not anxiabie,
altho to them been very profitable.
yet they that fruitful fish escape their net,
which they have so great commodities :
more fat fish I trust they shall not get,
if they should search but thro the ocean seas
to see the daily dolorous dirigies.
poor priests may sing with hearts full sory,
at they that painful palace Purgatory.
crewel monkry, with chanon, nun and frier :
ye, they will be lightlied in all lands.
fish will no more be known in church or queer,
they that fruitful fish escape their hands.
would you to bind him fast in bands,
Peter, *Ananias*, nor *John* could ne'er get
profitable a fish into their net.
their merchandize into all nations,
printed lead, their wax, and their parchment,
their pardons and their dispensations,
they do exceed some temporal prince's rent,
such traffick they are not negligent :

Of benefice they make great merchandise,
Though Simony, which they hold little vice.

Christ did command *Peter* to feed his sheep,
And so he did feed them full tenderly;
Of that command they take but little keep,
But Christ's sheep they spoil piteously,
And with the wool they clothe them curiously.
Like greedy wolves they take of them their food,
They eat the flesh and drink both milk and blood.

For t' eir office, they serve but little hyr:
I think such pastors are not worth to prise,
Which cannot guide their sheep about the myre.
They are so busy in their merchandise:
Though *Peter* was porter of paradise,
That pleasant passage craftily they close,
Through them right few get entres, I suppose.

Christ Jesus said, as *Matthew* doth report,
Wo be to scribes and to pharisiance,
The which did close of paradise the port:
Of them we have the same experience,
To enter there they make small diligence,
They take such care of temporal business,
Right so from us they stop the plain entres.

The spiritual keys that Christ to *Peter* gave,
Their colour with smoke and rust are faded;
Unexercis'd they hold them in their neeve.
Of that office they serve to be derided,
With God's word, except that they amend it,
Opening the port which long time hath been closed.
That we may enter them, and be rejoiced,

Contrair to Christ's institution,
To them that die in habit of a frier,
Rome hath them granted full remission,
To pass to heaven straightway withoutten wear,
Which been in *Scotland* used many a year.
Is there such virtue in a frier's hood,
I think in vain Christ Jesus shed his blood.
Would God, the Pope who hath preeminence,

h advice of his councils general,
t they would make their debtful diligence,
t Christ's laws might be kept over all,
truly preached both to great and small:
give to them spiritual authority,
ct. can perfectly show forth the verity,
ho cannot preach a priest should not be named,
may be proved by the law divine:
by the canon law they are defamed.
t takes priest-hood but only to that fine;
all virtue they should their hearts incline,
cial to preach with true intents,
nister the needful sacraments,
for their monks, their canons & their friers,
lusty ladies of religion,
ow not whereto their office effeirs:
men may see their great abusion;
are not like, into conclusion,
er into their words, nor by their warks,
e apollies, prophets, nor patriarchs.
presently these prelates cannot preach,
n let each bishop have a suffragan,
ecessor who can the people teach,
eir expences yearly to remain,
ause the people from their vice refrain:
when a prelate happens to decease,
n put a perfect preacher in his place.
they not so, on them shall ly the charge,
ng unable men authority,
ho would make a steers-man to a barge,
e blind born, which can no danger see;
t ship drown, forsooth I say for me,
gave the steers-man such commission,
d of the ship make restitution
e human laws that are contrarious,
not conforming to the law divine,
should expel, and hold them odious,
they percive them come to no good fine,

Invented but for sensual mens engine;
As that law which forbiddeth marriage,
Causing young clerks burn into lust's rage.

Full hard it is chastity to observe,
Without great grace and abstinence.
In o our flesh ay reigneth till we serve,
That first original sin, concupiscence,
Which we through *Adam's* disobedience
Have done incur, and shall endure for ever,
Till that our soul and body death dis sever.

Wherefore made God of marriage the band
In paradise, as scripture doth record.

In *Galilee* right so I understand,
Was marriage honored by Christ our Lord:
Old law and new thereto they do concord.
I think, for me, better that they had slept,
Than to have made a law, and never kept.

Took not Christ Jesus his humanity
Of a virgin in marriage contracted,
And of her flesh clad his divinity?
Why have they done this blessed bond dejected
In their kingdom? would God it were corrected
That young prelates might marry lusty wives,
And not in sensual lust so lead their lives.

Did not Christ chuse of honest married men
As well as they had kepted chastity,
For to be his disciples, as ye ken,
As in the scripture clearly thou mayst see?
They kepted still their wives with honesty:
As *Peter* and his spoused brethren all,
Observed chastity matrimonial.

But now appears the prophecy of *Paul*,
How some should rise into the latter age,
That from the true faith should depart and fall,
And some forbid the bond of marriage.
Als thou shalt find into that same passage,
They shall command from meats to abstain,
Which God create his people so sustain.

Since the Pope our spiritual prince and king,
Whose such vices manifest,
In his kingdom suffers for to reign,
Men by whom the verity is suppress:
He not himself more than the rest.
How should we members be well used,
Thus our spiritual heads are abused!
That famous ancient doctor *Avicen*,
When ill rheum descendeth from the head,
The members genders meekle pain,
That there be made hastily remead,
The cold humour doth therefrom proceed,
Which it causeth arthritica,
Which so into the hands *Chiragra*.
Which maladies it genders many mo,
That men get some sovereign preserve.
This thing *Seratica passio*,
In the breast sometimes the strong caterve,
Which causeth men right hastily to starve:
Which *Pelagra* right difficile for to cure
Which ensues feet, which long time doth endure.
To this most triumphant court of *Rome*,
Whose similitude I may full well compare,
Which hath been heirship o'er all christendom,
To the world an evil examplar,
Which sometimes was lead-star and luminar,
The most sapient seat of sanctitude,
Now, alas! bare of beautitude.
Which their kingdom may be called *Babylon*,
Which sometimes was a bright *Jerusalem*,
Which mainly meaneth the Apostle *John*.
Which most famous city hath lost the fame:
Which sitters thereof their noble name.
Which why they have on saints the habitacle,
Which even *Magus* made a tabernacle.
Which horrible vail of every kind of vice,
Which filthy loch of stinking lechery,
Which a filthy cave, corrupted with covetice,

Border'd about with pride and *Simony*;
Some say, a cistern full of *Sodomy*:
Whose vice in special, if I would declare,
It were enough for to perturb the air.

In truth the whole christian religion,
Through them is scandalized and offended;
It cannot fail, but their abuson,
Before the throne of God it is ascended.
I dread, but doubt, except that they amend it,
The plagues of *John* his Revelation,
Shall fall upon their generation.

O Lord, who hast the heart of every king
Into thine hand, I make thee supplication,
Convert that court, that of thy grace benign,
They would make general reformation
Among themselves in every nation,
That they may be an holy exemplar
To us thy poor laick common popular.

Hungred, alas! for want of sp'ritual food,
Because from us is hid the verity:
O Prince, that shed for us thy precious blood,
Kindle in us the fire of charity,
And save us from eternal misery,
Now labouring in thy church militant,
That we may come to thy church triumphant.

The Fourth B O O K.

ing Mention of the Death of *Antichrist*,
the General Judgment, *etc.* With an
Exhortation by EXPERIENCE to the Cour-
age.

Rudent father *Experience*,

Since you of your benevolence.

caused me for to consider,

worldly pomp and glorie been slider,

vers stories miserable,

ch to rehearse been lamentable,

re the pass out of this vale,

you give me your counsel,

shall I do in time coming,

ave the glorie everlasting?

My son, said he, set thine intent

keep the Lord's commandment:

press thee not to climb o'er hy

worldly authority.

in this world do most rejoice,

ardest ay from their purpose.

wouldst thou leave worldly vanities,

think on four extremities,

ch are to come, and that shortly,

wouldst never sin wilfully:

these four in thy memory,

the hell and heav'n's glory,

extreme judgment general,

re thou must render a count of all;

thalt not fail to be content,

quiet life and sober rent,

Con-

Considering no man can be sure
In earth one hour for to endure :
So all worldly prosperity
Is mixed with great misery,
Were thou emperor of *Asia*,
King of *Europe* and *Africa*,
Great dominator of the sea:
And though the heavens did thee obey,
All fishes swimming in the strand,
All beasts and fowls at thy command ;
Concluding thou wert king o'er all,
Under the heavens imperial,
In that most high authority,
Thou shouldst find least tranquility.
Example of king *Solomon*,
More precious life had never none :
Such riches with so great pleasure,
Had never king nor emperor,
With most profound intelligence,
And super-excellent sapience,
His pleasant habitations,
Precelled other nations.
Gardens and parks for harts and hinds,
Stanks with fishes of divers kinds ;
Most profound masters of mulick,
That in the world was none them like ;
Such treasure of gold and precious stones,
In earth had never king at once.
He had seven hundred lusty queens,
And three hundred fair concubins ;
In earth there was nothing pleasant
Contrarious to his command :
Yet all his great prosperity,
He thought it vain and vanity,
And never found repose compleat,
Without affliction of the sp'rit.

C. Father, said I, it marvels me,
He having such prosperitie,

to great riches above measure,
not infinite pleasure.
My son, said he, if thou wouldst know,
erity I shall thee show :
is no worldly thing at all,
atisfy a man's soul ;
is so insatiable,
heaven and earth may not be able
alone for to content,
see God Omnipotent.
ever none, nor never shall be
that sight till that he see.
efore, my son, set not thy cure,
h where nothing can be sure,
the death allanerly,
h follows men continually :
fore, my son, remember thee,
n short time that thou must die,
nknowing when, how, or in what place,
it pleaseh the King of Grace.

OF DEATH.

miseries most miserable,
s death, and most abominable :
dreadful dragon with his darts,
dy for to pierce the hearts
ry creature on live :
air whose strength may no man strive.
sent death this sore sentence,
given through disobedience
parents ; alas ! therefore,
ave done declare before,
they and their posterity,
all condemned for to dy.
the flesh to death be thrall,
ath the soul made immortal,

And

And so of his benignity,
Hath mixt his justice with mercy :
Therefore call to remembrance,
Of this false world the variance,
How we like pilgrims even and morrow,
Are travelling through this vale of sorrow,
Sometime in vain prosperity,
And sometime in great misery.
Sometime in blis, sometime in bail,
Sometime right sick, and sometime hail.
Sometime full rich, and sometime poor :
Wherefore, my son, take little cure,
Neither of great prosperity,
Nor yet of greater misery ;
But pleasant life, and hard mischance,
Ponder them both in one balance,
Considering none other authority :
Riches, wisdom, nor dignity,
Empire of realms, beauty, nor strength,
May not one day our lives length :
Since we are sure that we must die,
Farewel all vain felicity.
Greatly it doth perturb my mind,
Of dolent death the divers kind :
Though death to every man resorts,
Yet strikes he into sundry sorts ;
Some by hot fevers violence,
Some by contagious pestilence.
Some by justice execution,
Been put to death without remission,
Some hanged, some do lose their heads,
Some hurt, some sodden into leads :
And some for their unlawful acts
Are rent and riven on the racks ;
Some are dissolved by poison,
Some in the night are murder'd down ;
Some falls into phrenely,
Some dies into hydropily.

other strange infirmities
in many a thousand dies,
human nature doth abhorre ;
the gout, gravel and gore,
in the flux and fever quartan,
the hour of death's uncertain.
are dissolved suddenly,
barre or apoplexy,
do destroy theirself, and also
Annibal and-wise *Cato*.
under death doth some consume,
did the third king of *Rome*,
and *Tullus Hostilius*,
writeth great *Valerius* ;
and his household at once,
burnt by thunder, flesh and bones.
dieth by extreme excess
as *Valerio* doth expresse,
by extreme melancholy,
die but other malady.
chronicles thou mayst well ken,
many hundred thousand men
since first the world began
died, and how many a man
the seas do lose their lives,
that ships upon the rocks rive :
though some die naturally through age,
do die raving in a rage.
is he the which hath space,
last hour to cry for grace.
death be abominable,
it shou'd be comfortable
them of the faithful number,
they depart from care and cumber,
trouble, travel, sturt and strife,
joy and everlasting life.
as *Virgilius*,
that effect he writeth thus :

In

In *Thrace*, when any child was born,
 Their kin and friends was them beforne,
 With dolent lamentation,
 For the great tribulation,
 Calamity, cumber and cure,
 That they on earth are to endure;
 But at their death and burying,
 They make great joy and banqueting,
 That they have pass from misery,
 To rest and great felicity.
 Since death been final conclusion,
 What avails worldly provision,
 When wisdom may not countermand,
 Nor strength the stout may not gainstand?
 Ten thousand millions of treasure,
 May not prolong thy life one hour:
 After whose dolent departing,
 Thy spirit shall but tarrying,
 Straightway to joy inestimable,
 Or to strong pain intolerable.
 Thy vile corrupted carion,
 Shall turn to putrification,
 And so remain in powder small,
 Unto the judgment general.

A short Description of the Antichrist.

Said I, Father, I hear men say,
 That there shall rise before that day,
 Which ye call general judgment,
 A wicked man from satan sent,
 And contrary the law of Christ,
 Called the cruel *Antichrist*;
 And some says, that mischievous man
 Descend shall of the tribe of *Dan*,
 That should be born in *Babylon*,
 The which deceive shall many one,

shall of every art,
 that false prophet take a part :
 Now *Enoch* and *Elias*,
 reach against that false *Messias* :
 ally his false doctrine,
 shall be put to ruin ;
 ther by the fire nor sword,
 the virtue of God's word :
 this be of verity,
 both I pray you show to me ?
 My son, said he, as writeth *John*,
 shall not be a man alone,
 g that name in special ;
Antichrists in general
 been, and now are many one ;
 ight so in the time of *John*,
Antichrists, as himself says,
 sently now in these days,
 ight many withouten doubt,
 their false laws well sought out :
 was a greater *Antichrist*,
 ore contrarious to *Christ*,
 the false prophet *Muhamet*,
 his curst laws made so sweet ?
 y yet they are observ'd,
 e through the hell he hath deserv'd,
Turkey, Saracens and *Jews*,
 n the Son of God not trows,
Antichrists I thee declare,
 e to *Christ* they are contrair.
 f says in his prophecies,
 after these great monarchies
 ise a marvelous potent king,
 a with a shameful face shall reign,
 y and wile in dark speakings,
 roperous in all pleasant things :
 gh his falshood and craftiness,
 ll flow into wealthiness,

The godly people he shall noy
 By cruel death, and them destroy ;
 The King of kings shall him gainstand,
 Then be destroyed withoutten hand.
Paul says, before the Lord's coming,
 That there shall be a departing,
 And that man of iniquity,
 To all men he shall open be ;
 Which shall sit on the holy seat,
 Contrary God to make debate ;
 But that son of perdition
 Shall be put to confusion,
 By power of the Holy Sp'rit,
 When he his time hath done compleat.
 Believe not that in time coming,
 A greater Antichrist shall reign
 Than there hath been, and presently
 Are now, as clerks can espy :
 Therefore my will is that thou know,
 Whate'er they be that make the law,
 Though they be called christian men,
 By natural reason thou mayst ken,
 Be they never of so great valor,
 Pope, cardinal, king, or emperor,
 Extolling their traditions
 Above Christ's institutions,
 Making laws contrair to Christ,
 He is a very Antichrist.
 And who doth fortify or defend
 Such law, I make it to thee kend,
 Be he a Pope, emperor, king or queen,
 Great sorrow shall on him be seen
 At Christ his extreme judgment,
 Except in time they do repent.

port Rem

Ather, I
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part Remembrance of the most terrible Day of
Judgment.

Ather, said I, with your licence,
Since you have such experience,
Nothing at you would I spear,
When shall this dreadful day appear,
When you call judgment general,
What things before that day shall fall?
When shall appear that dreadful Judge?
How may faulters get refuge?

Said he, As to thy first question,
I make no solution,
Before perturb not thine intent,
How the day, hour, or moment;
God alone the day is known,
Which never was to angels shown:

Not by divers conjectures,
Nor principal expositures,
Daniel and his prophecy,
Nor by the sentence of *Elie*,
Which have declared as they can,
How long is't since the world began;
Nor to show have done their cure,
How long they trust it shall endure;
Nor how many ages been,
Nor their works it may be seen.

Not declare these questions,
Nor are divers opinions,
Nor writers have the world divided
In ages, as been decided,
In *seculis temporum*,
In *chronica chronicorum*;
Nor by the sentence of *Elie*
Which world divided is in three,
Naming master *Carion*,
Which made plain exposition,

How *Elie* says withoutten wears,
The world shall last six thousand years :
Of whom I follow the sentence,
And let the other books go hence,
From the creation of *Adam*,
Two thousand years to *Abraham*,
From *Abraham*, by this narration,
To Christ his incarnation,
Right so hath been two thousand years,
As by their prophecies appears :
From Christ, as they make to us kend,
Two thousand years to the world's end,
The which are by-gone, as I ween,
A thousand, six hundred ten and thirteen,
And so remains to come but wear,
Three hundred threescore and eighteen year
And then the God Omnipotent,
Shall come to his great judgment.
Christ says, the time shall be made short,
As *Matthew* plainly doth report,
That for the world's iniquity,
The latter time shall shortned be ;
For pleasure of the chosen number,
That they may pass from care and cumber.
So by this count it may be kend,
The world is drawing near an end :
For legions are come, no doubt,
Of Antichrists were they sought out ;
And many tokens do appear,
As after shortly thou shalt hear :
How that saint *Jerome* doth indite,
That he hath read in *Hebrew* write,
Of fifteen things in special,
Before that judgment general :
Of some of them I take no cure,
Which I find not in the scripture.
A part of them though I declare,
First, I will to the scripture fare :

It says, before that day of doom,
 ere shall be signs in sun and moon;
 the sun shall hide his beams bright,
 that the moon shall give no light:
 the glittering stars by mens judgment,
 shall fall forth of the firmament.
 If these signs ere we further gone,
 the moral sense we will expone,
 cunning clerks have oft declar'd,
 have the sun and moon compar'd,
 the sun to the state spiritual,
 the moon to princes temporal.
 As to the stars they do compare,
 a sick common popular.
 The moon and stars have no light,
 the reflex of Phebus bright:
 when the sun of light is dark,
 the moon and stars must needs be mirk,
 as to when pastors spirituals,
 bishops and cardinals,
 their beginning shews great light,
 the temporal state was ruled right:
 now, alas! it is not so;
 their shining lamps been long ago,
 their radious beams are turn'd to reek,
 now in earth nothing they seek,
 but riches and dignity,
 showing their sensuality.
 The prelates are now reignand;
 which no more do understand
 that doth pertain to their office,
 nor they can kindle fire with ice.
 As to popes, I say for me,
 I suffer such enormity,
 ignorant worldly creatures
 should in the church have any cures.
 Marvel though the people slide,
 that they have blind men to their guide.

For a prelate that cannot preach,
Nor God's law to people teach,
Eſay compares them in his wark,
To a dumb dog that cannot bark :
And Chriſt him calleth in his grief,
Moſt like a murderer or thief.
The cunning doctor *Auguſtine*,
To wolves and devils doth them define.
The canon law doth them deſame,
That of a prelate bears the name,
And will not preach the divine laws,
As the decrees plainly ſhaws.
But thoſe that have authority,
To provide ſpiritual dignity,
Might, if they pleaſed to take pain,
Cause them light all their lamps again ;
But ne'er, alas ! that is not done,
So darkned been both ſun and moon.
Were kings lives well declared,
The which are to the moon compared,
Men might conſider their eſtate,
From charity degenerate,
I think they ſhould think meikle ſhame
Of Chriſt for to take their ſurname :
They live not like to Chriſtians,
But more like Turks or Pagans.
Turks contrair Turks make little wear,
But chriſtian princes take no fear,
Which ſhould agree as brother with brother ;
But now each one dings down another :
I know no reaſonable cauſe wherefore,
Except pride, covetice, and vain-glory :
The emperor moves his ordinance
Contrair the potent king of *France*,
And *France* right ſo with great rigor,
Contrair his friend the emperor ;
And right ſo *France* againſt *England*,
And *England* againſt *Scotland*,

eke the *Scots* with all their might,
 ight for to defend their right.
 een the realms of *Albin*,
 ere battles have been many one,
 be made no affinity,
 yet no consanguinity :
 by no way they can consider,
 t they may have no peace together :
 ad these wars make no ending,
 they be both under one king.
 ough Christ the sovereign King of grace,
 in his testament love and peace,
 kings from war will not restrain,
 there be many a thousand slain :
 t damage made by sea and land,
 ll the world may understand.
 Father, I think that temporal kings
 ight for to defend their reigns ;
 I have seen the spiritual state
 e war, their rights for to debate.
 Pope *Julius* manfully,
 to the field triumphantly,
 n a right awful ordinance,
 trair *Lewis* the king of *France* ;
 for to do him more despite,
 id his region interdite.
 My son, said he, as I suppose,
 t belongs well to our purpose,
 an and moon are both denude
 ight, as clerks do conclude :
 paring them, as you heard tell,
 piritual state and temporal :
 common people have despaired,
 ch to the stars have been compared.
 A people follow ay their heads,
 specially into their deeds,
 most part of religion
 turned to abusion.

What doth avail religious weeds,
When they are contrair to their deeds,
What holiness is there within
A wolf clad in a wedder's skin?
So by these tokens doth appear,
The day of judgment draweth near.

Now let us leave this mortal sense,
Proceeding to our purpose hence,
And of this matter speak no more,
Beginning where we left before.
The scripture says, After these signs,
Shall be seen many marvellous things,
Then shall rise tribulations
In earth, and great mutations,
As well here under, as above,
When power of the heavens shall move,
Such cruel wars shall be ere than,
Was never since the world began:
The which shall cause great indigence,
As dearth, hunger and pestilence:
The horrible sound of the sea,
The people shall perturb and flee:
Jerome says, It shall rise on hight
Above the mountains by mens sight:
But it shall not spread o'er the land,
But like a wall shall straight upstand,
Then settle down again so low,
That no man shall the water know:
Great whales shall rumish, rout and rair,
Whose sound redound shall in the air,
All fish monsters marvellous,
Shall cry with sounds odious,
That men shall wither on the eird,
And weeping wary shall their wierd,
With loud alas, and wail-away,
That e'er they liv'd to see that day,
And specially those that dwelling be,
Upon the coasts of the sea.

so, as *Jeremie* concludes,
 be seen serlies on the floods:
 sea with moving marvellous,
 burn with flames furious:
 so shall burn fountains and flood,
 herb and trees shall sweet like blood.
 shall fall out of the air,
 bealls to the plain repair,
 in their manner make their moan,
 ling with many a grielly groan.
 bodies of the dead creatures,
 ear shall on their sepulchres:
 shall both men, women and bairns
 e crying forth of dark caverns,
 ere they for dead were hid before,
 h sighs and sobs, and heart full sore,
 dring about as they were wood,
 mished for fault of food:
 e may make other comforting,
 double grief and lamenting.
 at may they do but weep and wonder,
 en they see rocks shake all asunder,
 ough trembling of the earth and quaking,
 orrow then shall be no flaking.
 y that are living in those days,
 tell of terrible affrays.
 n riches, rents, and great treasure,
 t time may do them small pleasure;
 when such wonders do appear,
 may be sure that day draws near.
 iust men shall pass to the gloire,
 ut to pain for evermore.
 Father, said I, we daily read
 article into our Creed,
 ng, that Christ Omnipotent,
 that general judgment,
 ludge both quick and dead also;
 erefore declare me ere I go,

If there shall any man or wife,
That day be founded upon life?

E. Said he, As to that question,
I shall make sure solution :
The scripture plainly doth expone.
When all tokens are come and gone,
Yet many an hundred thousand men,
That self-same day shall be livand,
Albeit there shall no creature,
Neither of day nor hour be sure :
For Christ shall come so suddenly,
That no man shall the time espy,
As it was in the time of No^h,
When God did all the world destroy :
Some on the field shall be laboring,
Some in the temple marrying,
Some before judges making plea,
And some men sailing on the sea :
Those that be on the field going,
Shall not return to their lodging :
Who been upon the house above,
Shall not have leisure to remove.
Two shall be in the mill grinding,
Which shall be taken without warning,
The one to everlasting gloire,
The other lost for evermore.
Two shall be lying in one bed,
The one to pleasure shall be led,
The other shall be left alone,
Weeping with many a grievous grone.
And so, my son, thou mayst well trow,
The world shall be as it is now,
The people using business,
As holy scripture doth express.
Since no man knows the hour or day,
The scripture bids us watch and pray,
And for our sins be penitent,
As Christ would come incontinent.

Manner how Christ shall come to his Judgment.

Then all these tokens are brought to an end,

Then shall the Son of God descend:

re-slaughts hastily glancing,

and shall the great heavenly King,

hebus in the orient

tneth in haste the occident,

pleasantly he shall appear,

ing the heavenly clouds clear,

o great power and majestie,

ve the country of *Indie*,

erks have concluded haill,

ft above the lully vale

Sephat, and Mount *Olivet*,

prophecy there shall be compleat,

angels of the orders nine,

ron shall the throne divine,

a humble adoration,

ing him ministration:

is presence there shall be born

sign of cross, and crown of thorn,

e and nails, scourges and spear,

every thing that dld him dear,

time of his grim passion,

for our consolation,

ar shall in His hands and feet,

in his side the print compleat

a five wounds precious,

ing like rubies radious,

probrates confusion:

for final conclusion,

ing in his tribunal,

great power imperial,

shall an angel blow a blast,

shall make all the world agast,

With hideous voice and vehement,
 'Rise up dead folk, come to judgment.'
 With that all reasonable creature,
 That ever was formed by Nature,
 Shall suddenly rise up at once,
 Conjoin'd with soul, flesh, blood and bones.
 That terrible trumpet, I hear tell,
 Shall be heard in heaven, earth and hell:
 Those that were drowned in the sea,
 That boisterous blast they shall obey,
 Wherever the body buried was,
 All shall be found into that place,
 Angels shall pass in the four airts
 Of earth, and bring them from all parts,
 And with an instant diligence,
 Present them to his excellence.
 Saint *Jerome* thought continually
 On this judgment so ardently;
 He said, Whether I eat or drink,
 Or wake, or sleep, forsooth, I think,
 That terrible trumpet like a bell,
 So quickly in mine ears doth knelly
 As instantly as it were present.
 'Rise up, dead folk, come to judgment.'
 If saint *Jerome* took such bliss,
 Alas! what shall we sinners say?
 All those that shall be found alive,
 Then shall immortal be believe:
 And in the twinkling of an eye,
 With fire they shall translated be,
 And never for to die again,
 As divine scripture showeth plain:
 As ready both for pain and glory,
 As they which died long time before.
 Some authors say, they shall appear
 In age of three and thirty year,
 Whether they die young or old,
 Whole great number may not be told.

at day shall not be mist one man,
which was born since the world began.
The angels shall them separate
doth an herd, sheep from the goat,
and those that be of *Belial's* band,
sembling upon the earth shall stand,
the left hand of that great Judge,
desperance to get refuge;
these that are predestinate,
all from the earth be elevate:
and that most happy company,
all ordered be triumphantly,
the right hand of Christ our King,
high in the air with loud loving.
All gloriously there shall compear,
more bright than *Phæbus* in his sphere.
The Virgin *Mary* Queen of queens,
with many a thousand of virgins.
The fathers of the Old Testament,
which were to God obedient,
whether *Adam* shall them convoy,
with *Abel*, *Seth*, *Enoch* and *Noy*;
Nathan with all his faithful warks,
with all the prudent patriarchs:
In the *Baptist* shall there compear,
the principal and last messenger,
which came but half a year before
the coming of the King of gloire,
Isaiah and *Esaïas* honorable,
with all true prophets venerable.
And with all the faithful kings,
which virtuously did rule their reigns,
the noble chieftan *Josue*,
with gentle *Judas Maccabe*,
with many a noble champion,
which in their time with great renown
loyally to their lives end,
the law of God they did defend.

With

With *Eve* that day shall be present,
The ladies of the Old Testament;
Deborah, *Adam's* daughter dear,
With four most lusty ladies clear,
Which kept were in the ark with *Noy*.
Sara and *Keturah* with joy,
The which to *Abraham* wives been,
With good *Rebecca* there shall be seen.
The prudent wives of *Israel*,
Good *Leah*, and the fair *Rachel*,
With *Judith*, *Hester* and *Susanna*,
And the right sapient queen *Seba*.
There shall compear *Peter* and *Paul*,
With *Christ* his good disciples all.
Laurence and *Steven* with their blest band,
Of martyrs mo than ten thousand,
Gregory, *Ambrose* and *Augustin*,
With confessors, a triumphant train;
With saint *Francis* and *Benedick*,
Saint *Bernard*, and saint *Dominick*,
With small number of monks and friers,
Of *Carmelites* and *Cordeliers*,
That for the love of *Christ* only,
Renounc'd the world unfeignably:
With *Elizabeth* and *Anna*,
All good wives shall compear that day.
The blest and holy *Alagdalen*,
That day before her Sovereign.
Right pleasantly he shall present,
All sinners that were penitent,
Which of their guilt here asked grace,
In heaven with her shall have a place.
But wo be to that hateful band,
Which shall stand low at his left hand;
Wo then to kings and emperors,
That were unrighteous conquerors,
For their glorie and particular good,
Caus'd shed so meikle sakeless blood,

scepter, crown and robe royal,
that day they shall make count of all,
for their cruel tyranny,
they shall be punished perpetually.
And lords and barons more and less,
that your poor tenants did oppress,
great girsuns and double mail,
more than your lands were avail,
in fore exorbitant carriage,
in mercheets of their marriage,
lamented both in peace and wear,
in burdens more than they can bear,
they have payed to you their mail,
to the priest the teinds haill,
when the land again is sown,
that rests behind I would were known.
But, they and their poor household,
told of much hunger and cold,
that ye have of them piry,
that you shall get no mercy,
that day when Christ Omnipotent,
comes to his general judgment.
To be to publick oppressors,
tyrants and to transgressors,
murderers and common thieves,
that did not mend their great mischieves,
licensors and usurers,
common publick adulterers,
everle wicked hereticks,
false deceitful schismatics,
shall be present in that place,
many lamentable Alas;
curst Cain that ne'er was good,
all shedders of sakeless blood,
and the founder of Babylon,
false idolaters many one,
the king of Assyria,
great dole shall compare that day,

Which

Which first invented imagery,
 Where through came great idolatry,
 For making of that image *Bell*,
 That day his hire shall be in hell.
 The great oppressor *Pharao*,
 That tyrant emperor *Nero*,
 Shall with them curst king *Herod* bring,
 With many other careful king;
 The cruel king *Antiochus*,
 With the most furious *Olifernus*,
 Great oppressors of *Israel*,
 That day their hire shall be in hell.
 With *Judas* shall compear a clan
 Of false traitors to God and man.
 There shall compear of every land,
 With *Ponce Pilate* a bailful band
 Of temporal and spiritual states,
 False judges with their advocates.
 There shall our senators of the session,
 Of all their faults make clear confession.
 There shall be seen the fraudulent failries,
 With sheriffs, provost, and of bailies:
 Officials with their consistory clerks,
 Shall make count of their wrongous warks,
 They and their perverse procutors,
 Oppressors both of rich and poors,
 Through dilatours full of false deceit,
 Which many one caus'd beg their meat.
 Great dole that day to judges been,
 That comes not with their conscience clean,
 That day shall pass by peremptors
 Without-cautel, or dilators;
 No *duplicandum* nor *triplicandum*,
 But shortly pass to *sententiandum*,
 Without continuations,
 Or any applications
 That sentence shall not be retreated,
 Nor with no man of law debated.

orers of sea and lands,
 craftsmen and rich merchands,
 your deceits and crafty wiles,
 in silly simple folk beguiles:
 recompence here as ye may,
 bring on that dreadful day.
Mahomet shall compear no doubt,
 with *Christ* an hideous rout.
Annas and *Cajaphas*,
 them in company shall pass.
 scribes and false pharisiens,
 wrought on *Christ* great violence,
 many a *Turk* and *Saracen*,
 great sorrow their shall be seen,
 with their traditions,
 fair *Christ*'s institutions,
 many a cowl and clipped crown,
 which *Christ*'s laws hath beaten down:
 would not suffer for to preach
 verity, nor the people teach,
 sick men put to great torment,
 which used *Christ* his testament.
 kings and queens there shall be kend,
 which such laws do defend.
 that court shall come many one
 that black byke of *Babylon*,
 innocent blood that day shall cry
 and vengeance full piteously,
 these cruel bloody butchers
 martyrs, prophets and preachers;
 with the fire, some with the sword,
 which plainly preached *God* his word.
 that day they shall rewarded be,
 for to their iniquity.
Sodomites and *Gomorrhane*,
 whom *God* wrought to great vengeance,
Corah, *Dathan* and *Abiron*,
 with their assistants many one:

The holy Scriptures will thee tell,
 How they sank down all to the hell.
 With *Simon Magus* shall resort,
 Of proud priests a shameful sort.
 The self-same day there shall be seen,
 Many a cruel careful queen;
 Queen *Semiramis* king *Ninus*' wife,
 A tyger full of sturt and strife,
 Together with queen *Jezabel*,
 Which was covetous and cruel.
 The false deceitful *Delila*,
 With cruel queen *Clytemnestra*,
 The which did murder in the night,
Agamemnon both wise and wight.
 The which was her sovereign lord,
 As *Greek* stories do record:
 With cruel queens many one,
 Which longsome were for to expone.

Ye wanton ladies and burghers wives,
 That now for sidelt tails strives,
 Flapping the filth among your feet,
 Raising the dust into the street,
 That day for all your pomp and pride,
 Your tails shall not your hips hide,
 These vanities ye shall repent,
 Unless that ye be penitent.
 Which *Pythonissa*, I hear tell,
 Which raised the spirit of *Samuel*,
 That day with her there shall resort.
 Of rank witches a sorrowful sort,
 Brought from all partt many a mile,
 From *Savoy*, *Atbol* and *Argyle*,
 And from the Rynds of *Galloway*,
 With a woful wail-away.

Ye brethren of religion,
 In time leave your abusion,
 With which ye have the world abused,
 Or ye that day shall be refused.

ask to you all in general,
to one order special :
that day all creatures shall ken,
were saints or worldly men,
ye took the chapelry,
ye might live most pleasantly,
get good large portion,
or a godly devotion.
that day your feigned sanctitudes,
not be known by your hoods :
superstitious ceremonies,
participate with idolatries.
no cutted shoes, nor clipped head,
that day shall stand you in no stead :
hens black, gray, nor begard,
all that day get your reward.
no polite painted flattery,
no dissimulate hypocrisy,
that day they shall be clearly known,
when they shall reap as they have sown.
before in time be penitent,
lest that day ye shall be shent ;
if ye heartily, as I may,
remember on that dreadful day.
abbots, priors, or prioresses,
advice what ye do profess ;
show that your promotion
is nothing for devotion,
to obtain the abbacy.
made your vow of chastity,
poverty and obedience :
before remord your conscience.
if these three vows been observed,
what reward hath been deserved.
before repent while ye have space,
for God is liberal of his grace.
My Father, said I, declare to me,
what shall our prelates ordered be,

Which

Which now are in the world livand?
With whom shall come that spiritual band?

E. Said he, As *saint Bernard* describes,
Except that they amend their lives,
And leave their wanton vicious warks,
Not with the prophets, nor patriarchs,
Nor with the martyrs and confessors,
The which of Christ were true preachers.
Their predecessors *Peter* and *Paul*,
That day will them misknow at all:
So shall they not, I say for me,
With the apostles ordered be:
I trust they will dwell on the border
Of Hell, where there shall be no order,
Enlong the flood of *Phlegeton*,
Or on the brays of *Acheron*,
Crying on *Charon* I conclude,
To ferry them o'er that furious flood,
To eternal confusion,
Except they leave their abusion.
I trust, these prelates more and less,
Shall make clear count of their riches,
That dreadful day with hearts full sore,
And what service they did therefore.
The princely pomp, or apparel
Of pope, bishop, or cardinal,
Their royal rents and dignitie,
That day shall not regarded be.
There shall no tails, as I hear say,
Of bishops be born up that day;
Come they not with their conscience clean,
On them great sorrow shall be seen,
Except that they their lives amend
In time, and so I make an end.

Manner how Christ shall give his Sentence.

Then all these congregations
Are brought out of all nations,
Which shall be without process
Though I have made so long digress:
In the twinkling of an eye,
Mankind shall presented be,
To that King's Excellence:
Who shortly shall be given sentence:
Saying to that blessed band,
Which ordered be at his right hand,
Come with my Father's benediction,
And receive your possession,
Which was for you preordinate
Before the world was first create:
When I was hungry, ye me fed:
When I was naked ye me cled:
At times ye gave me harbery,
And gave me drink when I was dry:
And visit me with minds meek,
When I was prisoner and sick:
All such tribulation,
Ye gave me consolation:
Now shall they say, O potent King,
When saw we thee desire such thing?
We never saw thine Excellence
Used to such indigence.
Then shall he say, I you assure,
When'er ye did receive the poor
For my sake made them supplic,
A gift doubtless ye gave to me;
Therefore shall now begin your glore,
Which shall endure for evermore.
Then shall he look on his left hand,
And say unto that hateful band,

‘ Pass with my malediction,
‘ To eternal affliction,
‘ In company with fiends fell,
‘ In everlasting fire of hell.
‘ When I stood naked at your gate,
‘ Hungry and thirsty, cold and wet,
‘ Right feeble, sick, and like to dy,
‘ I never got of you supply;
‘ And when I lay in prison strong,
‘ Of you I might have lien full long,
‘ Without your consolation,
‘ Or any supportation.
Trembling for dread, then shall they say,
With many hideous harmefay:
Alas! good Lord, when saw we thee
Subject to such necessitie?
When saw we thee come to our door,
Hungry and thirsty, naked and poor?
When saw we thee in prison ly,
Or thee refused harbory?
Then shall that most precellent King,
To these wretches make answering;
That time when ye refus’d the poor,
Which needful cryed at your door,
And of your superfluity,
For my sake, made them no supply;
Refusing them, ye me refused,
With wretchedness, so ye were abused:
Therefore ye shall have to your hire,
The everlasting burning fire,
Without grace, peace or comforting.
Then shall they cry full sore weeping:
That we were made, alas! good Lord;
Alas! is there no misericord?
But thus withoutten hope of grace,
Tyne presence of that pleasant face,
Alas! for us it had been good,
We had been smored in our good.

with a rear the earth shall rive,
wallow them both man and wife.
shall these creatures forlorn,
the hour that they were born,
many an hideous cry and yell,
time they feel the flames tell,
their tender bodies bite,
the torment shall be infinite.
earth shall close, and from their sight
taken be all kind of light.
shall be howling and weeping,
outten hope of comforting.
at intolerable pain,
ally they shall remain,
ing in furious flames red,
dying, but never dead :
the small minute of an hour,
them shall be so great dolour,
shall think they have done remain
ousand years into that pain.
I tremble to hear tell,
terrible tormenting of hell.
painful pity for to deplore,
ch must endure for evermore.
shall these glorified creatures,
mirth and infinite pleasures,
oyed with joy angelical,
to the heavens imperial,
Christ Jesus our Sovereign King,
ore everlastingly to reign ;
an which passeth the engine,
thousand part for to define,
anerly to the least pleasure
ordinate for one creature.
shall a fire, as clerks fain,
all the hills and valleys plain,
earth up to the heavens impire,
shall renew'd be by that fire,

Purg-

Purging all things material,
Under the heav'ns imperial:
Both earth and water, fire and air,
Shall be more perfect made and fair,
The which before had mixed been,
Shall then be purified and made clean.
The earth like crystal shall be clear,
And every planet in his sphere,,
Shall rest withoutten more moving,
Both starry heaven and crystalin.
The first and highest heavens moveable.
Will stand but turnings, firm and stable,
The sun into the orient,
Will stand and in the occident
Rest shall the moon, and be more clear
Than now is *Phæbus* in his sphere:
And eke the lantern of the heaven,
Shall give more light by degrees seven,
Than it gave since the world began:
The heavens renewed shall be then,
Right to the earth with such device,
Compared to the heavenly paradise:
So heaven and earth shall be all one,
As meaneth the *Apottle John*.
The great sea shall no more appear,
But like a crystal pure and clear,
Passing imagination,
Of man, to make narration
Of glore, which God hath done prepare
To every one which cometh there:
The which with ears, nor yet with een
Of men may not be heard nor seen;
With heart it is unthinkable,
And with tongue unpronounceable:
Whose pleasures shall be so perfite,
Having in God so great delight,
The space now of a thousand year,
That time shall not an hour appear;

cannot comprehended be,
 the pleasant sight shall see.
 Paul was ravish'd in the sp'rit
 the third heaven of glorie repleat:
 says, the secrets which he saw
 were not lawfull for to shaw
 to man on earth livand:
 therefore press not to understand,
 it thereto thou hast desire,
 secrets of the heavens empire.
 more men look on *Phæbus* bright,
 mote feeble shall be their sight.
 so let no man set his cure
 seek the high divine nature;
 more men study, I suppose,
 be the more from their purpose:
 now whereto should men intend,
 which angels cannot comprehend?
 after this great judgment,
 things to us shall be patent.
 as with *Paul* our minds address,
 being full of heavenliness,
 humbly he teacheth us
 for to be too curious:
 let men be of great ingine,
 seek the high secrets divine,
 whose judgments are unsearchable,
 ways strange and investigable,
 it is to say, past out-finding,
 whom no man can find ending.
 solicith us for to implore,
 that God to bring us to his glorie.

Of certain pleasures of the glorified Bodies.

since there is none in earth may comprehend
 The heavenly glorie and wisdom infinite:
 therefore, my son, I pray thee not pretend

Too

Too far to seek that matter of delight,
Which passeth natural reason to endite.
That God before that he the world create,
Prepared to them which are predestinate.

All mortal men shall be made immortal,
That is to say, never to die again;
Impossible, and so celestial,
That fire nor sword may do to them no pain
Nor heat, nor cold, nor frost, nor wind, nor
Though such things were may do to them no
These creatures right so shall they be as clear

As flaming *Phæbus* in his mansion,
Considering then if there shall be great light
When every one into his region
Shall shine like to the sun, and be as bright:
Let us with *Paul* desire to see that sight.
To be dissolv'd *Paul* had a great desire,
With Christ to be into the heaven's empire.

And moreover, as clerks can describe,
These marvellous lights they been incompar
Among the rest, in all their senses five,
They shall have sensual pleasures delectable,
The heavenly sound which shall be inenarrab
Into their ears continually shall ring,
And eke the sight of Christ Jesus our King.
Into this triumphant throne imperial,
With his mother the Virgin Queen of queens
There shall be seen the court celestial,
Apostles, martyrs, confessors and virgins,
Brighter than *Phæbus* in his sphere that shine
The patriarchs and prophets venerable,
There shall be seen in glore inestimable.

And with their spiritual eyes shall be seen,
That sight which is most superexcellant,
God as he is, and evermore hath been,
Continually that sight contempland.
Augustin saith, He'd rather take in hand
To be in hell, he seeing the Essence

od, than be in heaven without his presence.
ho seeing God in his Divinity,
eth in him all other pleasant things,
which with tongue cannot pronounced be:
t pleasure been to see the King of kings!
greatest pain the damned folk down thrings,
to the devils most punishment,
of God to lack fruition.
d moreover they shall feel such a smell,
ounting far the flewr of earthly flowers,
n their mouth a taste, as I hear tell,
eet and supernatural sapours;
hey shall see the heavenly bright colours,
ng among these creatures divine,
h to describe transcendeth man's ingine.
d eke they shall have such agility,
e instant to pass for their pleasure.
housand miles in twinkling of an eye,
t their joys shall be without measure;
shall rejoyce to see the great dolour
nned folk in hell, and their torment,
e it is of God the just judgment.
ility they shall have marvellous
sing that there were a wall of brass,
rious body may right hastily,
rough the wall without impediment pass,
ike as doth the sun-beams out through glass,
rist to his disciples did appear,
tress closs, and none of them did tear.
it in heaven though every creature
not alike felicity and glore,
ery one shall have so great pleasure,
o content, that they desire no more:
e more joy they shall no more implore.
ey shall all be satisfy'd and content,
o this rude example subsequent.
e a crowat, a pint-stoup, and a quart,
on pitcher, a punsion and a tun

Of wine, or balm, give every one his part,
And fill them full till they be over-run :
The little crowat, in comparifon,
Shall be fo full, that it can hold no more
Of fuch meafures, though they were twenty
Into the tun or in the punfion,
So that thefe veffels in one quantity
May hold no more, except they over-run,
Yet have they not alike in quantity :
So by this rude example thou mayft fee,
Though every man be not alike in glorie,
Are fatisfy'd that they defire no more.

Though prefently by God his purveyance,
Both beafts, and fowls, and fifhes in the fea,
Are neceffary for man's fuffenance,
With Corne, herbs, flowers, and fruitful trees
Then fhall there be no commodities ;
The earth fhall bear no plant, nor beaft brute
But as heavens fhall be clear like cryftal.

Suppofe fome be on earth walking here do
Or high above, where'er they pleafe to go,
Of God they have ay clear fruition,
Both eaft and weft, up, down, or to and fro :
Clerks have declared pleasures many mo,
Which doth transcend all mortal man's ingine
The thouland part of thofe pleasures divine.

Into the heaven they fhall perfectly know
Their tender friends, their father & their mo
Their predeceffors whom they never faw :
Their fpoufes, children, their fifters & their bro
And every one fhall have fuch love to other,
Of others glorie and joy they fhall rejoyce,
As of their own, as clerks do fuppofe.

Then fhall be feen the bright *Jerufalem*,
Which *John* faw in his *Revelation*
We mortal men, alas! are fore to blame,
That will not have confideration,
And a continual contemplation,,

th hot desire to come unto that glore,
ich pleasure shall endure for evermore.
Lord our God, and King Omnipotent,
ich knew ere thou the heavens & earth create,
o would to thee be disobedient,
d do deserve for to be reprobate:
ou knowst the number of predestinate,
om thou didst call, and hast them justified,
d shall in heaven with thee be glorified.
Grant us to be, Lord, of that chosen sort,
ich of thy mercy superexcellent
st purity, as scripture doth report,
th the blood of that holy innocent,
s, which made himself obedient
to the death, and starved on the rood:
us, O Lord, be purged with that blood.
ll creatures that ever God created,
writeth *Paul*, they wish to see that day,
en the children of God predestinated,
ll do appear in their new fresh array,
en corruption shall be cleans'd quite away,
d chang'd shall be their mortal quality,
he great glore of immortality.
nd moreover all things corporal,
er the concave of the heavens empire,
at now to labour subject are and thral;
moon and stars, earth, water, air and fire,
a manner they have an hot desire,
hing that day, that they may be at rest,
Erasmus expoundeth manifest.
e see the great globe of the firmament
tinually in moving marvellous:
even planets contrary their intent,
rest about with course contrarious.
wind and sea with storms furious,
troubled air, with frost, and snow, & rain,
that day, they travel ay in pain.
d all the angels of the order nine,

Have compassion on our miseries,
 They wish after that day, and to that fine
 To see us freed from our infirmities,
 And cleansed from these great calamities,
 And troublous life which never shall have end
 Until that day, I make it to thee kend.

*An Exhortation given by Father Experience, unto
 Son the Courteour.*

MY son, now mark well in thy memory,
 Of this false world the troubles transitory
 Whose dreadful days do now draw near an end
 Then call on God to be thine adjutorie,
 And every day, my son, *Memento mori*:
 Thou wotst not when or where that thou shalt
 Here to remain, I pray thee not pretend.
 And since thou knowst the time is very short
 In Christ his blood set all thy whole comfort.

Be not so much lift up in temporal things,
 Since thou perceivest pope, emperor nor king
 Into the earth have no place permanent:
 Thou seest that death them dolefully down throw
 And reaves them from their rents, riches & row
 Therefore on Christ confirm thy whole increase
 And of thy calling be right well content:
 Then God that feedeth the fowls of the air,
 All needful things for thee he shall prepare.

Consider in thy contemplation,
 Ay since the world's first creation,
 Mankind hath suffered this misery mortal:
 Ay tormented with tribulation,
 With dolour, dread and desolation;
Gentiles, and chosen people of *Israel*,
 To this unhap are all subject and thrall:
 Which misery no doubt shall ever endure
 Till the last day, therefore, my son, be sure
 That day, as I have made narration,

Be the day of consolation,
All the children of the chosen number :
Were ended shall be their desolation,
Like I make thee supplication,
Earthly matters take thee no more cumber.
Need not to die, for death is but a slumber;
Take a just life, and with a joyous heart,
Of thy goods take pleasantly thy part.
Four talking; now let us make an end :
Told how *Phœbus* downward doth descend,
Toward his palace in the occident :
See *Cynthia*, I see, she doth pretend,
Her watry region to ascend,
Thy visage pale into the orient.
Dew now donks, the roses redolent.
Merry-golds that all day were rejoiced
By *Phœbus*' heat, now craftily are closed.
The blissful birds are bowning to their trees,
Ceaseth from their heavenly harmonies.
The corn-craiks in the craft I hear her cry ;
The bat, the howlet, feeble of their eyes,
Their pastime now in the evening lies,
The nightingale with mirthful melody,
Their natural notes do pierce up thro' the sky,
By *Cynthia* making her observance,
Which on the night doth take her dalliance.
See *Pole Arctick* in the north appear,
And *Venus* rising with her beams clear,
Therefore, my son, I hold it time to go.
Old God, said I, you did remain all year,
That I might of your heavenly lesson lear ;
Your departing I am very wo.
Be patience, said he, it must be so ;
Hence I shall return with diligence.
As I departed from *Experience*.
And sped me home with heart sighing full sore,
Entered in my quiet oratore :

And took paper, and there began to write.
This misery, as you have heard before.
All gentle readers heartily I implore,
For to excuse my rural rude endite:
Though Pharisees would have me at despite,
Which would not that their craftiness were ken
Let God be Judge, and so I make an end.

FINIS. quoad LINDSAY.



T

THE TESTAMENT and COMPLAINT of our
Sovereign Lord King JAMES the fifth
his PAPINGO, lying sore wounded, and
may not die, till every Man have heard
what she says: Wherefore gentle Read-
ers haste you, that she may be put out of
pain. Compiled by Sir DAVID LINDSAY
of the Mount, Knight, alias, Lion King of
Arms.

Liver post sata quiescit.

THE PROLOGUE.

Although I had ingine angelical,
With sapience more than Solomonical,
Not not what matter put in memory:
Poets old in stile heroical,
Brief and subtil terms rhetorical,
Every matter, tragedy and story,
Ornately to their high laud and glory,
Have done indite, whose supream sapience
Inscenderh far my dull intelligence.
If poets now into our vulgar tongue,
Why, the bell of rhetorick been rung
Chaucer, Gower, Ligat laureat,
Dare presume these poets to impugn,
Whose sweet sentence thro' Albion been sung?
Who can now the works counterfeit,
Kennedy, with terms aureat,
Or Dumbear, who language had at large,
May be seen into his golden targe?
Paintin, Mercer, Roul, Henderson, Hay & Holand,
Though they be dead, their lives are livand;

Which to rehearse makes readers to rejoice,
 Alas! for once that lamp was in this land,
 Of Eloquence the flowing balmy strand;
 And in our *English* rhetorick the rose,
 As of rubies the carbuncle is chose.

And as *Phœbus* doth *Cynthia* precel,
 So *Gawn Douglass* bishop of *Dunkel*,

Had, when he was into this land alive,
 Above vulgar poets prerogative,
 Both in practick speculation,
 I say no more, good readers may describe
 His worthy works, in number mo than five:
 And specially the true traastation,
 Of *Virgil*, which been consolation
 To cunning men, to know his great ingine
 As well in natural science, as divine.

And in the court been present in these days,
 That ballads, brieves, lustily and lays,
 Which to our prince daily they do present;
 Who can say more than sir *James English* say
 In ballads, farces, and in pleasant plays?
 But *Culross* hath his pen made impotent;
 Rid in cunning and practick right prudent:
 And *Stewart* who desires a statcly stile,
 Full ornate works daily doth compile.

Stewart of *Lorn* will carp most curiously,
Galbraith, *Kinloch*, when they list them apply,
 Into that art are crafty of ingine:
 But now of late is start up hastily
 A cunning clerk which writeth craftily,
 A plant of poets, called *Ballentine*,
 Whose ornat writs my wits cannot define:
 Get he into the court authority,
 He will precel *Quintine* and *Kennedy*.

So though I had ingine, as I have none,
 I know not what to write, by sweet *St. John*:
 For why, in all the earth, of eloquence
 Is nothing left, but barren stock and stone,

polite terms are pulled every one,
 these furnished poets of prudence;
 since I find none other true sentence,
 I'll declare ere I depart you fro,
 complaint of a wounded *Papingo*.
 therefore because my matter is but rude,
 sentence and of rhetorick denude,
 rural folk my writing is directed,
 seemed from the sight of men of good:
 cunning men I know will soon conclude,
 nothing dowses, but for to be dejected;
 when I hear my matter is detracted,
 shall I swear, I made it but in mowes,
 and wart lassies that milk the kine and ewes.

The Complaint of the Papingo.

Ho climbs too hy, perforce his foot must fail,
 Expreame I shall thee by experience,
 at thou please to hear a piteous tale,
 a fair bird by fatal violence,
 red was and might not make defence
 fair the death, so failed natural strength,
 ter I shall show you at more length.
Papingo, right pleasant and perhte,
 ated was to our most noble king,
 hom his Grace a long time had delight,
 fair in form, I wot flew ne'er on wing,
 proper bird he gave in governing
 e, which was his simple serviture,
 which I did my diligence and cure.
 learn her language artificial,
 ay platfoot, and whiffel, foot before:
 her inclination natural,
 counterfeit all fowls less and more:
 courage she would without my lore,
 like the merl, and crow like the cock,
 like the gled, chant like the laverock.

Bark like a dog, and kekkle like a kae,
 Bleat like an hog, and buller like a bull,
 Gail like a gouk, and weep when she was wae;
 Climb on a cord, and laugh and play the fool,
 She might have been a menstrel against yool,
 This blessed bird was to me so pleasant,
 Where'er I fure, I bare her on mine hand.

And so betel vpon a mirthful morrow,
 Into my garth I past me to repose,
 This bird and I, as we were wont besorrow,
 Among the flowers fresh, fragrant and formos,
 My vital spirits duly did rejoyce,
 When *Phæbus* rose, and rave the clouds sable,
 Through brightness of his beams amiable.

Without vapor was well purificate,
 The temperate air, soft, sober and serene;
 The earth by Nature so edificate,
 With wholesom herbs, blue, white, red and green,
 Which elevate my spirit from the spleen,
 That day *Saturn* and *Mars* durst not appear,
 Nor *Eole* from his cave he durst not tear.

That day perforce behoved to be fair,
 By influence and course celestial,
 No planet pres'd for to perturb the air;
 For *Mereury*, by moving natural,
 Exalted was into the throne triumphal
 Of his mansion into the fifteen gree
 In his own sovereign sign of *Virginie*.

That day did *Phæbus* pleasantly depart
 From *Gemini* and entered into *Cancer*:
 That day *Cupido* did extend his dart;
Venus that day conjoin'd with *Jupiter*.
 That day *Neptune* hid him like a skar:
 That day dame Nature with great busines,
 Furthered *Flora* to show her craftines.

And retrograde was *Mars* in *Chpricorn*,
 And *Cynthia* in *Sagittar* assleas'd;
 That day came *Ceres*, goddess of the corn,

joyfully *John*-upon-land she pleased ;
bad aspect of *Saturn* was appeased
day by *Juno*, of *Jupiter* the joy,
urbing spirits causing to hold coy.
The sound of birds surmounting all the skies,
The melody of notes musical,
The balmy drop of dew, *Titan* up dries,
Lying upon the tender twilts small,
The heavenly hew and sound angelical,
The perfect pleasures printed in mine heart,
With great pain from them I might depart.
All among these herbs amiable,
I remain a space for my pastance,
The worldly pleasure is so variable,
And with sorrow, dread, and inconstance,
Thereunto is no comparifance ;
Might I say, my short solace, alas !
Driven to dolour in a little space.
In that airth among the fragrant flowers,
Lying alone, none but my bird and I :
At the time that I had said mine hours,
The bird I set upon a branch me by,
She began to speak right speedily,
In that tree did so highly ascend,
By no way I might her apprehend.
The sweet bird, said I, beware, mount not too hie,
In time, perchance thy feet may failie,
Thou art right fat and not well us'd to flie :
The greedy gled, I dread she thee assailie.
She said she, vailyie quod vailyie,
My kind to climb ay to the hight,
Flesh and bone, I wot well I am wight.
When on the highest little tender twist,
Her wings display'd, she sat full wantonly :
The breeze blew a blast ere e'er she wist,
She brake the branch, and blew her suddenly
To the ground with many a careful cry,
A liob, she lighted on her breast,

The

The blood rusht out, and she cry'd for a priest

God wot, if then my heart was wo begone,
To see that fowl flighter among the flowrs,
Which with great mourning gan to make her
Now coming are, said she, the fatal hours
Of bitter death now must I thole the show'rs:
O Dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
Lend me leisuare to speak a little space.

For to complain my fate unfortunate,
And to dispoine my goods ere I depart,
Since of all comfort I am desolate,
Alone, except the death here with his dart,
With awful chear, ready to pierce mine heart:
And with that word she took a passion,
Then flatly fell, and swapp'd into swoon.

With sorry heart pierc'd with compassion,
And salt tears distilling from mine een,
To hear that bird's lamentation,
I did approach under an haw-thorn green,
Where I might hear and see, and not bee seen:
And when this bird had swooned twice or thrice
She began to speak, saying on this wise:

O! false fortune, why hast thou me beguil'd
This day at morn, who knew this careful case
Vain hope, through thee my reason was exil'd
Having such trust into thy feigned face:
That e'er I was brought to the court, alas!
Had I in forrest flown among my fears,
I might full well have lived many years.

Prudent counsel, alas! I did refuse,
Against reason using mine appetite:
Ambition did so mine heart abuse,
That *Eclus* at me had great despite,
Poets of me have matter to indite;
Which clamb so high; and wo is me therefore
Not doubting that the death should me devour
This day at morn my form and feathers fair
Above the proud peacock was precelling;

now a cative carion full of care,
 ing in blood down from heart distilling,
 in mine ears the bell of death is knelling.
 world so false, and changeable felicity,
 on thy pride, avarice, and immundicity.
 thee I see nothing is permanent,
 thy short solace, sorrow is the end:
 false infortunate gifts been to us lent,
 day full proud, the morn nothing to spend.
 ye that do pretend ay to ascend,
 fatal end have in remembrance,
 you defend from this unhappy chance.
 whether that I was stricken in extasie,
 through a strong imagination;
 it appeared in my fantasie,
 and this dolent lamentation;
 is dilled into desolation,
 thought th's bird did brieve in her manner
 counsel to the king, as you shall hear.

*First Epistle of the Papingo, directed to King
 James the fifth.*

epotent prince, peerless in pulchritude,
 Glore, honor, laud, triumph, and victory
 into thine high excellent celsitude,
 martial deeds condign of memory.
 Atropos consumed hath my glory,
 dolent death, alas! must us depart,
 we to thee my true unfeigned heart.
 together with this schedul subsequent,
 a most reverent recommendation:
 that thy Grace gets many document,
 famous fathers predication;
 many notable narration,
 pleasant poets in stile heroical,
 thou shouldst guide thy seat imperial.
 we do deplore the great calamities,

Of

Of divers realms the transmutation,
 Some piteously do treat of tragedies,
 All for thy Grace's information:
 So I intend but adulation,
 Into my barren rustical indite,
 Among the rest, fir, something for to write.

Sovereign conceive this simple similitude,
 Of officers serving the seneyorie: (god
 Who guides them well, get at thy Grace gr
 Who are unjust, degraded are of glory,
 And cancellate out of thy memory:
 Providing them more pleasant in their place:
 Believe right so God shall do with thy grace.

Consider well, thou be officiar,
 And a vassal of that King incomparable:
 Prefs thou to please that puissant Prince perclar
 Thy rich reward shall be inestimable.
 Exalted high in glorie interminable.
 Above archangels, vertuous potestats,
 Pleasantly placed among the principates.

Of thy virtue poets perpetually
 Shall make mention until the world be ended:
 If thou exerce thine office prudently,
 In heav'n and earth thy grace shall be commend
 Wherefore effe'r that he be not offended,
 Who hath exalted thee to such honor,
 Of his people to be a governor.

And in the earth hath made such ordinance,
 Under thy feet all things terrestrial,
 Are subject to thy pleasure and paltance;
 Both fowls and fishes, and beasts pastoral:
 Men to thy service, and women they are thral;
 Hawking, hunting, arms, and lawful amour,
 Preordinate by God for thy pleasure compleat.

Masters of musick to recreate thy spirit,
 With daunted voice, and pleasant instrument:
 Thus mayst thou be of all pleasures,
 If in thine office thou be diligent:

be thou found slothful and negligent,
injust in thine execution,
thou shalt not fail divine punishment.
Therefore since thou hast such capacity
to learn to play so pleasantly, and sing,
to horse, run spear, with great audacity,
to with hand-bow, cross-bow, & culvering,
among the rest, sir, learn to be a king;
on that craft thy pregnant fresh ingine,
anted to thee by influence divine.
And since the definition of a king,
is to have of people governance,
press thee first above all other thing,
put thy body to such ordinance,
that thy vertue thine honor may advance:
how shall princes govern their regions
if cannot duly guide their own persons?
And if thy Grace would live right pleasantly,
thy council, and cast on them thy cure:
their iust decrees defend and fortify;
without good counsel may no prince long endure:
work with counsel, then shall thy work be sure.
Take thy council of the most sapient,
without regard to blood, riches or rent,
among all other pastime and pleasure,
in thine adolescent years young,
wouldst thou each day study but half an hour
in regiment of princely governing,
thy people it were a pleasant thing,
where mightst thou find thine own vocation.
Thou shouldest use the scepter, sword & crown.
The chronicles to know, I thee exhort,
which may be mirror to thy Majesty:
where thou shalt find both good and ill report,
every prince after his quality:
they be dead, yet their works shall not die,
well thou wilt be stiled in that story,
thou deserves to be put in memory.

Re-

Requell that Roy which was rent on the roo
Thee to defend from deeds of defame,
That no poet report of thee but good:
For princes days endure but as a dream:
Since first king *Fergus* bare a diadem,
Thou art the last king of fivescore and five,
And all are dead, and none but thee alive.

Of whose number fifty and five were slain,
And most part of their own misgovernance:
Wherefore I thee beseech, my sovereign,
Consider of their lives the circumstance;
And when thou knowst the cause of their mischance
On virtue then exalt thyself on hie,
Trusting on God t' escape that destiny.

Treat each true baron as he were thy brother
Which must at need thee and thy realm defend
When suddenly one doth oppresse another,
Let justice mixt with mercy them amend,
Have thou their hearts, thou hast enough to speake
And by the contrair, thou art but king of bones
From time that their hearts are from thee gone.

I have no leisure for to write at length,
My whole intent unto thine Excellence:
Decreased so I am in wit and strength,
My mortal wound doth me such violence:
People at me may have experience,
Because, alas! I was incounsellable:
Now must I die a captive miserable.

*The second Epistle of the Papingo, directed to
Brethren of Court.*

Brethren of court, with mind precordial,
To the great God heartily I commend you
Imprint my fall into your memorial,
Together with this schedul that I send you:
To press o'er high, I pray you, not pretend you
This vain ascenle of court who will consider,

sits most high, will find his seat most slither.
 ye that now go lanching up the ladder,
 keepest in time fastning your fingers fast,
 climb most high, most dint bath of the wea-
 least defence against the bitter blast (ther,
 le fortune, which never taketh rest:
 now redoubted daily she down thrings,
 paring popes, emperors nor kings.
 though ye be mounted up above the skies,
 have both kings and court in governance:
 were as high, which now right lowly lies,
 lining fore the court its variance:
 preterit time may be experience,
 ch thro' vain hope of court did climb so hie,
 lacked wings, when they thought best to flie,
 see each court is untrist and transitory,
 aging as oft as weather-cock in wind,
 ing some glad, and other some right sory;
 most this day, the morn may go behind.
 not vain hope of court your reason blind.
 it well some men will give you lands as lords,
 it would be glad to see you hang on cords.
 durst declare the miserability
 ivers courts, were't not my time is short,
 dreadful change, vain-glore, and vility,
 painful pleasures, as poets do report:
 sometime in hope, sometime in discomfort:
 how some men do spend their youthhood hail
 port, and ends into the hospital.
 now some in court are quiet counsellors,
 about regard to common-weal of kings,
 ing their cure for to be conquerors:
 when they were high raised in their reigns,
 change of court them dolefully down thrings
 when they were from their estate deposed,
 many of their fall been right rejoyced.
 and now fond feigned fools and flatterers,
 small service obtain oft great rewards:

Pan-

Panders, pike-thanks, cultrons, and clattered
 Lowps up from lands, then lights among the
 Blasphemators, beggars, and common bards,
 Sometime in court have more authority,
 Than devote doctors of divinity.

Who in some courts been bairns of Beliel,
 Full of dissimulate painted flattery,
 Provoking by intoxicate counsell,
 Princes to whoredom and to harlotry:
 Who do in princes put such hafatry,
 I say for me, such peart provocators,
 Should punisht be above all strong traytors.

What travel, trouble, and calamity
 Have been in court within these hundred year
 What mortal changes, and what miseries?
 What noble-men been brought upon their be
 Trust well, my friends, follow you must your
 So since in court been no tranquility,
 Set not on it your whole felicity.

The court changes oft-times with such out
 That few or none may make it resistance:
 And spareth not the prince more than the pag
 As well appeareth by experience.
 The duke of *Rothsay* might make no defence,
 Which was pertaining roy of this region,
 But dolefully devoured was in prison.

What dread, what dolour had the noble kin
Robert the third, when once he knew the case
 Of his two sons the dolent departing,
 Prince *David* dead, and *James* captive? Alas
 To true *Scots*-men, which was a careful case.
 This may ye know the court is variand,

When blood-royal the change may not gainst
 Who reign'd in court more hie and triumph
 Than duke *Murdock* while that his day endur
 Was he not then protector of *Scotland*?
 Yet of the court he was not well assured.
 It changed so, his long service was smored:

and his fair son *Walter* but remead,
 slayed were, and put to doleful dead.
James the first, the patron of prudence,
 of ingine, and pearl of policy,
 of justice, and flood of eloquence,
 whose virtue doth transcend my fantasy
 to describe; yet when he stood most high,
 the exorbitant conspiracy,
 the prudent prince was piteously put down.
James the second, roy of great renown,
 in his super-excellent gloire,
 through reckless shooting of a great cannon,
 violent death, alas! did him devore.
 Nothing hath been of which I marvel more,
 Fortune had at him such mortal feed,
 fifty thousand to wail him by the head,
 his heart is pierc'd with pain for to pause,
 to write that court's variance
James the third, when he had governance;
 dolor, dread, and desolation,
 change of court and conspiracy:
 how that *Cochran* with his company,
 at time in court clamb so presumptuously.
 Had been good these bairns had not been born,
 whom that noble prince was so abused:
 grew as did the weeds among the corn.
 The prudent lord's counsel was refused,
 he held him quiet, as he had been included.
 That prince by their abusion,
 finally brought to confusion.
 They clamb so high, and got such audience,
 with their prince grew so familiar;
 German brethren might get no pretence;
 Duke of *Albany*, and the Earl of *Mar*,
 banisht men were holden at the bar;
 in the king there grew such mortal feed,
 they sm'd the Duke, and put the Earl to dead.
 As *Cochran* with his captive company,

Forc'd

Forc'd them to flee, but yet they wanted fear
 Above the high cedars of *Lebanie*;
 They clamb so high, till they lap o'er their lac
 On *Lawder* bridge then keepest were in tadd
 Strangled to death, they got no other grace
 Their king captive, which was a careful case

To put in write the fate unfortunate,
 And mortal change, perturbeth mine engine
 My wits been weak, my fingers fatigate,
 To dite or write the rancour and ruin,
 The civil war, the battle intestine,
 How that the son with banner broad display
 Against the father in battle came array'd.

Wou'd God that day the prince had been
 With sapience of the proud *Solomon*,
 And with the strength of *Samson* been support
 With the bold host of the great *Agamemnon*.
 What should I wish? Remedy there is none
 At morn a king, with scepter, sword and crown
 At night with death a deformed carion.

Alas! where is that right redoubted roy,
 That potent prince, gentle *James* the feird?
 I pray to Christ his soul for to convoy,
 A greater noble ne'er reign'd on the eird.
 O *Atropus*! wary may be thy weird:
 For he was mirror of humility,
 Lead-star and lamp of liberality.

During his time of justice did prevail,
 The savage isles trembled for terrour:
Eskdale, *Ewisdale*, *Liddisdale* and *Annandale*
 Durst not rebel, doubting his dints dour,
 And of his lords had such perfect favour,
 So for to show that he appear'd not one,
 Out through the realm he would ride him alone

And of his court thro' *Europe* sprang the fall
 Of lusty lords, and tender ladies ying:
 Triumphant turneys, jussling, and knightly
 With all pastime, according for a king.

the glory of princely governing;
 through the ardent love he had to *France*,
England did move his ordinance.
Flowden field the ruin to revolve,
 a most dolent day for to deplore,
 for dread, lest dolor you desolve:
 you that prince in his triumphant glore
 joyed was, what needeth process more?
 by the virtue of the *English* ordinance,
 by his own wilfull misgovernance.
 O! that day had he been counsellable,
 had obtained land, glore, and victory:
 the piteous process been so lamentable,
 am to put in memory.
 nor read in tragedy nor story,
 the journey so many nobles slain,
 the defence and love of their sovereign.
 O brethren, mark into your remembrance,
 the error of these mutabilities.
 O ye know of the courts inconstance;
 O princes are thus pulled from their sees,
 whose death, what strange adversities!
 O great misrule into this region rang,
 O our prince young could neither speak nor
 bring his tender youth & innocence, (gang!
 O slouth, what reef, what murder & mischance,
 O was nought else but wreaking & mischance
 that court there reign'd such variance;
 O rules made divers ordinance.
 O time our queen reign'd in authority,
 O time the proud duke of *Albany*.
 O time the realm was ruled by regents,
 O time by lieutenants leaders of the law:
 O reign'd so many disobedients,
 O few or none stood of another aw:
 O reffion did so loud his bugle blaw,
 O none durst ride but into fear of wear,
 O upon-land that time did lose his meir.

Who

Who was more high in honor elevate
 Than was *Margaret* our high & mighty prince
 Such power was to her appropriate,
 Of king and realm that she was governess,
 Yet came a change within a short process:
 That pearl preclare, that lusty pleasant queen
 Long time into that court durst not be seen.

The arch-bishop of *St. Andrews*, *James Be*
 Chancellor and primate in power pastoral,
 Clamb next the king most in this region:
 The ladder shook, he lap and got a fall:
 Authority, nor power spiritual,
 Riches, friendship might not that time prevail
 When dame *Curia* began to stir her tail.

His high prudence avail'd him not a mite,
 That time the court bare him such mortal feare
 As prisoner they kept him in despite,
 And sometime wist not where to hide his heare
 But disguis'd like *John* the Reaff he yeed,
 Had not been hope bare him such company,
 He had been strangled by melancholy.

What cumber & care was in the court of *Fr*
 When king *Francis* was taken prisoner.
 The duke of *Burbon* amidst his ordinance,
 Died at one stroke, right bailful brought to bed
 The court of *Rome* that time ran all arier,
 When pope *Clement* was put in prison strong,
 The noble city put to confusion.

In *England* who had greater governance,
 Than their triumphant courtly cardinal?
 The common-weal, some says, he did advance
 By equal justice both to great and small:
 There was no prelate to him peregal:
English-men say, had he reign'd longer space
 He had deposed *St. Peter* of his place.

His princely pomp, nor papal gravity,
 His palace royal, rich and radious;
 Not yet the flood of superfluity

is riches, nor travel tedious,
 once dame *Curia* held him odious,
 'd him not his prudence most profound;
 ladder brake, and he fell on the ground.
 here been the doughty earl of *Douglafs*,
 ch royally into this region rang,
 fault and slain: What needeth more procefs?
 earl of *March* was marshall'd them among.
 e *Curia* them dolefully down throng.
 now of late who clamb more high among us,
 did *Archbald* sometime the earl of *Angus*?
 ho with the prince was more familiar,
 of his grace had more authority?
 he not great warden and chancellor,
 when he stood upon his highest gree,
 tting nothing but perpetuity,
 suddenly deposed from his place,
 fault and fleemed, he got no other grace.
 herefore trust not unto authority,
 dear brethren, I pray you heartfully:
 me not in your vain prosperity;
 firm your trust in God all utterly,
 en serue your prince with heart entire truly;
 when ye see, the court is at the best,
 wtel you then draw you to your rest.
 Here is the high triumphant court of *Troy*?
Alexander, with his twelve prudent peers?
Julius, that right redoubted roy?
men non, most worthy in his wears?
 show their fine my frayed heart affears:
 e murdered were, some poisoned piteously,
 ir careful courts disperied dolefully.
 Trust well there is no constant court but one,
 ere Christ is King, whose time interminable
 high triumphant glorie shall ne'er be gone:
 at quiet court mirthful and immutable,
 hout variance stands ay firm and stable:
 umulance, flattery, and false report,

Into

Into that court shall never get resort.

Trust well, my friends, this is no feigne
For who that is in the extreme of dead,
The verity doubtless they should declare,
Without regard to favour or to fead.

While ye have time, dear brethren, make re
Adieu for ever, of me ye get no more,
Beseeching God to bring you to his glorie.

Adieu, *Edinburgh*, thou high triumphant
In whose bounds right merrily I have been;
Of true trades-men the rout of this region,
Most ready to receive court, king and queen
Thy policy and justice may be seen, -
Were devotion, wisdom and honesty,
And credence lost, it may be found in thee.

Adieu, fair *Snadown*, with thy tow'rs high,
The chapel-royal, park, and table round,
May, June, and July would I dwell in thee.
Were I a man might hear the birds sound,
Which doth against the royal rock resound.
Adieu, *Lithgow*, whole palace of pleasure,
Might be a pattern in *Portugal* or *France*.

Farewel, *Falkland*, the fortress sure of *Fife*
Thy polite park under the *Lowmond Law*;
Sometime in thee I led a lusty life:
Thy fallow-deer to see them take and raw,
Court-men to come to thee they stand great
Saying, thy burgh been of great borrows bad
Because in thee they never got good ale.

*The Communing between the Papingo, and the
Executors.*

THE *Py* perceiv'd the *Papingo* in pain,
He lighted down, and feigned him to g
Sister, said he, alas! who hath you slain?
I pray you make provision for your sp'rit;
Dispose your goods, and you confess compl

power by your contrition,
your mills to give you full remission.
said she, a chanon regular,
of my brethren prior principal:
white rocket, my clean life doth declare,
black is of the death memorial:
before I think all your goods natural,
be submitted whole into my cure,
now I am an holy creature.
The Raven came rousing when he heard the rair,
the Gled with many a piteous pew,
feignedly they counterfeited great care.
said they. your recklessness we rewe,
best it is our counsel you ensue,
ye pretend to this promotion,
pious men of great devotion.
black monk, said the ratling raven:
the Gled, I am an holy frier,
have power to bring you quick to heaven:
well known my conscience been clear,
black bible pronounce I shall perqueer,
your brethren you will give some good:
wot, if ye had need of lives food.
Papingo said, Father, by the rood,
your raiment be religious like,
conscience, I suspect, it be not good;
perceive when privily ye did pike
chicken from an hen under a dike.
said he, that hen she was my friend,
that chicken took but for my teind.
know, the faith by us must be sustain'd,
the pope it is preordinate,
spiritual men should live upon their teind:
well I wot you been predestinate,
your extremes to be so fortunate,
have such holy consolation:
before we make you exhortation,
that dame nature hath granted you such grace,
I
Leisure

Leisure to make confession general,
 Show forth your sin in time while you have space
 Then of your goods make a memorial.
 We three shall make your feast funeral.
 And with great blis bury we shall your bones
 Then trantals twenty trattle all at once.

The rooks shall rear, that men shall on them
 And cry, *Commemoratio animarum*:
 We shall make chickens peep, and gessings peep
 Altho' the geese and hens should make alarum
 And we shall serve *Secundum usum Sarum*,
 And make you safe, we find saint *Blaise* to bury
 Crying to you the careful corinoch.

And we shall sing about your sepulture
 Saint *Mungo's* matins and the meekle creed,
 And then devoutly say, I you assure,
 The old *Placebo* backward on the beed;
 And we shall wear for you the mourning weed
 And though your sp'rit with *Plato* were possid
 Devoutly shall your dirigie be drest.

Father, said she, your sacred words fair,
 Full sore I dread the contrair to your deeds;
 The wives of the villages cries with care,
 When they perceive ye now o'erthwart their m
 Your false conceit both duck & drake sore dre
 I marvel soothly that ye be not shamed,
 For your default, being so sore defamed.

I do abhor my poor perturbed sp'rit,
 To make to you any confession:
 I hear men say, you are an hypocrite,
 Exempted from the sennyie of the session.
 To put my goods in your possession,
 That will I not, so help me dame Nature,
 Nor of my corps I will give you no cure.
 But if I had the noble Nightingale,
 The gentle Jay, the Merl, and Turtle true,
 Mine obsequies and feasts funeral,
 Order they would with notes all of the new,

The pleasant Pown most angel-like of hew:
 Would God I were with him, this day confest,
 And my device duely by him addrest.
 The mirthful mavico with the gay goldspink,
 And lusty lark, would God they were present,
 The infortune forbooth they would fore-think,
 And comfort me that been so impotent.
 The swift swallow in practick most prudent,
 Now she would my bleeding stanch belive,
 With her most virtuous stone restrainingive.
 Fornt me the case under confession,
 The Gled said proudly to the *Papingo*,
 And we shall swear by our profession,
 Ansel to keep, and show it to no mo,
 Thee beseech, ere thou depart us fro,
 Declare to us some causes reasonable,
 Why we are holden so abominable?
 Why thy travel thou hast experience,
 All being bred into the orient:
 When by thy good service and diligence,
 Princes made here in the occident:
 Thou knowest the vulgar people's judgment,
 Ere thou transcurred the hot meridonal,
 When next the pole, the plage septentrional.
 So by thine high ingine superlative,
 All countries thou knowest the qualities;
 Therefore I thee conjure by God alive,
 Everity declare withoutten lies,
 What thou hast heard by lands or by seas,
 Of our church-men, both good and ill report,
 And how they judge, show us, we thee exhort?
 Father, said she, I cative creature,
 Ere not presume with such matter to melle;
 Your cases, ye know, I have no cure;
 And them which with prudence do excele:
 May not pew, my pains have been so fell;
 For perchance ye will not stand content,
 To know the vulgar people their judgment;

Yet will death a little withdraw his dart,
All that lieth in my memorial,
I shall declare with true unfeigned heart.
And first, I say to you in general,
The common people sayeth, ye be all
Degenerate from your holy primitives,
As testifies the procelss of your lives.

Of your peerless prudent predecessors,
The beginning, I grant, was very good,
Apostles, martyrs, virgins and confessors,
The sound of their excellent sanctitude,
Was heard o'er all the world, by land and flood
Planting the faith by predication,
As Christ had made to them narration.

To fortify the faith they took no fear,
Before princes, preaching right prudently:
Of dolorous death they doubted not the deary,
The verity declaring fervently,
And martyrdom they suffered patiently:
They took no cure of lands, riches nor rent,
Doctrine and death were both equivalent.

To show their works at length were great
Whole miracles they were so manifest,
In name of Christ they healed many hunder,
Raising the dead, and purging the posselt
With perverse spirits which had been oppress;
The crooked ran, the blind men got their een
The deaf man heard, and lepers were made clea

The prelates spoused were with poverty,
Into those days when they flourisht with fame
And with her genred lady chastity,
And dame Devotion notable of name:
Humble they were, simple and full of shame.
Thus Chastity, and dame Devotion,
Were principal cause of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this life divine,
Ay till there reigned in Rome's great city,
A potent prince, was named *Constantine*,

receiv'd the church had spoused poverty,
 with good intent, and moved with pity,
 of divorce he put between them two,
 and parted them withoutten words mo.
 Then shortly with a great solemnity,
 withoutten any dispensation,
 the church he spoused with dame Property,
 which hastily by proclamation,
 Poverty caus'd make narration,
 under the pain of piercing of her cen,
 that with the church she never should be seen.
 Saint *Sylvester* the time reign'd pope in *Rome*,
 which first consented to the marriage
 property, of which began the bloom,
 giving the cure on her with his courage:
 devotion drew her to an hermitage,
 when she considered lady Property
 high exalted into dignity.
 O *Sylvester*! where was thy discretion,
 which *Peter* did renounce, thou didst receive:
 Andrew and *John* they did leave their possession,
 their ships, and nets, their lines, & all the lave;
 temporal substance nothing would they have,
 contrarious to their contemplation,
 soberly their sustentation.
 John the *Baptist* went to the wilderness,
Martha, and *Mary Magdalen*,
 their heritage and goods, both more and less:
 Saint *Paul* thought property prophane,
 from town to town he ran in wind and rain
 on his feet, teaching the word of grace,
 and never was subjected to riches.
 The Gled then said: I hear nothing but good,
 proceed shortly, and thy matter advance.
 The *Papingo* said, Father, by the rood,
 were too long to hear the circumstance.
 property with her new alliance,
 great with child, as true men to me told,

And bare two daughters goodly to behold.

The eldest daughter named was Riches,
The second sifter Sensuality,
Which did increase within a short process,
Per pleasant to the spirituality,
In great substance and excellent beauty,
These ladies two grew so within few years,
That in the world were none might be their peer.

Thus royal Riches and l dy Sensual,
From that time forth they took whole govern
Of the most part of the spiritual :

And they ag in with humble observance,
Amorously their wits they did advance,
As true lovers their ladies for to please :
God wot if then their hearts were right at ease.

Some they forgot to study, pray and preach
They grew so subject to dame Sensual ;
And thought but pain poor people for to teach
Yet they decreed it into their counsel,
They would no more to marriage be thrall,
Trusting surely to observe chastity,
And all beguile, said Sensuality.

That they might live at large without thirlage
At liberty to lead their lusty lives,
Thinking men thrall that been in marriage :
For new faces provoke do new courage.
Thus chastity they turn into delight,
Wanting of wives been cause of appetite.

Dame Chastity did steal away for shame,
When once she did perceive their purveyance ;
Dame Sensual a letter did proclaim,
And her exiled *Italy* and *France*.

In *Engl and* could she get no ordinance,
Then to the king, and to the court of *Scotland*
She turned her withoutten more demand.

Trusting into that court to get comfort,
She made her humble supplication :
Shortly, they said, she should get no support,

threatned her with blasphamation :
 The priests go make your protestation ;
 As, said they, many a hundred year,
 Chastity had any entrance here.
 Tired for travel, she to the priests past,
 And to the rulers of religion :
 Her presence shortly they were agast,
 Saying, They thought it but abasion
 To receive : So with conclusion,
 With one advice decreed and gave doom,
 They would receive no rebel out of *Rome*.
 Should we receive that *Romans* have refused,
 And banisht *England, Italy, and France,*
 For your flattery, then were we well abused ?
 As hence, said they, and fast your ways advance,
 Among the nuns go seek your ordinance :
 For we have made oath of fidelity,
 To dame Riches and Sensuality.
 Then patiently she made progression
 Towards the nuns with heart sighing full sore :
 They gave her presence with procession,
 Receiving her with honour, laud and glore,
 Purposing to preserve her evermore :
 That novels came to dame Property,
 To Riches, and to Sensuality,
 Which sped them at the post right speedily,
 And set a siege proudly about the place ;
 The silly nuns did yield them hastily,
 And humbly of that guilt they asked grace,
 Then gave their bands of perpetual peace :
 Receiving them, they cast up doors wide,
 When Chastity there no longer might abide.
 So for refuge fast to the friets she fled,
 Who said, they would of ladies take no cure.
 Where is she now ? then said the greedy Gled.
 Let among you, said she, I you assure :
 Must she be upon the *Borrow moor,*
 South *Edinburgh,* and that right many means.

Profelt among the sisters of the seans.

There hath she found her mother poverty,
And Devotion, her own sister carnal;
There hath she found faith, hope and charity,
Together with the virtuous cardinal,
There hath she found a convent, yet unthral
To dame Sensual, not yet with riches abused,
So quietly these ladies are inclosed.

The Pyat said, I dread that they assailed,
They render them, as did the holy nuns.
Doubt not, said she, for they are lo attailed,
They purpose to defend them by their guns:
Ready to shoot, they have six great cannons,
Perseverance, constance and conscience,
Austerity, labour, and abstinence.

To resist subtil Sensuality,
Strongly they are enarmed feet and hand
By abstinence, and kepted poverty,
Contrair riches, and all her false servands,
They have a bombard brased up in bands,
To keep their port, in the midst of their clois.
Which is called, *Domine, custodi nos*.

Within whose shot there dare no enemies
Approach their place, for dread of dints dour:
Both day and night they work as busy bees,
For their defence, ready to stand in tour:
And have such watches on their outer tow'r,
That dame Sensual with siege dare not assaily,
Nor come within a shot of their artaily.

The Pyat said, Whereto should they presume
For to resist sweet Sensuality.

Or dame riches, which rulers are at Rome?
Are they more constant in their quality,
Than the princes of spirituality,
Which pleasantly withoutten obstinacie
Have them received in their habitacie.

How long trust ye, these ladies shall remain
So solitar in such perfection?

The *Papingo* said, Brother, in certain,
long as they obey correction,
loosing their heads by election,
thral to riches and to poverty,
as requireth their necessity.

O prudent prelates, where was your prescience,
that took in hand to observe chastity,
an austere life, labour, and abstinence?

Receive ye not the great prosperity,
apparently to come of property?

I know great cheer, great ease and idleness
Flechery was mother and mistress.

Thou rav'lt unrock'd, the raven said by the rood,
to reprove riches and property;

Abraham and *Isaac* were rich, and very good;
Job and *Joseph* had prosperity.

The *Papingo* said, That is of verity;
riches, I grant, is not to be refused,
providing als that they be not abused.

Then laid the Raven a replication,
and said: Thy reason is not worth a mite,
I shall prove with protestation:

That no man take my words into despite:
For, the temporal princes have the wite,
that in the church such pastors do provide,
to govern souls, themselves that cannot guide.

Long time after the church took property,
the prelates liv'd in great perfection,
thral to riches or sensuality,

Under the holy Spirit's protection,
seriously chosen by election,

Gregory, *Jerome*, *Ambrose* and *Augustine*,
Medick, *Bernard*, *Clement*, *Clete* and *Line*.

Such patient prelates entred by the port,
winning the people by predication:

As dyke-loupers do in the church resort,
by symonie and supplication
winners, by their presentation:

So silly souls, that are the Lord's sheep,
Are given to hungry ravenous wolves to ke

No wonder is though we religious men,
Degenred be, and in our life confuled,
But sing and drink, none other craft we ken,
Our spiritual fathers have us so abused:
Against our will these traitors been intrused,
Laick men have now religious men in cures,
Profest virgins in keeping of strong whores.

Princes, princes, where is your high prudence
In disposition of your benefices?

The guardoning of your courticiens,
Is some cause of these great enormities:
There is a sort waiting like hungry flies,
For spiritual cure, though they be nothing able
Whole greedy thirst been ay insatiable.

Princes, I pray you, be no more abused,
To virtuous men having so small regard;
Why should virtue through flattery be refused
That man of cunning can get no reward?
Alas! that ever a bragger or a baird,
A whoremaster or common hazarture,
Should in the church get any kind of cure.

Were I a man worthy to wear a crown,
Ay when there vaked any benefices,
I should cause call a congregation,
The principal of all the prelacies,
Most cunning clerks of universities,
Most famous fathers of religion,
With their advice make disposition.

I should dispose all offices pastoral,
To doctors of divinity or jure:
And cause dame Virtue pull up all her sails.
When cunning men had in the church more
Cause lords send their sons, I you assure,
To seek science, and famous schools frequent
Then them promote that were most sapient.

Great pleasure 'twere to hear a bishop pre

man, a doctor of divinity,
which could well the covent teach,
person flowing in philosophy,
my time to wish what will not be.
not the preaching of the begging friers;
were the faith among the seculars.
for their preaching, said the *Papingo*,
an excuse, for why, they been a thral
property, and her dign daughters two,
the Riches, and fair lady Sensual;
may not use no pastime spiritual;
in their habits take such great delite,
have refused russet and raploch white.
making to them scarlet and cramosie,
a menever, mertrick, greece & rich armine;
low hearts exalted are so hie,
see their papal pomp it is a pine.
rich array is now with frinyies fine,
the bairding of the bishops mool,
e'er had *Peter* or *Paul* against Yool,
their fair ladies their chains may not escape,
the Sensual such seed in them hath sown:
saith it were with licence of the pope,
each prelate a wife had of his own,
see their bastards thro' the country blown,
now be they welcomed from the schools,
fall to work as they were common bulls.
w, said the Gled, thou preache'st all in vain,
secular folks have of our case no cures.
at, said she, yet men will speak again,
ye have made an hundred thousand whores,
ch had not been, were not your lecherous lures
if I lie, heartily I me repent:
ne'er a bird, I know more penitent.
when she her shawe with devout countenance,
that false Gled, which feigned him a frier;
when she had fulfilled her pennance,
subtilly at her he can enquire:

Chuse

Chuse you, said he, which of us brethren he
Shall have of your natural goods the cures:
You know none been more holy creatures.

I am content, said the poor *Papingo*,
That you frier Gled, & Corby monk your bre
Have cure of all my goods, and eke no mo,
Since at this time friendship I find no other.
We shall be to you true, as to our brother,
Said they, and swore to fulfil her intent.
Of that, said she, I take an instrument.

The Pyat said, What shall mine office be?
O'er-man, said she, unto the other two.
The rousing Raven said, Sweet sifter, let see
Your whole intent, for it is time to go.
The greedy Gled said, Brother, do not so,
We will remain, and here hold up her head,
And ne'er depart from her till she be dead.

The *Papingo* thanking them tenderly,
And said, Since ye have ta'en on you the cure
Then part my natural goods equally,
That e'er I had or have of dame Nature,
First to the Howlat, indigent and poor,
Which on the day for shame dare not be seen
To her I leave my gay galbert of green.

My bright depured eyes as crystal clear,
Unto the Bat ye shall them both present,
In *Phæbus* preience which dare not appear,
Of natural light he is so impotent.
My birnisht back I leave with good intent
Unto the gentle piteous Pelican,
To help to pierce her tender heart in twain.

I leave the Gouk which hath no song but o
My musick with my voice angelical:
And to the Goose give ye when I am gone,
Mine eloquence and tongue rhetorical;
And take and dry my bones great and small,
Then close them in a case of ebon fine,
And them present unto the Phenix syne.

born with her when she her life renews,
drabie ye shall her find but weer,
shall her know by her molt heavenly hews,
d, azure, gules, purple and syneper:
date is for to live five hundred year,
to that bird my commendation,
I make you supplication.
nce of my corps I have given you the cure,
peed you to the court but tarrying,
take my heart of perfect portraiture,
it present unto the sovereign king:
ow he will it close into a ring.
mend me to his Grace, I you exhort,
of my passion make him true report.
e three my tripes shall have for your travel,
th liver and lung to part equal among you,
ing *Plute* the potent prince of hell,
e failie, that in his net he tang you,
me true, though I nothing belang you,
e I suspect your conscience been too large.
bt not, said they, we take it with the charge.
dieu, brethren, said the poor *Papingo*,
alk no more, I have no time to tarry:
since my sp'rit must from my body go,
commend it to thee queen of *Farie*;
nally into her court to tarrie,
wildernels among the holts hore.
n she inclin'd her head, and spake no more.
unged into her mortal passion,
grievously she gripped to the ground:
ere too long to make narration,
h sighs full sore, with many a sting & stound
of the wound the blood did so abound,
ompas round was with her blood made red:
out remead there is nothing but dead.
d by she had in *Manus tuas* said,
acted were her natural senses five;
head full softly on her shoulders laid,

Then

Then yield the sp'rit with pains punitive.
 The Raven began rudely to rag and rive,
 Full ravenous-like, his empty throat to feed;
 But softly brother (said the greedy Gled.)

While she is hot, let's part her even amon
 Take thou one half, and reach to me the oth
 Into our right, I wot no wight dare wrong
 The Pyat said, The fiend receive the other,
 Why make ye me a step-bairn, and I your br
 You do me wrong (sir Gled) I shrew your he
 Take here, said he, the puddings for thy part

Then wot ye well mine heart was wonder
 For to behold that dolent departing :

Her angel feathers flying in the air,
 Except the heart was left of her nothing :
 The Pyat said, That pertains to the king,
 Which to his Grace I purpose to present.

Thou, said the Gled, shalt fail of thine intent

The Raven said, God nor I rax in a rope,
 If thou get this to either king or duke.

The Pyat said, Plain I not to the pope,
 Then in a smiddy I be smor'd with smook.
 With that the Gled the piece caught in her c
 And fled his way, the rest with all their might
 To chase the Gled, flew all out of my sight.

Now have ye heard the little tragedie,
 The sore complaint, the testament & mischar
 Of this poor bird which did ascend so hie :
 Beseeching you excuse mine ignorance,
 And rude indite, which is not to advance,
 And to the queer I give commandement,
 Make no repair where poets been present.

Because thou been of rhetorick so denude,
 Be never seen near hand none other book ;
 With king nor queen, with lord nor men of
 With coat unclean claim kindred to some coo
 Steal in a nook, when they list on thee look
 For smell of sinook men will abhor to hear the
 Here I forswear thee, wherefore to lurk go lea

Dream of Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the
 Hunt, Knight, familiar Servitor to our
 veraign Lord King JAMES the fifth.

The Epistle to the King's Grace.

Thou potent prince of high imperial blood,
 Into thy grace I trust it be well known,
 Service done unto thy cellitude,
 Needeth not at length for to be shown;
 Though my youth-hood ne'er be overblown,
 I'd in service of your Excellence;
 Hath me heght a goodly recompence.
 When thou wast young I bare thee in mine arm,
 When'erly till thou began to gang;
 In thy bed oft happed thee full warm,
 In mine hand, then sweetly to thee sang,
 Time in dāncing fiercefullly I sang,
 Sometimes playing fairises on the flure,
 Sometime of mine office taking cure.
 And sometime like a fiend transfigurate,
 Sometimes like a greezly ghost of gay,
 In divers forms oft-times disfigurete,
 Sometimes disguised full pleasantly.
 Since thy birth, I have continually
 Exercis'd, and ay to thy pleasure;
 Sometimes steward, capper, and carvour,
 My purse-matter and secret thesaurer,
 My usher ay since thy nativity;
 In thy chamber chief cubicular,
 Which to this hour hath kepted my lawtie,
 Sing be to the blessed Trinity,
 That such a wretched worm hath made so able,
 That such a prince to be so agreeable.
 And now thou art by natural influence,

High

High of ingine, and right inquisitive,
 Of antique stories, and deeds martial;
 More pleasantly the time for to o'er-drive,
 I have at length the stories to describe,
 Of *Hector*, *Arthur*, and gentle *Julius*,

Of *Alexander* and worthy *Pompeius*,
 Of *Jason* and *Medea* all at length,
 Of *Hercules* the acts honourable.

And of *Samson's* supernatural strength,
 And of leel lovers the stories amiable.

And oft times have I feigned many a fable
 Of *Troilus* the sorrow and the joy,

And sieges all of *Tyr*, *Thebes* and *Troy*,

The prophecies of *Rymer*, *Bede*, and *Merlin*
 And many other pleasant history,

Of the red *Erin*, and *Gyre Carlin* :

Comforting thee when that I saw thee lory :

Now with support of the King of Glory,

I shall thee show a story of the new,

The which before I never to thee shew.

But humbly I beseech thine Excellence,

With ornate terms though I cannot express

This simple matter for lack of eloquence ;

Yet notwithstanding all my business,

With heart and hand my mind I will address,

As best I can and most compendious.

Now I begin, the matter happened thus.

The Prologue.

INto the kalends of *Jenuary*,

When fresh *Phæbus* by moving circular,

From *Capricorn* was entred in *Aquary*,

With blasts that had the branches made full bare

The snow and sleet perturbed all the air,

And seemed *Flora* from every bank and bush,

Through the support of austere *Eolus*.

After that I the longsome winter night

Then waking in my bed alone;
 Though heavy thought that no way sleep I might
 Embroiling of divers things by-gone.
 I rose and clothed me anon:
 His fair *Titan* with his beams light,
 The world had spread his banner bright.
 With cloke and hood I dressed me belive,
 Double shoes and mittans on my hands;
 That the air was right penetrative,
 Where I forth, lanching o'erthro' the lands
 And the sea, to sport me on the sands;
 The unbloomed was both bank and bray;
 So as I was passing by the way,
 Met dame *Flora* in dole-weed disguis'd,
 Whose into *May* was dulce and delectable,
 Whose sturdy storks her sweetnes was surpris'd:
 Heavenly hews were turned into fable,
 Whose sometime were to lovers amiable:
 From the frost the tender flowers I saw,
 Met dame *Natures* mantle lurking law.
 The small fowls in flocks saw I flee,
 Making lamentation:
 They lighted down beside me on a tree:
 Their complaint I had compassion,
 With a piteous lamentation,
 I said, Blessed be summer with thy flowers,
 Waried be thou winter with thy showers.
 As, *Aurora*, the silly lark can cry,
 Where halt thou left thy balmy liquor sweet
 As us rejoic'd, we mounting in the sky?
 Silver drops are turned into fleet.
 O *Phœbus*, where is thy wholesome heat?
 Sufferest thou thy heavenly pleasant face,
 As milky vapors be obscur'd? alas!
 Where art thou *May* with *June* thy sister sheen,
 Bordered with desires of delight?
 O gentle *July* with thy mantle green,
 Calmed with roses both red and white?

Now

Now old and cold *January* in despite,
 Deaves from us all pastime and pleasure;
 Alas! what gentle heart can this endure?
 Oversyled with the clouds odious,
 Was the golden skies of the orient;
 Changing in sorrow songs meledious,
 Which we had wont to sing with good intent
 Resounding to the heavens firmament;
 But now our day is changed into night,
 With that they rose, and flew out of my sight

Pensive in heart, passing full soberly,
 Unto the sea forward I past anone;
 The sea was out, the sand was smooth and
 Then up and down I mused mine alone,
 Till that I spy'd a little cave of stone,
 High in a craig, upward I did approach,
 Without staying, and clamb up to the rock.

And purposed for passing of the time,
 Me to defend from idolity,
 With pen and paper to registrate in rhyme,
 Some merry matter of antiquity;
 But idleness, ground of iniquity,
 She made so dull my spirits me within,
 That I knew not at what end to begin.

But sate still in that cave, where I might see
 The waltering of the waves up and down;
 And this false world's instability,
 Unto the sea making comparison,
 And of this wretched world's variation;
 To them that fixes all their whole intent,
 Considering who most had, should most repent

So with my hood I happed me full warm;
 And in my cloke I folded both my feet;
 I thought my corps with cold should take no
 My mittens held my hands full well in heat,
 The scouling rock me covered from the sea
 There still did I sit my bones for to rest,
 Till *Morpheus* with sleep my spirit oppress

through the boisterous blast of *Eolus*,
 through my waking on the night before:
 through the seas moving marvellous,
Plutus with many a rout and roar,
 rained was to sleep withouten more,
 that I dreamed in conclusion,
 you tell a most marvellous vision.

The Dream of Sir David Lindsay.

bought a lady of portraiture perfite,
 salure me with benign countenance:
 which of her presence had delight,
 again made humble reverence,
 er demanded, saying her pleasure,
 was her name? She answered courteously,
Remembrance, said she, called am I,
 ich come now am for pastime and pleasure,
 re, and for to bear thee company;
 e I see thy sp'rit without measure,
 e perturbed by melancholy:
 ng thy corps to wax both cold and dry,
 fore get up, and go anone with me.
 re we both in twinkling of an eye
 wn through the earth in midst of the center,
 er I wilst, into the lowest hell;
 in that cursed cave when we did enter,
 ng and youling we heard with many a yell,
 mes of fire right furious and fell,
 crying many careful creature,
 ening God, and warying Nature.
 ere saw we divers popes and emperors,
 out recover many careful king.
 saw we many wrongous conquerors,
 outten right reavers of others reigns:
 en of kirk lay bonden into bings.
 saw we many careful cardinal,
 ch-bishops in their pontifical.

Proud

Proud and perverse prelates out of number
 Priors, abbots, and false flattering friers;
 To specify them all it were a cumber,
 Regular chanons, churl monks and chatter
 Curious clerks, and priests seculars,
 There was some part of each religion,
 In holy kirk which did abusion.

Then I demanded dame *Rememberance*,
 The cause of these prelates punishment?
 She said, The cause of their unhappy chance
 Was covetous lust and ambition,
 The which now makes them lack fruition
 Of God, and here eternally must dwell,
 Into this painful poisoned pit of hell.

And they did not instruct the ignorant,
 Provoking them to penitence by preaching;
 But served worldly princes insolent,
 And were promoted with their seigned speed
 Not for their science, wisdom, nor their need
 By Simons was their promotion,
 More for deniers, than for devotion.

Another cause of the punishment
 Of these unhappy prelates imprudent,
 They made not equal distribution
 Of holy kirk patrimony, nor rent;
 But temporally they have it all mispent,
 Which should have been triparted into three
 First, to uphold the kirk in honesty.

The second part to sustain their estates,
 The third part to be given to the poors;
 But they dispone their goods all other gates,
 On carts and dice, on harlotry and whores.
 Those catives took no cure of their cures,
 Their church ruin, their ladles cleanly cled,
 And richly ruled both in boord and bed.

Their bastard bairns proudly they provide
 The kirk goods largely they did on them
 In their default their subdites were misguide

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unted not their God for to offend,
caus'd them lack grace at the latter end.
that rout, I saw in cups of brals,
Magus, and bishop *Cajaphas*,
op *Annas*, and the traitor *Judas*,
et that prophet poisonable:
Oathan and *Abiram* there was,
eks we saw innumerable,
a sight right wondrous lamentable,
at they lay into these flames fleeting,
careful cries, sore groaning and weeping.
rious men were punisht painfully,
in glory and disobedience,
ng their constitution wilfully:
ving their over-men in reverence,
ow their rule they took no diligence;
fully they used property,
the bounds of wilful poverty.
fore weeping, with voices lamentable,
ried loud, O emperor *Constantine*,
ay wite thy possession poisonable,
our great punition and pain;
your purpose was to a good fine,
banisht from us true devotion,
g such eye to our promotion.
ere we beheld a den full dolorous,
that princes and lords temporal
cruciate with pains rigorous.
expressam their pains in special,
n exceed all my memorial;
table pain they had but comforting;
blood royal made them no supporting.
e cative king for cruel oppression,
ther some for their wrongous conquests,
condemned they and their succession,
for publick adultery and incest,
suffer'd people ne'er to live in rest,
hind so in pleasure sensual,
Where

Wherefore their pain was there perpetual.
There was the cursed emperor *Nero*,
Of every vice the horrible vessel.

There was *Pharaoh*, with many princes
Oppressors of the children of *Israel*,
Herod, with many more than I can tell,
Ponce Pilate was there hanged by the halfe,
With unjust judges, for their sentence false.

Dukes, marquesses, earls, barons and knights
With their princes was punished painfully,
Participant they were of their unrighteous,
Forward we went, and let these lords lie,
And saw where ladies lamentably,
Like mad lions were carefully crying
In flame of fire right furiously frying.

Empresses, queens, and ladies of honour,
Many dutchesses, and countesses full of care,
They pierst mine heart these tender creatures
So pined in that pit full of despair,
Plunged in pain with many ruthless rare,
Some for their pride, some for adultery,
And for their using of men to lechery.

Some had been cruel and malicious,
Some for making of wrongous heretors.
For to rehearse their lives vicious,
It were a great stay to the auditors.
Of lechery they were the very lures,
With their provocative impudicity,
Brought many a man to infelicity.

Some women for their pusillanimity,
O'er-set with shame they did them never strive
Of secret sins done into quietty,
And some repented never in their life,
Withouten ruth these ruffians did them drive
Rigorously without any compassion,
Great was their dole and lamentation.

That we were made they cry'd full oft,
Thus tormented with pains intollerable

aded not when we had time and space,
k in earth our lusts delectable,
fore with fiends ugly and horrible,
condemnd for evermore, alust
ly withoutten hope of grace.
re is the meat and drink delicious,
which we fed our careful carions:
ilver, silk, and pearls precious,
ches, rents, and our possessions,
utten hope of our remission.
our pains they are inferrible,
r torments to count innumerable.
n we beheld where many a thousand
on people lay fighting in the fire,
ry state there was a bailful band,
might been seen many a sorrowful fry,
or envy suffered, and some for ire,
me for lack of restitution;
ongous goods without remission,
sworn merchants for their wrongous wining,
ers of gold, and common usurers:
men of law in cautels right cunning;
es, reavers, and publick oppressors;
part there were of uncal labourers,
men there saw we out of number;
h sort to declare, it were a cumber.
o long some for me is to indite,
s prison the pains in special;
eat, the cold, the dolor and despite,
efore I speak of them in general,
doleful den, that furnace infernal,
e reward is to rew without remead,
dying, and never to be dead.
nger and thirst instead of meat and drink,
or their clothing, tades and scorpions:
dark mansion is tapissed with flink,
see nothing but horrible visions:
have but scoorns and derisions,

Of foul fiends, and blasphemations.
Their feeling is importable passions.

For melody, miserable mourning;
There was no solace, but dolor infinite,
In bailful beds bitterly burning,
With sobbing, sighing, sorrow, and with sp
Their consciences their hearts did so bite:
To hear them flyte, it was a cause of care,
So in despite plunged into despair.

A little above that dolorous dungeon,
We entered into a country full of care,
Where that we saw many a legion,
Weeping and howling with many a ruthful
What place is that, said I, of bliss so bare?
She answered, and said *Purgatory*,
Which purgeth souls ere they can come to gl

I see no pleasure here, but meikle pain:
Wherefore, said I, leave we this sort in thrall,
I purpose never to come here again.

But yet I do believe, and ever shall,
That the true kirk can noways err at all;
Such things to be, as clerks do conclude,
Albeit my hope stands most in Christ's blood.

Above that, in the third prison anon,
We entered in a Place of perdition,
Where many babes were making dreary moan
Because they lacked the fruition
Of God, which was the great punishment
Of baptism, they lacked the ensenye,
Upward we went, and left that mirthless men

Into a vault above that place of pain,
Unto the which but sojourn we ascended,
That was the limb in the which did remain
Our fore-fathers, because *Adam* offended,
Eating the fruit, the which was so offended,
Muny a year they dwelt in that dungeon,
With darkness and with desolation.

Then through the earth of nature cold and

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to escape those places perilous ;
hastened us right wonder speedily,
we beheld the secret marvellous,
mines of Gold and stones precious :
silver, and every fine metal,,
which to declare, it were too long to dwell.
Through the water shortly we intended,
which environs the earth withoutten doubt ;
thro' the air shortly we ascended,
regions through beholding in and out,
which earth and water closed round about,
shortly upward through the fire we went,
which was the highest and hottest element.
When we had all the elements overpast,
it is to say, earth, water, air and fire,
ward we went withoutten any rest,
because the heavens was our most desire :
where we might win to the heaven's empire,
which moved us to pass the way full even,
through the spheres of the planets seven.
First to the moon, and visit all her sphere,
of the sea, and beauty of the night,
nature moist and cold, and nothing clear,
of herself she hath none other light,
the reflex of *Phœbus* beams so bright,
twelve signs she passeth round about,
eight and twenty days withoutten doubt.
When we ascended to Mercurius,
which poets call the god of eloquence :
a doctor-like with terms delicious,
expert, and full of sapience.
A pleasure to pause on his prudence ;
sages and poets are subject to his cure,
hot and dry he is of his nature.
So as cunning astrologers says,
which compleat his course naturally,
three hundred and eight and thirty days,
upward we ascended hastily

To fair Venus, where she right lustily
Was set into a seat of silver sheen,
That fair fresh goddess, that lusty love's queen

They pierc'd mine heart her blinks amorous
Albeit that sometime she is changeable;
With countenance, and chearful colourous,
Sometime right pleasant, glad and delectable:
Sometime constant, and sometime variable;
Yet her beauty resplendent as the fire,
Swages the wrath of Mars that god of ire.

This pleasant planet, if I can right describe
She is both hot and moist of her nature:
This is the cause she is provocative
To all them that are subject to her cure
To Venus' works so that they may endure,
And she compleats her courses natural,
In twelve months without any fail.

Then past we to the sphere of Phebus bright
That lusty lamp and lantern of the heaven:
And gladder of the stars with his clear light,
And principal of all the planets seven,
And set in midst of them all full even,
As roy royal rolling into his sphere,
Full pleasantly into his golden chair.

Whose influence and virtue excellent,
Giveth the life to every earthly thing:
Which prince of every planet precellent,
Doth foster flow'rs, and causeth herbs to spring
Thro' the cold earth, and causeth birds to sing
Also his regular reigning in the heaven,
Is just under the Zodiack full even.

For to describe his diadem royal,
Bordered about with stones shining full bright
His golden cart or throne imperial,
The four steeds that draweth it full right.
I leave to poets, because I have no sight:
But of his nature he is hot and dry,

pleating in one year his course truly.
en up to Mars in by we halted us,
nder hot, and dryer than the thunder,
face flaming as fire furious,
boast and brag more awful than an hunder,
de all the heaven most like to shake asunder:
e would behold his countenance and fear,
ht call him well the God of men of wear,
With choler red, and look malicious,
ht cholerick of his complexion,
ere, angry, soure and seditious,
ncipal cause of the destruction
many good and noble region,
re not Venus his ire doth mitigate,
is world of peace would be right desolate.
e God of grief withoutten sojourning,
ears two his course he doth compleat.
en past we up where Jupiter the king,
in his sphere right amiable and sweet,
plexionate with moistness and with heat.
at pleasant prince, fair, dulce, and delicate,
voked peace, and banished debate.
The old poets by superstition,
d *Jupiter* the father principal
all these gods, in conclusion,
his prerogative in special,
by his virtues into general,
old *Saturn* he maketh resistance,
en in his malice he would work vengeance.
Thus *Jupiter* withoutten sojourning,
eth through all the twelve signs full even
ears twelve: Then without tarrying,
past into the highest of the seven,
Saturnus, which troubleth all the heavens;
th heavy chear, and colour pale as lead,
im we saw but dolor to the dead.
nd cold and dry is he of his nature,
like on owl, of evil condition,

Right unpleasant he is of portraiture,
His intoxicate disposition,
It puts all things in perdition :
Ground of sickness and melancholius,
Perverse and poor, both false and envious.

His quality I cannot love but lack,
As for this moving natural but weer,
About the signs of all the Zodiack,
He doth compleat his course in thirty year:
And so we left him in his frosty sphere :
Upward we did ascend incontinent,
But rest, till we came to the firmament.

The which was fixed full of stars bright,
Of figure round, right pleasant and perfite:
Whose influence and right excellent light,
And whose number cannot be put in write,
Yet cunning clerks do naturally indite,
How he doth end his course withoutten weer,
In the space of an hundred and thirty year.

Then the ninth sphere and mover principal
Of all the rest, we visit all the heaven,
Whose daily motion is continual,
Both firmament and all the planets seven,
From east to west making them go full even,
Into the space of four and twenty years;
Yet by the mind of the astronomers.

The seven planets into their proper spheres
From east to west they move naturally:
Some swift, some slow, as to their kind effeers,
As I have shown before especially :
Whose motion causeth continually,
Right melodious harmony and sound,
And all thro' moving of these planets round.
Then mounted we with right fervent desire,
Up through the heavens called the crytaline;
And so we entred into the heavens empire,
Which to describe it passeth mine engine,
Where God into his holy throne divine,

gns in his glore inestimable,
 th angels clear which are innumerable.
 n orders nine these spirits glorious
 e divided, the which excellently,
 king loving with sound melodious :
 ing *Sanctus* right wonder fervently.
 ese orders nine they are full pleasantly
 ided into hierarchies three,
 d three orders in every hierarchie.
 The lowest order are the angels bright,
 messengers to this low region :
 e second order's arch-angel full of might,
 rtues, potestats, principats of renown.
 e sixth is called domination :
 e seventh Thronus, the eighth high Cherubin,
 e ninth and highett called Seraphin ;
 And next unto the blessed Trinity,
 his triumphant throne imperial,
 ree into One, and one substance in Three,
 ose indivisible Essence eternal,
 e rude ingine of mankind is too small
 comprehend ; whole power infinite,
 d divine nature, no creature can write.
 o mine ingine is not sufficient,
 to treat of his high divinity :
 mortal men are insufficient
 consider these three in unity.
 th subtile matter I must needs let be,
 study on my Creed it were full fair,
 d let doctors of such matters declare.
 Then we beheld the blest humanity
 Christ sitting upon his seat royal,
 the right hand of the Divinity :
 th an excellent court celestial,
 hole exercition continual
 as in loving their Prince with reverence,
 d on this wise they kept ordinance.
 Next to the throne we saw the Queen of queens,

Well companied with ladies of delight;
 Sweet was the song of these blessed virgins,
 No mortal man their solace may endite,
 The angels bright innumerable infinite,
 Every order into thir own degree,
 Were officers unto the Deity.

Patriarchs and prophets honourable,
 Collateral counsellors in his consistory:
 Evangelists, Apostles venerable,
 Were captains unto the King of glory,
 Which chistain-like had won the victory,
 Of that triumphant court celestial:
 Saint *Peter* was lieutenant general.

The martyrs were as noble stalwart knights
 Discomfited of cruel battles three,
 The flesh, the world, the fiend & all their might
 Confessors, doctors in divinity,
 As chappel-clerks unto his Deity;
 And last we saw infinite multitude,
 Making service unto his Cellitude.

Which by the high divine permission,
 Felicity they had invariable,
 And of his God-head clear cognition,
 And compleat peace they had interminable;
 Their glorie and honor was inseparable:
 That pleasant place repleat of pulchritude,
 Unmeasurable it was of magnitude.

There is plenty of all pleasures perfect,
 And clear brightness without obscurity,
 Withoutten dolor, vulcor and delite;
 Withoutten rancour, perfect charity;
 Withoutten hunger, satiability:
 O happy are the souls predestinate,
 When soul and body shall be glorificate.

These marvellous mirths for to declare
 By arithmetick, they are innumerable:
 The portraiture of that palace perclare,
 By geometry it is unmeasurable,

rhethorick also inpronounceable ;
ere is no ears may hear, nor eyes may see,
or heart may think this their felicity.
Therefore should I presume for to endite,
which saint *Paul*, that doctor sapient,
cannot exprefs, nor into paper write,
the high excellent work indeficient,
and perfect pleasures ever permanent,
presence of that mighty king of glore,
which was, and is, and shall be evermore.
At *Remembrance* I humbly did desire,
I might in that pleasure still remain.
And she, againſt reason is thy desire,
Therefore, my friend, thou muſt return again
to the world, where thou muſt ſuffer pain,
and thole the death with cruel pains fore,
and thou begin to reign with him in glore.
Then we returned, ſore againſt my will,
down through the ſpheres of the heavens clear :
For commandment behov'd I to fulfil,
With ſorry heart wot ye, withoutten weer,
would full fain have ſtayed there all year;
And ſhe ſaid to me, there is no remead,
and thou remaineſt here firſt thou muſt be dead.
Said I, I pray you heartfully, madame,
ſince that we have ſuch contemplation
of heavenly pleasures ; yet ere we paſs hame,
let us have ſome conſideration
of earth, and her ſituation.
He answered and ſaid, That ſhall be done.
Where we brought into the air full ſoon :
Where we might ſee the earth all at one ſight,
and like a mote ſo it appear'd to me,
in the reſpect of the heavens bright.
I have marvel, ſaid I, how this may be,
the earth it ſeems of a ſmall quantity ;
the leaſt ſtar fixed in the firmament,
more than all the earth, by my judgment.

She said, son, thou hast shown the verity,
 The smallest star fixt in the firmament,
 Indeed is of a greater quantity
 Than all the earth, after the intent
 Of the wise and cunning clerks sapient.
 What quantity is then the earth, said I?
 That shall I show, said she, to thee shortly.

After the names of the altronomers,
 And specially the author of the sphere,
 And other divers great philosophers,
 The quantity of the earth circular,
 Is fifty thousand leagues withoutten ween,
 Seven hundred and fifty and one mo,
 Dividing ay one league in miles two:

And every mile in eight itades divided,
 Each itade an hundred pace twenty and five;
 A pace five foot, who would them right divide
 A foot four palm, as I can right describe:
 A palm four inch: And who would believe
 The circuit of the earth pass round about,
 Must be considered in this wise, no doubt.

Suppone that there were no impediment,
 But that the earth but peril were and plain,
 Then that a person were right diligent,
 And went each day ten leagues in certain,
 He might pass round about, and come again
 In four years, and fifteen weeks, and days two
 Go read the author, and thou shalt find it so.

The Division of the Earth.

THen certainly she took me by the hand,
 And said, My son, come on thy way with
 And so she made me clearly understand,
 How that the earth divided was in three.
 In Africa, Europe and Asia,
 After the mind of the Cosmographours;
 That is to say, the two world's descriptures,

first, Asia is contained in the orient,
and is well more than both the other twain:
Africa and Europe in the occident.
They are divided by the sea certain,
and that is called the sea Mediterran,
which at the strait of Marock hath entry,
that is between Spanyie and Barbarie.
Toward the south-west lieth Africa;
the north-west Europe doth stand,
and all the east containeth Asia,
this wise is divided the firm land:
were meikle for me to take in hand,
these regions to declare in special,
shall I show their names in general,
in many divers famous regions,
divided this part of Asia,
well plenisht with cities, tow'rs and towns,
the great Inde and Mesopotamia,
Babylonia, Persia, and Syria,
Cappadocia, Seres, and Armenie,
Babylon, Chaldea, Parth and Arabic.
Cydon, Judea, and Palestina,
Cyprus Scythia, Jure and Galilee,
Cyprus, Bactria and Palestina,
Cappadocia, Campegina and Samaria,
Little Asia stands Galatie,
Cappadocia, Isauria and Lede,
Cappadocia, Arthusia, Assyria and Mede.
Secondly, we considered Africa,
with many fruitful famous regions,
Ethiopia and Tripolitana,
Tunis, where standeth that triumphant town,
noble Carthage, that city of renown,
Numantia, Napaber and Lybia,
Egypt also and Mauritania.
Thirdly, with Numidie, and Tingitane,
Africa, these are the principal.
In Europe we considered in certain,

Whose regions shortly rehearse I shall :
 These principal I find above them all,
 Which are Spanyie, Italy and France;
 Whose sub-regions were meikle to advance.

Nether Scythia, Thrace and Caramanie,
 Austria, Histrinia, and Pannonia;
 Denmark, Gothland, Grunland, and Almanie;
 Pole, Hungary, Boem, Norica, Rhetica,
 Helvetia, and divers countries ma.

Also in four divided is Italie,
 Toscane, Hetruria, Naples and Campanie.

And sub-divided sundry other ways,
 As Lombardie, Venice and other ma,
 Calaber, Romanes, and Genoways.

In Greece, Epirus and Dalmatia,
 Thessalia, Africa and Illyria,
 Achaia, Beotica and Macedon,
 Arcadie, Pierie, and Lacedemon,

And France we saw divided into three,
 Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitane;
 And sub divided in Flanders, Picardy,
 Normandy, Gascoign, Burgundy and Bretagne;
 And other divers Dutcheries in certain,
 The which were too long for to declare;
 Wherefore of them as now I speak no mare.

In Spanyie lies Castile and Arragone,
 Navar, Galice, Portugal, and Granate.
 Then saw we famous isles many one,
 Which in the ocean sea were situate,
 Them to describe my wits were desolate;
 Of Cosmography I am not so expert,
 For I did never study in that art.

Yet I shall some of their names declare,
 As Madagascar, Gades, and Taproban,
 And other divers isles both good and fair,
 Situate into the sea Mediterran;
 As Cyper, Caddie, Corsica and Saban,
 Crete, Abydos, Thoes and Sicilia,

plus, Eolie, and many others ma.
 Who would at length hear the description
 Every Isle, as well as the firm land,
 And property of every region,
 To study and to read must take in hand,
 The authentick works to understand
 Plinius and worthy Ptolemie,
 Who were expert into Cosmographie.
 There shall they find the names and properties
 Every isle, and each region;
 When I enquired of earthly paradise,
 Of the which Adam lost possession:
 He shewed me the situation
 Of that precelling place full of delite,
 Whose properties were long for to endite.

Of Paradise.

This paradise of all pleasures perfect,
 Situate I saw into the orient:
 That glorious earth of every flower doth fleet,
 Of lusty lilies, and roses redolent,
 With wholesome fruits indeficient.
 With herb and tree there groweth ever green,
 Through virtue of the temperate air serene.
 The sweet wholesome aromatick odors,
 Proceeding from the herbs medicinal;
 The heavenly hew of those fragrant flow'rs,
 Was a sight wonder celestial.
 The perfection to show in special,
 And joys of the region divine,
 To mankind it exceedeth the ingine.
 And eke so high in situation,
 Mounting the mid region of the air:
 There no manner of perturbation
 Weather may ascend so high as there.
 Nor floods flowing from a fountain fair,
 Tygres, Ganges, Euphrates and Nile,

Which

Which in the east transcurreth many a mile.

The country closed is about full right,
With walls high of hot and burning fire,
And straitly kept by an angel bright.
Since the departing of *Adam* our grandsyr,
Which through his crime incurred God's ire,
And of that place lost the possession,
Both for himself and his succession.

When this lovesome lady *Remembrance*,
All this foresaid, had caus'd me understand,
I prayed her of her benevolence,
To show me the country of *Scotland*,
Well son, said she, that shall I take in hand:
So suddenly she brought me in certain,
Even just above the broad isle of *Britain*.

Which standeth north-west into the ocean sea
And divided into famous regions two:
The south part *England* a full rich countrie,
Scotland the north with many isles mo,
By west *England*, *Ireland* doth stand also,
Whose properties I will not take in hand
To show at length, but only of *Scotland*.

Of the Realm of Scotland.

Which after my simple intendment,
And as *Remembrance* did to me report,
I shall declare the truth and veriment:
As I best can, and into terms short,
Wherefore effectually I you exhort,
Albeit my writing be not to advance,
Yet where I fail, excuse mine ignorance.

When that I had o'erseen this region,
The which of nature is both good and fair;
I did propone a little question,
Beseeching her the same for to declare,
What is the cause our bounds been so bare,
Said I, or what doth move our misery?

wherefrom doth proceed our poverty?
For through the support of your high prudence,
Scotland I perceive the properties:
To consider by experience,
Of this country the great commodities;
First, the abundance of fishes in our seas,
And fruitful mountains for our bestial,
And for our corn full many lusty vale.
The rich rivers pleasant and profitable,
The lusty lochs with fishes of sundry kinds;
Hunting, hawking, for nobles convenable,
Correlets full of doe, roe, harts and hinds,
The fresh fountains whose wholesome crystal strands
Refreshing so the flourishing green meeds,
Lack we nothing that to nature needs.
Of every metal we have the rich mines,
Both gold, and silver, and stones precious;
Beit we lack the spices and the wines,
Other strange fruits delicious,
We have as good, and more needful for us:
Eat, drink, fire, cloaths might there be caus'd a-
which else is not into the mappe found. (bound
More fairer men, nor of greater ingine,
Nor of more strength, great deeds for to endure:
Therefore I pray you, that you would define
The principal cause wherefore we are so poor?
I marvel greatly, I you assure,
Considering the people and the ground
That riches should not in this realm abound.
My son, said she, by my discretion,
Shall make answer, as I understand:
Say to thee, under confession,
The fault is not, I dare well take in hand,
Either into the people, nor the land.
For the land, it lacks none other thing
But labour, and the people's governing.
Then wherein lies our inprosperity,
And I, I pray you heartfully, madam,

You

You shall declare to me the verity?
 Or who shall bear of our barren the blame?
 For, by my truth, to see I think great shame,
 So pleasant people, and so fair a land,
 And so few virtuous deeds taken in hand.

Said she, I shall after my small judgment,
 Declare some causes into general;
 And into terms short show mine intent,
 And then transcend into more special,
 So this is my conclusion final,
 Lacking of justice, policy and peace,
 Are cause of this unhappiness, alas!

It is difficile riches to encrease,
 Where policy maketh no residence:
 And policy may never have entress,
 But where that justice did its diligence,
 To punish where there may be found offence.
 Justice may not have domination,
 But where peace maketh habitation.

What is the cause then would I understand,
 That we should lack justice and policy,
 More than doth *Francee, Italy, or England?*
 Madam, said I, show me the verity,
 Since we have many laws in this country,
 Why lack we of laws execution,
 Who would put justice to execution?

Wherein doth stand our principal remed?
 Or who may make amends for this mischief?
 Said she, I find the fault into the head;
 For they in whom doth ly our whole relief,
 I find them root and ground of all our grief;
 For when the heads they were not diligent,
 The members must of needs be negligent.

So I conclude, the causes principal
 Of all the troubles of this nation,
 Are in the princes into special,
 The which have the gubernation,
 And of the people domination:

Whole

whose continual exercition

ould be in justice execution.

For when the slothful herd doth slug and sleep,
 taking no care in keeping of his flock :

who would go search among such herds sheep,
 by able fire many poor scabbed crock :

and going wild at large withoutten lock,

when Lupus comes, and Laurence in a ling,

and without ruth the silly sheep down thring.

But the good herd wakrife and diligent,

with so that all the flock are ruled right,

whose whiffel are all obedient :

and if the wolves do come by day or night

them to devore, then they are put to flight,

hunted and slain by their well daunted dogs,

are they sure both of ewes, lambs and hogs.

So I conclude through the negligence

our fatuate heads insolent,

cause of all this realm's indigence,

which in justice have not been diligent ;

to good counsel disobedient,

giving small eye unto the common-weal,

to the singular profit every deak.

For when these wolves by oppression,

the poor people but pity do oppress,

when should the princes make punition,

and cause these rebels for to make redress,

that riches might by policy increas :

it right difficle it were to make remead,

when that the fault is so into the head.

Complaint of the Common-wealth of Scotland.

And thus as we were walking to and fro,

We saw a boisterous beern come o'er the bent,

on horse, on foot as fast as he might go,

whose raiment was all ragged, torn and rent,

with vilage lean, as he had fasted Lent :

And

And forward falt his way he did advance,
With a right melancholius countenance.

With scrip on hip, and pike-staff in his hand,
As he had purposed to pass from hame:

Said I, Good-man, I would fain understand,
If that you please, to show what were your name

Said he, My son, of that I think great shame:
But since ye would of my name have a feel,

Forsooth they call me *John the Common-weal*.

Sir *Common-weal*, who hath you so disguised?
Said I, or what makes you so miserable?

I have marvel to see you so surprised,

The which that I have seen so honorable:

To all the world you have been profitable,

And well honor'd in every nation:

How happens now your tribulation?

Alas! said he, thou seest how it doth stand

With me, and how I am discherished,

Of all my grace, and must pass from *Scotland*,

And go where I before was cherished,

Remain I here, I am but perished,

For there are few to me that taketh tent,

Which makes me go thus ragg'd, riven and red.

My tender friends are all past to the flight,

For policy is fled again in *France*;

My sister Justice almost hath lost her sight,

That she cannot hold rightly the ballance,

Plain wrong is captain of the ordinance,

The which debarreth lawty and reason,

And small remead is found for open treason.

Into the south, alas! I was near slain,

O'er all the land I could find no relief:

Almost between the *Mers* and *Lochmabane*,

I could not know a leel man by a thief.

To show their reef, theft, murder and mischief,

And vicious works, it would infect the air,

Also too longsome for me to declare.

Into the Highland I could find no remead,

suddenly I was put to exile ;
those sweer swingers they took of me no heed,
among them let me remain a while.
In the out-illes, and in *Argyle*,
thrift, sweernes, falshood, poverty and strife,
Policy in danger of her life.
In the Law-land I came to seek refuge,
and purpos'd there to make my residence :
A singular profit caus'd me soon delodge,
and did me great injuries and offence ;
and said to me, Soon, harlot hie thee hence,
and in this country see thou take no cures,
long as mine authority endures.
And now I may no longer make debate,
for I know not to whom I should me mean :
for I have sought all the spiritual state,
which took no count for to hear me complain :
their officers they held me at disdain,
for Simony he rules up all that rout,
and Covetice that churl caus'd bar me out.
Pride hath chased from them humility,
devotion is fled unto the friers ;
usual pleasure hath banisht chastity :
words of religion they go like seculers,
making more count in telling their deniers,
than they do of their constitution :
thus are we blinded by ambition.
Our gentle-men are all degenerate :
liberality and lawty both are lost,
and covetice with lords laureat ;
highly courage turned to brag and boast ;
the civil war misguideth every host ;
there is nought else, but each man for himself,
that makes me go thus banisht like an elf.
Therefore adieu, I make no longer tarry :
farewel, said I, and with saint *John* to borrow :
that wot ye well mine heart was wondrous fery,
when *Common-weal* so sopped was in sorrow.

Yet

Yet after the night commeth the glad morrow
Wherefore, I pray you, show me in certain,
When that you purpose for to come again?

That question it shall soon be decided,
Said he, there shall no Scot have comforting
Of me until I see the country guided
By wisdom of a good and prudent king,
Which shall delight him most above all thing,
To put justice to execution,
And on strong traytors make punishment.

And yet to thee I say another thing,
I see right well that proverb is full true,
Wo to the realm that hath too young a king.
With that he turn'd his back and said, Adieu.
O'er firth and fell right fast from me he flew:
Whose departing to me was displeasand.

With that *Remembrance* took me by the hand.
And soon I thought she brought me to the ro
And to the cave where I began to sleep;
With that a ship did speedily approach,
Full pleasantly sailing upon the deep,
And then did slack her sails, and 'gan to creep
Toward the land, forenent where that I lay;
But wot you well, I got a felloe fray.
All her great cannons she let crack at once,
Down shook the streamers from the top castel:
They spared not the powder nor the stones:
They shot their boats, & down their anchors le
Their mariners they did shout and yell;
Then hastily I start out of my dream,
Half in a fray, and speedily past hame.

And lightly din'd with list and appetite,
Then after past into an orator,
I took my pen, and there began to write
All the vision that I have shown before.
Sir, of my dream, as now thou gets no more.
But I beseech God for to send thee grace,
To rule thy realm in unity and peace.

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The Exhortation to the King's Grace.

For, since that God of his preordinance,
Hath granted thee to have the governance
Of this people, and created thee a king,
Will not to print in thy remembrance,
That he will not excuse thine ignorance,
Thou be careless in thy governing;
Therefore address thee above all other thing,
To his laws to keep the observance,
Thou think long in royalty to reign.
Thank him that hath commanded dame Nature,
To paint thee of so pleasant portraiture,
Whose gifts they may be clearly on thee known:
O dame Fortune thou needs no procourer,
For she hath largely shown on thee her cure,
Whose gratitude she hath unto thee shown:
And since that thou must reap as thou hast sown,
Give all thy hope on God the Creator,
And ask him grace, that thou mayst be his own.
And then consider thy vocation,
That for to have the gubernation
Of this kingdom thou art predestinate.
Thou mayst well know by true narration,
That sorrow and what tribulation
Hath been in this poor realm unfortunate:
Now comfort them that hath been desolate,
And of thy people have compassion,
For since thou by God art so preordinate.
Take manly courage, and leave insolence,
And use counsel of noble dame Prudence:
Ground thee firmly on faith and fortitude;
Law to the court justice and temperance,
And to thy common-wealth have attendance.
And also I beseech thy celsitude,
To drive vicious men, & love them that are good:
And each flatterer thou steem from thy presence,
And false report out of thy court exclude.

Do

Do equal justice both to great and small,
 And be example to the people all,
 Exercising virtuous deeds honorable.
 Be not a wretch for ought that may befall:
 To that unhappy vice if thou be thrall,
 To all men thou shalt be abominable.
 Kings nor knights are never convenable
 To rule the people, be they not liberal.
 Was never yet no wretch too honorable.

And take example of the wretched ending,
 Which made *Midas* of *Thrace*, the mighty king
 That to his gods made invocation,
 Through greediness, that all substantial thing
 That e'er he toucht, should turn but tarrying
 Into fine gold; he got his supplication;
 All that he toucht without delation
 Turned in gold, both meat, drink and clothing
 And died for hunger without recreation.

And I beseech thy majesty serene,
 From lechery thou keep thy body clean:
 Taste never that intoxicate poison;
 From that unhappy sensual sin abstain,
 Till that thou get a lusty pleasant queen,
 Then take thy pleasure with my benison:
 Take heed how prideful *Tarquin* lost his crown
 For the defloring of *Lucrece* the sheen,
 And was depriv'd and banisht *Rome's* town.

And in despite of his lecherous living,
 The *Romans* would be subject to no king,
 Many long years, as stories do record,
 Till *Julius* by virtuous governing,
 And princely courage 'gan on them to reign,
 And chosen of *Romans* emperor and lord.
 Wherefore, my sovereign, in thy mind remove
 That vicious life makes oft an evil ending,
 Except it be by special grace restor'd.

And if thou wouldst thy fame and honor grow
 Use counsel of thy prudent lords crew:

See thou not presumptuously pretend
 thine own particular will for to enlew.
 Work with counsel, so shalt thou never rew.
 Remember of thy friends the fatal end,
 Which to good counsel would not condescend,
 Bitter death, alas! did them pursue.
 In such unhap, I pray God thee defend.
 And finally, remember thou must die,
 And suddenly pass from this mortal sea,
 Thou art not sicker of thy life two hours:
 There is none from that sentence may flee;
 King, queen, nor knight, of low estate nor hie,
 Where are they gone those popes and emperors?
 They not dead? So shall it fare on thee.
 No remead, strength, riches, and honors.

And so with conclusion,
 Make you provision,
 To get the infusion
 Of his high Grace,
 Which bled with effusion,
 With scorn and derision,
 And died with confusion
 Confirming your peace.

*The Complaint of Sir DAVID LINDSAY, of
 the Mount, directed to the King's Grace.*

SIR, I beseech thine Excellence,
 Hear my complaint with patience:
 My dolent heart doth me constrain
 Mine infortune to complain.
 As it I stand in great doubtance,
 Whom I should blame of my mischance,
 Whether Saturnus cruelty,
 Or signing in my nativity,

By

By bad aspects which work vengeance,
 Or other heavenly influence;
 Or if I be predestinate,
 In court to be infortunate,
 Which have so long in service been,
 Continually with king and queen,
 And entered to thy majesty,
 The day of thy nativity:
 Wherethrough my friends been ashamed,
 And with my foes I am defamed,
 Seeing that I am not regarded,
 Nor with my brethren of court rewarded;
 Blaming my slothful negligence,
 That seeks not for some recompence.
 When divers men do me demand,
 Why getst thou not some piece of land,
 As well as other men have gotten?
 Then wish I to be dead and rotten,
 With such extreme discomfoting,
 That I can make no answering.
 I would some wise men did me teach,
 Whether that I should flatter or fleech:
 I will not flyt, that I conclude,
 For crabbing of thy celsitude:
 And to flatter, I am defamed;
 Lack I reward, then am I shamed:
 But I hope thou shalt do as well,
 As did the father of *Famel*,
 Of whom Christ maketh mention,
 Who for a certain pension,
 Hired men to work in his vineyard:
 But who came last got first reward,
 Wherethrough the first men were displeased,
 But he them prudently appeased:
 For though the last men first were served,
 Yet got the first what they deserved.
 So I am sure thy majesty
 Shall once regard me ere I dy,

rub the rust off mine ingine,
ich is for languor like to tine:
ough I bare not like a bard,
g service earneth ay reward.
not blame thine Excellence,
at I so long lack recompense;
I solistid like the lave,
reward had not been to crave:
now I may not understand,
umb man yet wan never land;
in the court men gets nothing
hout importunate asking.
my sloth and shamefastness
ar'd me from all greediness;
edy men that are diligent,
ht oft do obtain their intent,
d fail not for to conquest lands,
d namely at young princes hands.
I took never no other cure
pecial, but for thy pleasure:
now I am no more despar'd,
I shall get princely reward.
e which shall be to me more glöre,
an them thou didst reward before.
en men do ask ought at a king,
ould ask his Grace a noble thing,
his Excellence honorable,
d to the asker profitable.
ough I be in mine asking slider,
ray thy Grace for to consider,
ou halt both made lords and lairds,
d halt given many rich rewards,
them which were full far to seek;
hen I lay nightly by thy cheek:
ake the queen's grace, thy mother,
lord chancellor, and many other,
y nurse, and thine old mistress,
ake them all to bear witness;

Old *Willie Dillie* were he alive,
 My life full well he could describe,
 How as a chapman bears his pack,
 I bare thy Grace upon my back :
 And sometimes stridlings on my neck,
 Dancing with many bend and beck.
 The first syllabs that thou didst mute,
 Was Pa-da-lyne upon the lute.
 Then plaid I twenty springs perqueer
 Which were great pleasure for to hear,
 From play thou let me never rest ;
 But *Ginkerton* thou lik'd ay best.
 And when thou earnest from the school,
 Then I behov'd to play the fool :
 As I at length into my dream,
 My sundry service did expream.
 Though it be better, as saith the wise,
 Hap to the court, than good service :
 I know thou lov'st me better than,
 Than now some wife doth her good-man ;
 Then men to other did record,
 Said, *Lindsay* would be made a lord.
 Thou hast made lords, sir, by *St. Gell*,
 Of some that have not serv'd so well.
 To you, my lords, that do stand by,
 I shall you show the causes why :
 If you list tarry, I shall tell
 How my misfortune thus befel :
 I prayed daily on my knee,
 My young master that I might see,
 Of age in his estate royal,
 Having power imperial ;
 Then trusted I without demand,
 To be promov'd to some land :
 But mine asking I got too soon,
 Because the eclipse fell in the moon,
 The which all *Scotland* made on steer,
 Then did my purpose run areer,

which were longsome to declare :
like mine heart is wonder fair,
when I have in remembrance,
the sudden change of my mischance :
the king was but twenty years of age,
when new rulers came in their rage,
the common-weal not taking care,
for their profit singular ;
prudently like witless fools,
they took the young prince from the schools,
where he understood obedience,
his learning virtue and science,
and hastily put in his hand,
the governance of all Scotland :
who would in a stormy blast,
when mariners been all agast,
through danger of the sea's rage,
would take a child of tender age,
which never had been on the sea,
to his bidding all obey,
giving him the whole governal ;
ship, merchant, and marinal,
dread of rocks, and for land,
put the ruther in his hand :
without God's grace is no refuge,
where be danger ye may judge.
Give them to the devil of hell,
the first devised that counsel ;
I will not say it was treason,
I dare swear it was no reason :
O God let me ne'er see reign
this realm so young a king.
I will not tarry to decide it,
when the church a while was guided,
them that partly took in hand,
to guide the king and all Scotland ;
I will kee longsome for to declare,
of facund flattering words fair :

Sir, some would say, your majesty
Shall now go to your liberty;
Thou shalt to no man be coasted,
Nor to the school no more subjected.
We think them very natural fools,
That learn o'er meikle at the schools;
Sir, you must learn to turn a spear,
And guide you like a man of wear:
For we shall put such men about you,
That all the world and mo shall doubt you,
Then to his Grace they put a guard,
Which hastily got their reward,
Each man after their quality,
They did solist his Majesty.
Some caus'd him revel at the racket,
Some harl'd him to the hurlie hacket.
And some to show their courtly corfes,
Would ride to *Lieth* and run their horses,
And mightily gallop over the sands,
They neither spared spur nor wands;
Calling gamonds with bends and becks,
For wantonnels some broke their necks;
There was no play but cards and dice,
And ay sic Flattery bare the price.
Rounding and rouking one to another,
Take you my part, said he, my brother,
And make between us sicker bands,
When ought shall vaik among our hands,
That each man stand to help his fellow:
I hold thereto man, by alhallow,
So you fish not within my bounds;
That shall I not, by great wounds,
Said he, but rather take thy part.
So shall I do, by my heart.
And if the thesaurer be our friend,
Then shall we both get tack and teind:
Take he our part, then who dare wrong us,
And we shall part the pelf among us.

halte us while the king is young,
 let each man keep well his tongue,
 and in each quarter have a spy,
 to advertise hastily,
 when any casualities
 shall happen into our countries.
 let us make sure provision,
 ere he come to discretion.
 more he knows than doth a saint,
 what thing it is to have or want:
 ere he come to perfect age,
 he shall be sicker of our wage,
 and then let each carl crave another.
 that mouth speak more, said he, my brother;
 er, G--d nor I rax in a rope,
 you mightst give counsel to the pope.
 our labor'd they within few years,
 that they became no pages peers:
 hastily they made a band,
 some gather'd gold, some conquest land,
 some would say, by saint *Denice*,
 give to me some fat benefice,
 and all the profit you shall have;
 give me the name, take you the lave.
 by his bulls were well come hame,
 to make service he would think shame,
 when slip away withoutten more,
 when he had got what he sought for.
 though t it was a piteous thing,
 to see that fair young tender king,
 whom these gallants stood no aw,
 to play with him pluck at the crow.
 they became rich, I you assure,
 that ay the prince remained poor,
 ere was few of that garison,
 that learned him a good lesson;
 some to crack, and some to clatter:
 he play'd the fool, and some did flatter.

Said one, Devil stick me with a knife,
 But, sir, I know a maid in *Fife*,
 One of the lustiest wanton lasses,
 Whereto, sir, by *Mary* she passes.
 Hold thy tongue, brother, said the other,
 I know fairer by fifteen fother;
 Sir, when ye please to *Lithgow* pass,
 There shall ye see a lusty lass.
 Now trittle trattle, trow low,
 Said the third man, thou dost but mow,
 When his grace comes to fair *Stirling*
 There shall he see a days darling.
 Sir, said the fourth, take my counsel,
 And go all to an high bordel;
 There may ye loup at liberty,
 Withoutten any gravity.
 Thus every man said for himself,
 And did among them part the pelf.
 But I, alas! ere e'er I wilt,
 Was trodden down into the dust:
 With heavy charge withoutten more,
 But I knew never yet wherefore;
 And hastily before my face,
 Another slipped in my place:
 Which full lightly got his reward,
 And stiled was, The ancient laird.
 That time I might make no defence,
 But took perforce in patience;
 Praying to send them a milchance
 That had the court in governance:
 The which against me did malign,
 Contrair the pleasure of the king;
 For well I know his Grace's mind
 Was ever to me true and kind;
 And contrair their intention,
 Caus'd pay me well my pension;
 Though I a while lacked presence,
 He let me have none indigence.

When I durst neither peep nor look,
Yet would I hide me in a nook,
To see these uncouth vanities,
How they like many busy bees,
Did occupy their golden hours,
With help of these new governours;
But my complaint for to compleat,
I got the sowr, and they the sweet.
And *John Maererie* the king's fool,
Got double garments against yool.
Yet in his most triumphant glorie,
For his reward got the glengore;
Now in the court seldom he goes,
And dread men tread upon his toes.
As I that time durst not be seen,
In open court for both mine een:
Alas! I have no time to tarry,
To show you all the seery farry,
How these that had the governance,
Among themselves rais'd variance.
And who most to my skaith consented,
Within few years full sore repented,
When they could make me no remead,
For thy were harl'd out by the head:
And others took the governing,
Well worse than they in all kind thing.
Those lords took no more regard,
But who might purchase best reward:
Some of their friends got benefices,
And other some got bishopprices:
For every lord as he thought best,
Brought in a bird to fill the nest,
To be a watchman to his marrow,
They 'gan to draw at the cartharrow.
The proudest prelates of the kirk,
Were fain to hide them in the mirk.
That time so failed was their sight,
In syn they might not thole the light
Of Christ's true gospel to be seen.

So blinded are their corporal een
 With worldly lulls sensual,
 Taking in realms the goverual,
 Both guiding court and session,
 Contrair to their profession:
 Wherefore I think they should have shame,
 Of spiritual priells to take the name;
 For *Isaias* into his wark,
 Calls them dumb dogs that cannot bark,
 That call'd are priells, and can not preach,
 Nor Christ's law to the people teach:
 If for to preach been their profession,
 Why should they mell with court or session,
 Except it were in spiritual things,
 Referring unto lords and kings
 Temporal causes to be decided,
 If they their spiritual office guided,
 Each man might say they did their parts,
 But if they can play at the cards,
 And mollet moylie on a mool,
 Though they had never seen the school,
 Yet at this day, as well as then,
 Will be made such a spiritual man.
 Princes that such prelates promotes,
 Account thereof to give behoves;
 Which shall not pass without punishment,
 Except that they mend and repent;
 And with due ministration,
 Work after their vocation.

I wish the thing that will not be,
 The perverse prelates are so hie,
 When once that they be called lords,
 They are occasion of discords:
 And largely will propines beght,
 To cause each lord with other fight,
 If for their part it may avail:
 So to the purpose of my tale,
 That time in court role great debate,

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And every Lord did strive for state,
That all the realms might make no redding,
Till on each side there was blood-shedding;
All fielded other in land or burgh,
At *Lithgow, Melrofs* and *Edinburgh*,
But to deplore I think great pain,
Of noble-men that there were slain:
And as long tyme to be reported,
Of them which to the court resorted,
As tyrants, traitors and transgressors,
And co mon publick plain oppressors.
Men murderers, and common thieves,
Into that court got their relieves.
There were few lords in all the *Islands*,
But to new regents made their bands;
Then rose a reck ere e'er I wilt,
The which could all their bands birst:
Then they alone which had the guiding,
They could not keep their feet from sliding:
But of their lives they had such dread,
That they were fain to trot o'er *Tweed*.

Now, potent prince, I say to thee,
I thank the holy Trinitie,
That I have liv'd to see the day,
That all the world is went away,
And thou to no man art subjected,
Nor to such counsellors coacted.
The four great virtues cardinals,
I see them with the principals:
For justice holds her sword on hie,
With her ballance of equity;
And in this realm hath made such order,
Both through the highland and the border,
That oppression and all his fellows,
Are hanged high upon the gallows.
Dame Prudence hath thee by the head,
And Temperance doth thy bridle lead.
I see dame Force make resistance,

Bearing the targe of assurance,
 And lusty lady Chastity,
 Hath banisht Sensuality.
 Dame Riches takes on thee such cure,
 I pray God, that she long endure,
 Of that Poverty dare not be seen,
 Into thine house for both her een;
 But from thy Grace fled many miles,
 Among the hunters in the isles.
 Dissimulance dare not show her face,
 Which went for to beguile thy Grace.
 Folly is fled out of the town,
 Which ay was contrair to reason:
 Policy and peace begins to plant,
 That virtuous men can never want;
 And all slothful idle lowns,
 Shall scattered be in the galejons.
John-upon-land been glad, I trow,
 Because the rush-bush keeps his kow:
 So is there nought I understand,
 Without good order in this land,
 Except the spirituality,
 Praying thy Grace thereto have eye;
 Cause them make ministration,
 Conform to their vocation:
 To preach with unfeigned intents,
 And truly use the sacraments,
 After Christ's institutions,
 Leaving their vain traditions,
 Which do the lilly sheep illude,
 For whom Christ Jesus shed his blood:
 And superstitious pilgrimages,
 Praying to graven images,
 Express against the Lord's command:
 I do thy Grace to understand,
 If thou to men's laws assent,
 Against the Lord's commandement,
 As *Jeroboam* and many mo,

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princes of *Israel* also,
Consenters to idolatry,
Which punisht were right piteously,
And from their realms rooted out,
So shalt thou be withoutten doubt,
Both here and there withoutten more,
And lack the everlasting glore.
And if thou wilt thine heart incline,
And keep his blessed law divine,
As did the faithful patriarchs,
Both in their words, and in their warks:
As did many faithful kings
Of *Israel* during their reigns;
As king *David* and *Solomon*,
Who images would suffer none,
In their rich temple for to stand,
Because it was not God's command:
But destroyed all idolatry,
As in the scriptures thou mayst see,
Whose rich reward was heavenly bliss,
Which shall be thine, thou doing this.
Since thou hast chosen such a guard,
Now am I sure to get reward:
And since thou art the richest king,
That ever in this realm did reign,
Of gold and stones precious,
Most prudent and ingenious,
And hast thine honor done advance,
In *Scotland*, *England*, and in *France*,
By martial deeds honorable.
And are to every virtue able,
I know thy Grace will not misken me,
But thou wilt either give or lend me:
Would thy Grace lend me to a day,
Of Gold a thousand pound or tway,
And I shall fix with good intent,
Thy Grace a day of payment,
With sealed obligation,

Under this protestation :
 When the *Bass* and the isle of *Mai*,
 Beis set pon the mount *Sinai* ;
 When the *Lowmond* beside *Falkland*,
 Beis list up to *Northumberland* ;
 When church-men earns no dignity,
 Nor wives no soveraignty ;
 Winter without frost, snow, wind or rain,
 Then shall I give the gold again.
 Or I shall make to thee payment,
 After the day of judgment,
 Within a month at the least,
 When *St. Peter* shall make a feast
 To all the fishers of *Aberlady*
 So thou have mine acquittance ready :
 Failing thereof, by *St. Philan*,
 Thy Grace gets never a groat again.
 If thou be not content of this,
 I must request the king of bless,
 That he to me have some regard,
 And cause thy grace me to reward :
 For *David* king of *Israel*.
 Who was the great prophet royal,
 Saith, God hath whole at his command,
 The hearts of princes in his hand,
 Then as he liffs them for to turn,
 That must they do without sojourn :
 Some to exalt in dignity,
 And sometimes lords to bind in cords,
 And them all utterly destroy,
 As pleaseth God that noble Roy :
 For thou art but an instrument,
 Of that great God Omnipotent.
 So when it pleaseth thine excellence,
 Thy grace shall make me recompence,
 Or he shall cause me stand content,
 Of quiet life and sober rent,
 And take me in my latter age,

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Unto my simple hermitage,
And spend what mine elders have won,
As old *Diogenes* in his tun.
Of this complaint, with mind full meek,
Thy Grace's answer, sir, I seek.

Quod Lindlay to the King.

The Tragedy of the Umquhile most Reverend Father, *David*, by the Grace of God, Cardinal and Archbishop of St. *Andrews*, &c. Compiled by Sir *David Lindsay* of the Mount, Knight, alias, *Lion King of Arms*.

Mortales cum nati sitis supra Deum ne vos exeritis.

THE PROLOGUE.

NOT long ago, after the hour of prime,
Secretly sitting in mine oratory,
I took a book to exercise the time,
Where I found many tragedy and story,
Which *John Boccace* had put in memory:
How many princes, conquerors and kings,
Were dolefully deposed of their reigns.
How *Alexander* the potent conqueror,
In *Babylon* was poisoned piteously,
And *Julius* the mighty emperor,
Murdered at *Rome*, causeless and cruelly:
Arduent *Pompey* in *Egypt* shamefully,
He murdered was, what needeth process more,
Whose tragedies were pity to deplore.
I sitting so upon my book reading,

Right

Right suddenly before me did appear,
 A wounded man abundantly bleeding,
 With visage pale, and with a deadly chear,
 Seeming a man of two and fifty year,
 In rayment red, clothed full courteously,
 Of velvet and of satin cramosy.

With feeble voice, as men oppress with pain,
 Shortly he made me supplication,
 Saying, My friend, go read, and read again,
 If thou canst find by true narration,
 Of any pain like to my passion:
 Right sure I am, were *John Boccace* alive,
 My tragedy at length he would describe.

Since he is gone, I pray thee to endite,
 Of mine infortune some remembrance;
 Or at the least my tragedy to write,
 As I to thee shall show the circumstance,
 In terms short of my unhappy chance,
 Since my beginning to my fatal end,
 Which I would to all creatures were kend.

Can I, said I, make such memorial,
 But of thy name I had intelligence?
 I am *David* that careful cardinal,
 Which doth appear, said he, to thy presence,
 That sometime had so great preeminence.
 Then he began his deeds for to endite,
 As ye shall hear, which I begin to write.

The Tragedy of the Cardinal.

I *David Beton*, sometime cardinal,
 Of noble blood by line I did descend;
 During my time I had no peregral;
 But now, alas! is come my fatal end.
 Ay gree by gree upward I did ascend,
 So that into this realm did never reign,
 So great a man as I under a king.

When I was a young gallant gentle-man,

Prince

inces to serve I set my whole intent:
first to ascend to Arbroth I began,
in abbacy of great riches and rent,
if that estate yet was I not content,
to get more riches, dignity and glore
mine heart was set, alas ! alas ! therefore.
I made such service to our sovereign king,
he did promote me to more high estate:
prince above all priests for to reign,
arch-bishop of St. *Andrews* consecrate:
to that honor when I was elevate,
my prideful heart was not content at all,
all that I create was a cardinal.

Yet prest I to have more authority,
and finally was chosen chancellor:
and for upholding of my dignity,
was made legate, then had I no compare,
purchase for my profit singular,
my boxes and my treasure to advance,
the bishoprick of *Mirepoise* in *France*.

Of all *Scotland* I had the goverual,
at mine advice concluded was nothing;
abbot, bishop, arch-bishop and cardinal,
to this realm no higher could I reign,
if it I had been pope, emperor, or king,
for shortness of the time I am not able,
length to show mine acts honorable,
For through my princely prodigality,
among peo-
ples in *France* I bare the prise:
show'd my lordly-liberality,
banqueting, playing at cards and dice;
no such wisdom I was hold-n wise,
and spared not to play with king or knight,
three thousand crowns of gold upon a night.
In *France* I made four honest voyages,
where I did act dign of remembrance:
through me were made triumphant marriages,
to our sovereign both profit and pleasure;

Queen

Queen *Magdalen* the first daughter of *France*,
With great riches was into *Scotland* brought.

After whose death in *France* I past again,
The second queen home-ward I did convoy:
That lully princel's *Mary* of *Lorain*,
Which was receiv'd with great triumph and joy,
So served I our right redoubted roy:
Soon after that *Henry* of *England* king,
Of our sovereign desir'd a communing.

Of that meeting our king was well content,
So that in *York* was set both time and place;
But our prelates and I would ne'er consent,
That he should see king *Henry* in the face;
But we were well content, albeit his Grace
Had sail'd the sea, to speak with any other,
Except the king, who was his mother's brother.

Whereby there rose great war and mortal strife
Great herships, hunger, dearth and delolation:
On either side did many lose their life:
If I would make a true narration,
I caused all that tribulation;

For to take peace I never would consent,
Except the king of *France* had been content,

During this war were taken prisoners,
Of noble men fighting full furiously,
Many a Lord, baron, and Butchellers,
Wherethrough our king took such melancholy,
Which drave him to the death right dolefully:
Extreme dolor did so o'erset his heart,
That from this life, alas! he did depart.

But after that both strength and speech are lesed
A paper blank I made his Grace subscribe,
Into the which I wrote all that I pleased
After his death, which long were to describe:
Through that writing I purposed belive,
With support of some lords benevolence,
In this region to have preeminence.

As for my lord, our righteous governor,

If I would shortly show the verity,
 To him I had no manner of favour,
 During that time I purposed that he
 Should never come to no authority;
 For his support therefore he brought among us,
 North of *England* the noble earl of *Angus*:

Then was I put aback from my purpose,
 And suddenly cast in captivity;
 My prideful heart to daunt, I do suppose,
 Devised by the high Divinity;
 Yet in mine heart I prang no humility:
 But now the word of God full well I know,
 Who doth exalt himself, God will bring low.

In the mean time, when I was so subjected,
 Ambassadors were sent into *England*,
 Where they both peace and marriage contracted:
 And more surely for to observe that band,
 Were promised divers pledges of *Scotland*.

Of that contract I was no ways content,
 Nor ever would thereto give my consent.

To captains that kepted me in ward,
 Gifts of gold I gave them great plenty,
 For to the future time I had regard:
 Wheretrough I 'scaped from captivity:

But when I was free at my liberty,
 Then like a lion loosed from his cage,
 Out through the realm I 'gan to rail and rage.

Contrair the governor and his company,
 Oftentimes made I insurrection,
 Purposing for to have him hastily
 Subdued unto my correction,
 Or put him to extreme subjection:

During this time, if it were well decided,
 The governor purposing to subdue,
 Rais'd an host of many a bold baron;
 And made a rade that *Lithgow* yet may rew,
 For he destroy'd a mile about the town;
 For that I got many black malison:

Yet contrair to the governor's intent,
With our young prince we into *Stirling* went,

For high contempt of the governour,
I brought the earl of *Lennox* out of *France*,
That lusty lord living in great pleasure,
Did lose that land in honest ordinance :
But he and I fell soon at variance :

And through my counsel was within short space
Forfault and fleemed, he got no other grace.

Then through my prudent practise & ingine
Our governor I caused to consent,
Full quietly to my counsel incline,
Whereof his nobles were not well content;
For why, I caus'd dissolve in parliament,
The band of peace contracted with England,
Wherethro' came harm and hardship to Scotland.

The peace broken, arose new mortal wars
By sea, and such reaf without relief,
Which to report my frayed heart affears :
The verity to show in terms brief,
I was the root of all this great mischief,
The south country may say it had been good,
That my nurse had smor'd me in my ood.

I was the cause of meikle more mischance,
For to uphold my glorie and dignity,
And pleasure of the potent king of *France*,
With *England* would I have no unity ;
But who consider would the verity,
We might full well have liv'd in peace & rest,
Nine or ten years, and then play'd loose or fall.

Had we with *England* kepted our contracts,
Our noble-men had liv'd in peace and rest,
Our merchants had not lost so many sacks,
Our common people had not been oppress'd,
On either side all wrongs had been redrest ;
But *Edinburgh* since then *Leith* and *Kinghorn*,
That day and hour may ban that I was born.

Our governor to make him to me sure,

With sweet and subtil words I did him file,
 All I his son and heir got in my cure:
 To that effect I found a crafty wile,
 That he no manner of way might me beguile,
 When leugh I when his lieges did alledge,
 Now I his son had gotten into pledge.
 The earl of *Angus* and his german brother,
 Purpos'd then to make them lose their life;
 Might so to have destroyed many other,
 Me with the fire, some with the sword and knife;
 Special many gentlemen in *Fife*;
 And purposed to put to great torment,
 All favourers of th' old and new testament.
 Then every man they took of me such fear,
 That time when I had so great governance;
 Great lords dreading I should do them dear,
 They durst not come to court without assurance,
 Since then there hath not been such variance.
 Now to our prince barons obediently,
 Without assurance come full courteously.
 Mine hope was most into the king of *France*,
 Together with the pope's holiness,
 More than in God, my worship to advance;
 Trusted so into their gentleness,
 That no man durst presume me to oppress.
 When the day came of my fatal hour,
 It was from me their support and succour.
 Then to preserve my riches and my life,
 Made a strength of walls high and braid;
 Such a fortress was never found in *Fife*,
 Believing there no man durst me invade:
 Now find I true the same which *David* said,
 Except God of an house be master of wark,
 Works in vain, though it be ne'er so stark.
 For I was through the whole power divine,
 Right dolefully beat down among the ash,
 Which could not be through mortal man's engine,
 As *David* did kill the great *Goliath*,

Or *Holsfern* by *Judith* killed was,
In midst among his triumphant army,
So was I slain into my chief city.

When I had greatest domination,
As *Lucifer* had in the heaven's empire,
Came suddenly my deprivation,
By them which did my dolent death conspire:
So cruel was their furious burning ire,
I got no time, leisure, nor liberty
To say, *In manus tuas, Domine.*

Behold my fatal infelicity,
I being in my strength incomparable:
That dreadful dungeon made me no supply:
My great riches and rents profitable,
My silver-work, jewels inestimable,
My papal pomp of gold, my rich treasure,
My life and all I lost in half an hour.

To the people was made a spectacle
Of my death and deformed carion.
Some said, it was a manifest miracle;
Some said, it was divine punishment,
So to be slain into my strong dungeon.
When every man had judged as he list,
They salted me, and clos'd me in a chilt.

I lay unburied five months and more,
Ere I was born to cloister, church or queer:
In a dung-hill, great pity to deplore,
Without suffrage of chanon, monk or frier.
All proud prelates at me may lessons lear,
Which reign'd so long, and so triumphantly,
Then in the dust dung down so dolefully.

To the Prelates.

O Ye my brethren, princes of the priests,
I make to you hearty supplication,
Both night and day revolve into your breasts,
The process of my deprivation,

Consider what been your vocation,
to follow me, I pray you not pretend you,
to read at length this schedul that I send you.
Ye know how Jesus his disciples sent
ambassadors to every nation,
to show his law and his commandement,
to all people by predication:
Therefore to you I make narration,
since ye to them are very successors,
ought to do as did your predecessors.
How dare ye be so bold to take in hand,
or to be heraulds to so great a King,
to bear his message both to burgh and land,
being dumb and can pronounce nothing:
like menstrels that can neither play nor sing?
why should men give to such herds an hire,
that cannot guide their flock about the mire?
Ashame ye not to be Chrill's servitors,
and for your hire have great temporal lands,
since of your office ye cannot take the cures,
by canon law and scripture you commands?
ye will not lack tiend-sheaf nor offerand,
teind-wool, teind-lamb, teind-calf, teind-gryse &
to make service ye are all out of use. (goose,
My dear brethren, do not as ye were wont,
amend your lives now while your days endure,
trust well ye shall be called to your count,
of every thing belonging to your cures:
have hawtry, your harlotry and whores,
remembering on mine unprovided dead,
or after death may no man make remead.
Ye prelates that have thousands for to spend,
to send a simple frier for you to preach:
his your craft, I make it to be kend,
ourselves into your temple for to teach;
not marvel not though silly friers fleech;
or if they plainly show the verity,
when will they want the bishop's charity.

Where-

Wherefore is given to you such royal rent;
 But for to find the people spiritual food;
 Preaching to them the old and new testament;
 The laws of God doth plainly so conclude.
 Put not your hope into vain worldly good,
 As I have done; behold my great treasure,
 Made me no help at mine unhappy hour.

That day when I was bishop consecrate,
 The great Bible was bound upon my back;
 What was therein I little knew, God wot,
 More than a beast bearing a precious pack:
 For hastily my covenant I brake:
 For I was obliſt with mine own consent,
 The law of God to preach with good intent,
 Brethren, right so when ye were consecrate,
 Ye obliſt you upon the ſelf ſame ways:
 Ye may be called bishops counterfeit,
 As gallants buked for to make a guiſe,
 Now think I, princes are not to priſe,
 To give a famous office to a fool:
 As who would put a mitre on a mule.

Alas! if ye that ſorrowful ſight had ſeen,
 How I lay buſſering bathed in my blood,
 To mend your lives it had occaſion been,
 And leave your old corrupted conſuetude,
 Failing thereof; then ſhortly I conclude,
 Except ye from your ribaldry ariſe,
 Ye ſhall be ſerved on the ſelf ſame wiſe.

To the Princes.

Impudent princes, without diſcretion,
 Having on earth power imperial,
 Ye have been cauſe of this tranſgreſſion;
 I ſpeak unto you all in general,
 Which do diſpoſe of office ſpiritual,
 Giving the ſouls which are Chriſt's ſheep,
 To blind paſtors but conſcience to keep.

When the prince doth lack an officer,
baker, brewer, or a murther-cook,
him taylor, a cunning cordiner,
for all the land at length he will cause look,
for able men such offices to brook.
Brewer that can brew most wholesome ale,
cunning cook that best can season kail;
Taylor who hath fostered been in *France*,
that can make garments of the gayest guise:
Princes are the cause of this mischance,
that when there doth vaik any benefice,
ought to do upon the self-same wise,
he search and seek both into burgh & land,
the law of God who doth best understand.
Take him a bishop that prudently can preach,
that doth pertain to his vocation:
A parson who his parochia can teach.
These vicars make due ministration,
So I make you supplication,
Take you abbots of right religious men,
Which to the people Christ's law can ken.
But not to rebels new come from the roist,
Nor of a stuflet stoln out of a stable,
Nor which into the school made ne'er no cost,
Nor never was to spiritual science able,
Except the cards, the dice, the chess and table,
Rome-rakers nor of the rude ruffians,
Gallay-packers nor of publicans.
Nor of fantastick feigned flatterers,
That meet to gather nettles into May,
Nor cowhudies, nor of clatterers,
That in the church can neither sing nor say,
Though they be cloked up in clerks array,
Nor doated doctors new come out of *Athens*,
That mumble over a pair of mangled matins.
Not qualified to keep a benefice,
Through Sir *Simon's* sollicitation:
As promoted on the self-same wise,

Alas!

Alas! through princes supplication,
And made at *Rome* through false narration,
Bishop, abbot, but no religious man:
Who me promov'd, I now their bones do ban,

Albeit I was legate and cardinal,
Little I knew therein what should be done;
I understood no science spiritual,
No more than did blind *Allan* of the moon.
I dread the King that sitteth high aboon,
On you, princes, shall make more punishment,
Right so on us through righteous judgment.

On you, princes, for indiscreet giving
To ignorants such offices to use;
And we for our importunate asking;
Which should have done such dignity refuse.
Our ignorance hath done the world abuse,
Through covetice of riches and of rent,
That e'er I was a prelate, I repent.

O kings! take ye no care to give in cure,
Virgins profest into religion,
Into the keeping of a common whore;
To make, think ye not great derision,
A woman parson of a parochin,
Where there is two thousand souls to guide,
That from harlots cannot their hips hide?

What if king *David* lived in these days,
Out of heaven, what if he looked down,
The which did found so many fair abbeyes,
Seeing the great abomination,
He would repent that narrowed so his bounds,
Of yearly rent threescore of thousand pounds.

Wherefore I counsel every christian king
Within his realm making reformation,
To suffer no more rebels for to reign,
Above Christ's true congregation:
Failing hereof, I make narration,
That the princes and prelates all at once,
Shall buried be in hell, soul, blood, and bones.

That e'er I kepted benefice sore I rew.
 To such hight so proudly did pretend:
 Must depart, therefore my friends adieu,
 Where'er it pleaseth God, now must I wend:
 I pray thee to my friends me recommend,
 And failzie not at length to put in write
 My tragedy, as I have done indite.

Deploration of the Death of Queen Magdalen.

Cruel Death, too great is thy puissance,
 Devorer of all earthly living things:
 O we may blame thee of this mischance,
 Thy default this cruel tyrant reigns,
 And spareth neither emperor nor kings;
 And now, alas! hath rest forth of this land,
 The flower of *France*, and comfort of *Scotland*,
 O father *Adam*, alas! that thou abusedst
 Thy free-will being disobedient:
 Thou choosedst death, and lasting life refusedst,
 Thy succession, alas! that may repent
 That thou hast made mankind so impotent,
 That it may make to death no resistance,
 O example of our queen, the flower of *France*.
 O dreadful dragon with thy doleful dart,
 Which did not spare of feminine the flower;
 Thou cruelly did pierce her through the heart,
 And wouldst not give her respite for an hour,
 To remain with her prince and paramour,
 That she at leisure might have ta'en licence,
 O *Island* on thee may cry a loud vengeance.
 Thou let *Methusalem* live nine hundred year,
 Treelcore and nine; but in thy furious rage,
 Thou didst devour this young princesse but wear,
 That she was compleat seventeen year of age:
 O greedy gormand, why didst thou not swage,
 Thy furious rage contrair this lusty queen,

Till

Till we some fruit had of her body seen?

O dame Nature, thou didst no diligence,
Contrair this thief who all the world confound
Hadst thou with natural targes made defence,
That briber had not come within her bounds,
And had been saved from such mortal stounds,
This many a year, but where was thy discretion
That let her pass till we had seen succession?

O *Venus*, with thy blind son *Cupido*,
Fy on you both, that made no resistance;
Into your court you never had such two,
So leel lovers without dissimulance,
As *James* the fifth, and *Magdalen* of *France*,
Descending both of blood imperial,
To whom in love I find no peregal.

For as *Leander* swam out through the flood,
To his fair lady *Hero*, many nights:
So did this prince thro' bullering streams wood,
With earls, barons, squires, and with knights,
Contrair *Neptune* and *Eole*, and their might,
And left this realm into great desperance
To seek his love the fair daughter of *France*.

And she like prudent queen *Penelope*,
Right constantly would change him for no other
But for his pleasure left her own country,
Without regard to father or to mother,
Taking no care of sister or of brother,
But shortly took her leave and left them all,
For love of him to whom love made her thral.

O dame Fortune, where was thy great comfort
To her to whom thou wast so favourable!
Thy giving gift made to her no support,
Her high linage nor riches intellable;
I see thy puissance is but variable:
When her father the most dear christian king
To his dear child might make no supporting.

The potent prince her lusty love and knight,
With his most hardy nobles of *Scotland*:

traitor that baifull briber had no might,
though all the men had been at his command,
France, Flanders, Italy, and England,
with fifty thousand millions of treasure,
might not prolong that ladies life one hour.
O *Paris*, of all cities principal,
tho did receive our prince with laud and glory:
blest through arches triumphal,
which day been dign to put in memory.
As *Pompey* after his victory,
as into *Rome* received with great joy,
thou receiv'd our right redoubted roy.
But at his matriage made upon the morn,
with solace and solemnization,
was never seen before since Christ was born,
nor to *Scotland* such consolation:
here sealed was the confirmation
of the well kept ancient alliance,
made between *Scotland* and the realm of *France*.
I ne'er did see a day more glorious,
many in so rich abullements,
with silk and gold, with stones precious,
with banqueting, such sound of instruments,
with song and dance, and martial ornaments.
It like a storm after a pleasant morrow,
when was our solace changed into sorrow.
O traitor death, whom none can contramand,
thou mightst have seen the preparation
made by the three estates of *Scotland*,
with great comfort and consolation,
every city, castle, tower and town.
And how each noble set his whole intent,
to be excellent in abullement.
Thief, saw'st thou not the great preparatives
at *Edinburgh*, that noble famous town:
thou saw'st the people labouring for their lives,
to make triumph with trump and clarion:
such pleasure was never seen in this region.

As should have been the day of her entrefs,
With great propines given unto her Grace.

Thou saw'st making right costly scaffolding
Depainted well with gold and azure fine :
Ready prepared for the upsetting,
With fountains flowing water clear and wine,
Disguised folk, like creatures divine,
On each scaffold to play a sundry story,
But all in weeping turned thou their glory.

Thou saw'st full well many fresh galland,
Well order'd for receiving of their queen,
Each crafts-man with his bent bow in his hand
Right gallantly in short clothing of green,
The honest burgeses clade thou shouldst have seen
Some in scarlet, and some in cloth of green,
For to have met their lady sovereign.

Provost, bailies, and lords of the town,
The senators in order subsequent,
Clad into silk of purple, black and brown :
Then the great lords of the parliament,
With many knightly baron and barent,
In silk and gold, in collor comfortable ;
But thou, alas! all turned into fable.

Then all the lords of religion,
And princes of the priests venerable,
Full pleasantly in their procession :
With all cunning clerks honorable,
But thiftously thou tyrant treasonable,
All their great solace and solemnities,
Thou turned into doleful dirigies.

The next in order passing through the town
Thou shouldst have heard the noise of instruments
And tabern, trumpet, shalm and clarion,
With reed resounding through the elements ;
The heraulds with their awful vestiments,
With maces upon either of their hands,
To rule the preas with burnisht silver wands.

Thou last of all in order triumphand,

That most illustrious princeſs honorable,
 With her the luſty ladies of *Scotland*,
 Which would have been a ſight moſt delectable;
 Her rayment to rehearſe I am not able;
 Of gold, and pearl, and precious ſtones bright,
 Winking like ſtars into a froſty night.
 Under a pale of gold ſhe ſhould have paſt,
 By burgeſſes born, clothed in ſilks fine:
 The greateſt maſter of houſhold at the laſt,
 With him in order all the king's train,
 Whoſe ornaments were longſome to define:
 In this manner ſhe paſſing through the town,
 Should have received many benifon.
 Of virgins and of luſty burges wives,
 Which ſhould have been a ſight celeftial;
 As *la Royn*, crying for their lives,
 With an harmonious ſound angelical;
 Every corner mirth muſical:
 But thou, tyrant, in whom is found no grace,
 For alleluja hath turn'd in alas.
 Thou ſhouldeſt have heard the ornat orators,
 Making her highneſs ſalutation,
 Both of the clergy, town, and counſellors,
 With many notable narration.
 Thou ſhouldeſt have ſeen her coronation,
 At the fair abbey of the *Haly-rood*,
 In preſence of a mirthful multitude.
 Such banqueting, ſuch awful ornaments,
 On horſe & foot that time which ſhould have been:
 Each chappel royal with ſuch inſtruments,
 And crafty muſick ſinging from the ſpleen,
 In this country was never heard nor ſeen.
 At all this great ſolemnity and game,
 Thou turned haſt in *Requiem eternam*,
 Unconſtant world, thy frienſhip I deſy,
 Once ſtrength nor wiſdom, riches and honour,
 Vertue nor beauty none may certify,
 Within thy bounds for to remain an hour,

What avails to be king or emperour,
 Since princely puissance may not be exeem'd
 From death, whose dolor cannot be expreem'd.

Since man on earth hath no place permanent
 But all must pass by that most horrid port,
 Let us pray to the Lord Omnipotent,
 That doleful day to be our great comfort,
 That in his realm with him we may resort:
 Which from the hell with his blood ransom'd be
 With *Magdalen* sometime of *Scotland* queen.

O death, though thou the body may devour
 Of every man, yet halt thou not puissance,
 Of their virtue for to consume their glore,
 As shall be seen of *Magdalen of France*,
 Sometime our queen, whom poets shall advance
 And put her in imperial memory,
 So shall her fame of thee have victory.
 Tho' thou halt kill'd the heav'nly flower of *France*
 Which impted was into the thistle keen;
 Wherein all *Scotland* saw their whole pleasance
 And made the lyon rejoiced from the spleen:
 Though the root be pulled from the leaves gre
 The smell of it shall in despite of thee,
 Keep ay two realms in peace and amity.

*The Answer which Sir David Lindsay made to the
 King's Flyting.*

REdoubted Roy, your ragement I have read
 Which doth perturb my dull intendement
 From your flyting, would God that I were free
 Or elie some tyger's tongue were to me lent.
 Sir, pardon me, though I be impatient,
 Which am so with your pruncing pen detracted
 And rude report, from *Venus* court dejected.

Lusty ladies that on your libel looks,
 My company do hold abominable;
 Commanding me bear company with cooks,

As if like a devil they hold me detestable;
 They banish me, saying, I am not able
 To please them to compleafe, or please to their presence:
 Upon your pen I cry a loud vengeance.
 Were I a poet I should press with my pen,
 To wreck me on your venomous writing:
 But I must do as dog doth in his den,
 Hold both my feet, or flee far from your flyting:
 The meikle de'il may not endure your dyting:
 Therefore *Cor mundum crea in me*, I cry,
 Proclaiming you the prince of poetry.
 Sir, with my prince pertains me not to pley,
 But since your Grace hath given me such command
 To make answer, I needs must t obey:
 Though ye be strong now like an elephant,
 And into *Venus* works most valiant.
 The day will come, and that within few years,
 That ye shall draw at leisure with your fears.
 What can ye say further, but I am fail'd
 In *Venus* works? I grant, sir, that is true,
 The time hath been I was better attail'd
 Than I am now; but yet full sore I rew,
 That e'er I did mouth-thankless so pursue:
 Wherefore take heed, and your fine powder spare,
 And waste it not, but if ye know well where.
 Though you run rudely like a restless ram,
 Shooting your bolt at many fustury shells;
 Believe right well it is a biding game;
 Wherefore beware with doubling of the bells,
 For many one do haste their own souls knells:
 And specially when that the well goes dry,
 They cannot get again such stuff to buy.
 I give your counsel to the fiend of hell.
 That would not of a princess you provide,
 Offering you run shooting from shell to shell,
 Wasting your corps, letting your time o'erslide;
 Or like a lusteous bull you run and ride,
 Follously like a rude rubiator,

Ay f--king like a furious fornicator.

On ladrons for to loup you will not let,
However the caribalds cry the *Corinough*;
Remember how beside the masking-fat,
You cast a queen o'erthwart a stinking trogh;
That fiend with fustling on her rolled hogh.
Cast down the fat, wherethro' drink, draf & jug
Came rudely running down about your lugs.

Would God the lady that loved you best,
Had seen you there ly swattering like a swine:
But to endite how you that duddron drest,
Drouped with dregs whimpring with many whrin
That process to report it were a pain:

On your behalf, I thank God times ten-score,
That you preserv'd from gut and from grandgore

Now, sir, farewell, because I cannot flyte:
And though I could, I were not to advance
Against your ornat meter to endite;
But beware with laboring of your lance:
Some says, there comes a buckler out of *France*,
Which will endure your dinis tho' they be down
Farewel of flowing rhetoric the flow'r.

Quoad *Lindsay* in his dyting
Against the king's flyting.

The Complaint and publick Confession of
the King's old Hound, called *Bash*, directed
to *Bawty*, the King's best beloved Dog
and his Companions: Made at Command
of King *James* the Fifth, by Sir *David*
Lindsay of the *Mount*, Knight, alias, *Lyon*
King of Arms.

A Las! to whom should I complain,
In mine extreme necessity?
Or to whom should I make my moan?

In court no dog will do for me;
 Beseeching some for charity,
 To bear my supplication,
 To Scuddler, Lufra and Bawty,
 Now ere the king pass from town.
 Have followed the court so long,
 While in good faith, I may no mair:
 The country knows I may not gang,
 I am so crooked, old and sair,
 That I know not where to repair:
 For when I had authority,
 I thought me so familiar,
 I never dread necessity,
 I knew the case that *Geordy steel*,
 Brought *Bawty* to the king's presence,
 I pray God let him ne'er do well,
 Since that I got no audience:
 For *Bawty* now gets such credence,
 That he lies on the king's night-gown,
 When I perforce for mine offence,
 Must in the closs ly like a clown:
 For I have been ay to this hour,
 A wirrier of lamb and hog,
 A tyrant and a tuleyour,
 A murtherer of many a dog.
 I've fowls I chas'd out through a setog,
 Wherefore their mothers did me wary,
 For they were all drown'd in a bog,
 I fear at *John Gordon* of *Pitcarry*,
 Which in his house did bring me up,
 And used me to kill the deer:
 Sweet milk and meal he made me sup,
 That trade I learned soon perqueer.
 All other virtue ran areer,
 When I began to bark and flyte;
 For there was neither monk nor frier,
 Nor wife, nor child, but I would byte.
 When to the king the cause was known,

Gf mine unhappy hardiness,
 And all the sooth unto him shown,
 How every dog I did oppress,
 Then gave his Grace command express,
 I should be brought to his presence;
 Notwithstanding my wickedness,
 In court I got great audience.
 I shew'd my great ingratitude
 To the captain of *Badyeno*,
 Which in his house did find me food,
 Two years with other hounds mo;
 But when I saw that it was so,
 That I grew high into the court,
 For his reward I wrought him wo,
 And cruelly I did him hurt.
 So they that gave me to the king,
 I was their mortal enemy,
 I took cure of no kind of thing,
 But to please the king's majesty:
 But when he knew my cruelty,
 My falshood and my plain oppression,
 He gave command that I should be
 Hanged without confession.
 And yet because that I was old,
 His Grace thought pity for to hang me,
 And let me wander where I would,
 Then set my foes for to fang me,
 And every butcher's dog down dang me.
 When I trow'd best to be a laird,
 Then in the court each wight did wrang me;
 And this I got for my reward,
 I had wirried black *Mackeson*,
 Were not the rebels came and red:
 For he was fleemed from the town,
 When once the king saw how I bled,
 He caus'd lay me upon a bed,
 For with knife I was mischiev'd,
 This *Macheson* for fear he fled,

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A long time ere he was reliev'd.
And *Patrick Stirling* in *Argyle*,
I bare him backward to the ground,
And had him slain within a while,
Were not the helping of an hound;
Yet got he many a bloody wound,
As yet his skin will show the marks.
Find me a dog where'er ye found,
Hath made so many bloody farks.
Good brother *Lanceman*, *Lindsay's* dog,
Which e'er hath kept thy lawtie,
And never wirried lamb nor hog.
Pray *Lusra*, *Seudlar* and *Bawtie*,
Of me, *Bash*, for to have pity,
And provide me a portion
In *Dumfermling*, where I may dree
Penance for mine extortion.
Get by their solistation,
A letter from the king's Grace,
That I may have collation,
With fire and candle in the place,
But I will live short time, alas!
Lack I good fresh flesh for my gams
Between *Ash-wednesday* and *Pasch*,
I must have leave to wirry lambs.
Bawty consider well this bill,
And every point thereof fulfil,
And read this schedul that I send you,
And now in time of Mass amend you.
I pray you that you not pretend you,
To climb too high, nor do no wrong:
But from your foes with right defend you,
And take example how I gang.
I was that no man durst come near me,
Nor put me forth of my lodging;
No dog durst from my dinner skar me,
When I was tender with the king.
Now every tyk doth me down thring,

The which before by me was wronged :
 And I swear I serve no other thing,
 But in an halter to be hanged.
 Though ye be homely with the king,
 Ye *Scudlar, Lufra* and *Bawtie*,
 Beware that ye do not down thring
 Your neighbour through authority,
 And your example make by me ;
 And believe well you are but dogs :
 Though ye stand in an high degree,
 See ye bite neither lambs nor hogs,
 Though ye have now great audience,
 See that by you none be opprest,
 Ye will be punisht for your offence,
 When once the king be well conselt ;
 There is no dog that hath transgrest
 Through cruelty, if he may fang him,
 His majesty will take no rest,
 Till on a gallows he cause hang him.
 I was once as far ben as ye are,
 And had in court such audience,
 And ay pretended to be higher ;
 But when the king's Excellence
 Did know my falsset and offence,
 And my prideful presumption,
 I got no other recompence,
 But hoy'd and hunted out of town.
 Was never so unkind a corse,
 As when I had authority :
 Of my friends I took no force,
 The which before had done for me.
 This proverb is of verity,
 Which I had heard read in a letter,
 The highest in court, nearest the widdy,
 Except he guide him all the better,
 I took no more thought of a lord,
 Than I did of a kitchin knave,
 Though every day I made discord,

was set up above the lave,
The gentle hound was to me slave,
And with the king's own fingers fed,
The silly raches would I reave,
Thus for mine ill deeds I was dred.
Therefore, *Bawty*, look best about,
When thou art highest with the king;
For then thou standst in greatest doubt.
Be thou not good in governing;
Put no poor tyk from his steeding,
Nor yet no silly raches reave:
He sits above that sees all thing,
And of a knight can make a knave.
When I came steping been the floor,
All raches great room to me red;
I of no creature took cure,
But lay upon the king's own bed;
With cloth of gold though it were spred,
For fear each freek would stand on far;
With every dog I was so dred,
They trembled when they heard me nar;
Good brother, *Bawty*, bear thee even,
Though with thy prince thou be potent,
It cries a vengeance from the heaven,
For to oppress the innocent:
In wealth be thou most diligent,
And do no wrong to dog nor bitch,
As I have, which I now repent.
No messan reave to make thee rich,
Nor for augmenting of thy bounds,
Ask no reward, sir, at the king,
Which may do hurt to other hounds;
Expre's against God's own bidding,
Chase no poor tyk from his midding,
Through call of court, nor king's request;
And of thyself presume nothing,
Except thou be a brutal beast,
Trust well there is no oppressor,

Not butcher's dog, drawer of blood,
 A tyrant nor a transgressor,
 That shall now of the king get good,
 From time forth that his cellitude,
 Doth clearly know the verity,
 But he is fleem'd, for to conclude,
 Or hanged high upon a tree.
 Though ye be cupled altogether,
 With silk and sooles of silver fine,
 A dog may come out of *Balwhidder*,
 And make you lead a lower train:
 Then shall your pleasure turn in pine,
 When a strong hunter blows his horn,
 And all your credence make you tine,
 Then shall your labour be forlorn.
 I say no more, good friends, adieu,
 In dread we never meet again:
 That e'er i knew the court, I rew,
 Was never wight so well of wane.
 Let no dog now serve our sovereign,
 Except he be of good condition:
 Be he perverse, I'll tell you plain,
 He hath need of a good remission.
 That I am on this wise mischieved,
 The earl of *Huntly* I may warrie,
 He ween'd that I had been relieved,
 When to the court he caus'd me carrie:
 Would God I were now in *Pitcarrie*,
 Because I have been so ill deedy:
 Adieu, I dare no longer tarrie,
 I dread I wave into a widdie.

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A Supplication directed for Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, to the King's Grace in Contemption of side Tails, and muzzled Faces.

SIR, though your Grace hath put good order,
 Both in the highland and the border,
 Yet I make supplication,
 To have some reformation,
 Of a small fault which is no treason,
 Though it be contrary to reason.
 Because the matter been so vile,
 It may not have an ornate stile:
 Wherefore I pray your Excellence,
 To hear me with great patience:
 Of stinking weeds maculate,
 No man may wear a rose chaplate.
 Sovereign, I mean of these side tails,
 Which through the dust and dubs trails,
 Three quarters long behind their heels,
 Express against all common-weals:
 Though bishops in their pontificals,
 Have men to bear up their side tails,
 For dignity of their office;
 Right so a queen, or an emprice,
 Albeit they use such gravity,
 Conforming to their majesty,
 Though their robes royal be upborn,
 I think it but a very scorn,
 That every lady of the land,
 Should have her tail so side trailand;
 Albeit they be of high estate,
 The queen they may not counterfeit:
 Where'er they go, it may be seen,
 How church and causay they sweep clean:
 The images into the kirk,

May

May think of their side tails great irk ;
 For when the weather been most fair,
 The dust flies highest in the air,
 And all their faces doth begarie ;
 If they could speak, they would them wary.

To see I think a pleasant sight,
 Of *Italy* the ladies bright,
 In their clothing most triumphand,
 Above all other christian land ;
 Yet when they travel through the towns,
 Men see their feet beneath their gowns,
 Four inches above their proper heels,
 Circulate above as round as wheels ;
 Wherethrough there doth no powder rise,
 Their fair white limbs for to surpise.
 But I think most abusion,
 To see men of religion,
 To bear their tails thorough the street,
 That folks may behold their feet :
 I trow saint *Bernard*, nor saint *Blaise*,
 Caus'd never men bear up their claife,
Peter nor *Paul*, nor saint *Andrew*,
 Caus'd ne'er bear up their tails I trow.
 But I laugh best to see a nun,
 Cause bear her tail above her bun,
 For nothing else, as I suppose,
 But for to show her lilie white hose :
 In all their rules they will not find
 Who should bear up their tails behind,
 But I have most into despite,
 Poor clagocks clad with raploch white,
 Which have scarce two merks of fees,
 Will have two ells beneath their knees :
Kittock that cleeked was yestreen,
 The morn will counterfeit the queen.
 A moorland *Meg* that milks the yows,
 Clagged with clay above the hows :
 In barn or byre she will not bide,

Except

cept her kirtle tail be side.
borrows wanton burgeses wives,
ho may have fidelt tails strives,
ell bordered with velvet fine,
at following them it is a pine,
summer when the streets dries,
hey raise the dust above the skies,
one may go near them at their ease,
cept they cover mouth and neese,
om the powder to keep their een:
onsider if their cloves be clean.
etween their cleaving and their knees,
ho would behold their sweaty thies,
egaried with dirt and dust,
were enough to stanch the lust
f any man that saw them naked:
hink such giglots are but glaiked,
ithout profit to have such pride,
arling their clagged tails so side.
would the borrowtown bairns had brecks,
o keep such mist from makin's cheeks,
dread rough makin suffer drouth,
hen such dry dust blows in her mouth:
hink most pain after a rain,
o see them touked up again;
hen when they step out through the street,
heir folding flaps about their feet:
heir loathly lynyng forthwith flyped,
hat hath the m ck and midding wiped:
hey waste more cloth within few years
han would clothe fifty score of friers;
hen *Marrion* from the midding goes,
om her morn-darg she strips the noie,
nd all the day where'er she go,
ch liquor she licks up also,
he turcumes of her tail I trow
ight be a supper to a low.
knew a man which sware great oaths,

How

How he did lift a *Kittock's* clothes,
 And would have done I know not what,
 But soon remead of love he gat;
 He thought no shame to make it written,
 How her side tail was all beshitten.
 Of filth such flowre strake to his heart
 That he behov'd for to depart.
 Said she, Good sir, methink you rew.
 Said he, Your tail casts such a stew,
 That by saint *Bride* I cannot bide it;
 You were not wise that would not hide it.

Of tails I will no more endite,
 For dread some dudron me despite:
 Notwithstanding I will conclude,
 That of side tails there comes no good,
 Sider than can their hanclets hide,
 The remanent proceeds of pride,
 And pride proceedeth of the devil:
 Thus always they proceed of evil.
 Another fault, sir, may be seen,
 They hid their face all but the een.
 When gentlemen bids them good-day,
 Without reverence they slide away:
 That none may know, I you assure,
 An honelt woman by an whore,
 Except their naked face I see,
 They get no more good-days of me.
 Hailse a *French* lady when ye please,
 She will discover mouth and neese,
 And with a humble countenance,
 With vilage bare make reverence.
 When our ladies do ride in rain,
 Should no man have them at disdain:
 Though they be covered mouth and neese,
 In that case they will none displease,
 Nor when they go to quiet places,
 I them excule to hide their faces,
 When they would make collation

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With any lusty champion :
 Though they be hid then to the een,
 Ye may consider what I mean.
 But in the church and market-places,
 I think they should not hide their faces :
 Except these faults be sure amended,
 My flyting, sir, shall ne'er be ended.
 But would your Grace my counsel take,
 A proclamation you should make,
 Both in the land and borrow towns,
 To show their face and cut their gowns.
 None should from them exceemed be,
 Except the queen's majesty :
 Because this matter is not fair,
 Of rhetorick it must be bair.
 Women will say, This is no bouds,
 To write such vile and filthy words.
 But would they clean their filthy tails,
 Which o'er the myre and midding trails,
 Then should my writing ended be,
 No other mends they get of me.
 The truth should not be holden close,
Virtus non querit angulos.
 I know good women that been wise,
 This rural rhyme will not disprise.
 None will me blame, I you assure,
 Except a wanton glorious whore,
 Whose flyting I fear not a flee.
 Farewel, ye get no more of me.
 Quod *Lindsay*, in contempt of side Tails,
 That duddrons and duntibours,
 Through the dubbs trails.

KITTY'S CONFESSION.

Compyled (as is believed) by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Knight, &c.

The Curate and Kittie.

THe curate, *Kitty* would confess,
 And she told on both more and less:
 When she was talking as she wist,
 The curate *Kitty* would have kilt;
 But yet a countenance he bure,
 Digelt, devout, dain and demure;
 And yet began her to exame:
 He was best at the after game.
 Said he, Have ye any wrongous gear?
 Said she, I stole a peck of bear.
 Said he, That should restored be:
 Therefore deliver it to me,
Tibby and *Peter* bade me spear,
 By my conscience they shall it hear.
 Said he, Live ye in lechery?
 Said she, *Willie Leno* m---d me.
 Said he, His wife that shall I tell,
 To make my quaintance with hersel.
 Said he, Know ye no heresie?
 I know not what this is, said she.
 Said he, Read ye no English books?
 Said she, my master on them looks.
 Said he, The bishop shall that know;
 For I am sworn that for to show,
 Said he, What said he of the king?
 Said she, Of good he spake nothing.
 Said he, His Grace of that shall wit,
 For he shall lose his life for it.
 When she in mind did more revolve,
 Said he, I cannot you absolve;

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But to my chamber come at even,
Absolved for to be and shriven
Said she, I will pass to another,
And I met with fir *Andrew's* brother,
And he full cleanly did me thrive,
But he was somewhat talkative:
He asked many a strange case,
How that my love did me embrace?
What day, how oft, what sort, and where?
Said he, I would I had been there.
He me absolved for a plack,
Though he with me no price would make,
And meikle Latin he did mumble,
I heard nothing but humble bumble.
He show'd me nothing of God's word,
Which sharper is than any sword,
And deep into our hearts doth print
Our sins, wherethrough we do repent.
He put me nothing into fear,
Wherethrough I should my sins forbear,
He shew me not the malediction,
Of God for sin, nor the affliction,
And in this life the great mischief
Ordain'd to punish whore and thief.
He shew me not of the hell's pain,
That I might fear, and vice refrain,
He counsell'd me not to abstain,
And lead an holy life and clean:
Of Christ's blood nothing he knew,
Nor of his promises full true,
That saveth all that will believe,
That satan shall us never grieve.
He taught me not for to trait,
The comfort of the Holy Ghost;
And bade me not to Christ be kind,
To keep his law with heart and mind,
And love and thank his great mercy,
From sin and hell that saved me,

And

And love my neighbour as my self,
 Of this nothing he could me tell;
 But gave me penance every day,
 An *Ave Maria* for to say,
 And Fridays five no flesh to eat,
 But butter and eggs is better meat;
 And with a plack to buy a Mess,
 From drunken sir *John* Latin-less.
 Said he, A plack I will cause *Sandy*
 Give thee again at handy dandy;
 Then into pilgrimage to pass,
 The very way to wantonness.
 Of all this penance I was glad,
 I had them all perqueer; I said:
 To mow and swear I know the price,
 I shall it set on cinque and syce:
 But he my counsel could not keep,
 He made him by the fire to sleep,
 Then cryed, Collops, beef and coals,
 Hose and shoes with double soles,
 Cakes and candle, grease and salt,
 Coorns of meal, and handfuls of malt,
 Woollen and linen, warp and wast,
 Dame, keep the keys of your wool-last:
 Though drink and sleep made him to rave,
 And so with us they play the knave.
 Friars swear by their profession,
 None be safe without confession,
 And make all men to understand,
 That it is God's own command;
 Yet it is nothing but man's dream,
 The people to confound and shame;
 It is nought else but man's law,
 Made men's minds for to know,
 Wherethrough they file them as they will,
 And make their laws conform theretill,
 Sitting in men's conscience,
 Above God's magnificence,

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And doth the people teach and tyll,
To serve the pope and Antichrist.
To the great God Omnipotent,
Confess thy sins, and thee repent,
And trust in Christ, as writeth *Paul*,
Which shed his blood to save thy saul,
For none can thee absolve but He,
Nor take away thy sins from thee.
If of good counsel thou hast need,
Or hast not learned well thy creed,
Or wicked vices reign in thee,
The which thou canst not mortifie,
Or be in desperation,
And would have consolation;
Then to the preacher true thou pass,
And show thy sin and thy trespass:
Thou needs not for to show him all,
Nor tell thy sins both great and small,
Which is impossible to be,
But show the vice which troubles thee,
And he shall of thy fault have ruth,
And thee instruct into the truth;
And with the word of verity,
Shall comfort and shall counsel thee:
The sacraments show thee at length,
Thy little faith to firm and strength,
And how thou shouldst them rightly use,
And all hypocrisy refuse.
Confession first was ordain'd free,
In this sort in the church to be:
So to confess, as I describe,
Was in the church primitive,
So was confession ordain'd first,
Though *Codrus* kyt should cleave and burst.

The Jussing between James Watson and John Barbour, Servitors to King James the fifth. Compiled by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount Knight, alias, Lion King of Arms.

IN Saint Andrews on Whitson-monday,
Two champions their man-hood to essay,
Past to the barrace enarmed head and hands;
Was never seen such jussing in no lands,
In presence of the king's Grace and queen,
Where many lusty lady might be seen,
Many knight, baron, and barent,
Came forth to see that awful tornament;
The one of them was gentle *James Watson*,
And *John Barbour* that gentle champion:
Unto the king they were familiars,
And of his chamber both cubiculars.
James was a man of great intelligence,
A mediciner full of experience:
And *John Barbour* he was a noble leech,
Crooked carlings he would cause them get speech.
When once they entred were into the field,
Full womanly they wielded spear and shield,
And wightly waved in the wind their heels,
Hobling like cadgers riding on their creels:
But either ran at other with such haste,
That they could ne'er their spear get in the rest.
When gentle *James* trow'd belt with *John* to meet,
His spear did fall among his horse's feet.
I am right sure, good *James* had been undone,
Were not that *John* his marks took by the moon.
My spear is good, now keep thee from my knocks.
Said *John*, albeit thou thinks my legs like rocks.
Tarry a while, said *James*, for by my thrift,
The fiend a thing can I see but the list,
No more can I, said *John*, by *Mary* bread,

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See nothing except the steeple-head :
Yet though my brawns be like two barrow-trams,
Defend thee man, then ran they to like rams :
At that rude rink *James* had been stricken down,
Were not that *John* for fierceness fell in swoon :
And right so *James* to *John* had done great dear,
Were not among his horse feet broke his spear.
Said *James* to *John*, yet for our ladies sakes,
Let us together strike three market strakes,
I hold, said *John*, that shall on thee be wroken :
But ere he spur'd his horse, his spear was broken.
From time with spears none can their marrowes meet
James drew a sword with a right awful sp'rit,
And ran to *John*, and would raught him a rout :
John's sword was rulled, & would no ways come out
Then *James* let drive at *John* with both his fists,
He mist the man, and dang upon the lists :
And with the stroke he throw'd the man was slain ;
His sword stick fast, and got it ne'er again.
By this good *John* had gotten out his sword,
And ran to *James* with many awful word :
My furiousness forsooth now shalt thou find.
Striking at *James*, his sword flew in the wind.
Then gentle *James* began to crack good words,
Alas ! said he, this day for lack of swords.
Then either ran at others with new races,
With gloves of plate they beat each others faces.
Who wan the field, no creature could name,
Till at the last *John* cryed, Red for shame,
Yea, red, said *James*, for it is my desire,
It is an hour since I began to tire.
So by they had ended that royal rink,
Into the field might no man stand for stink,
Then every man that stood on far cry'd, Ry :
Saying, Adieu, for dirt parts company.
Their horse-harness, and all things were so good,
Loving to both, that day was shed no blood,

F I N I S.

Quod Lindsay, at Command of King James the Fifth

